

Nov. 17, 1962

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THE NEW YORKER

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Bring on the steak. Bring on the fruit. Bring on the cheese.

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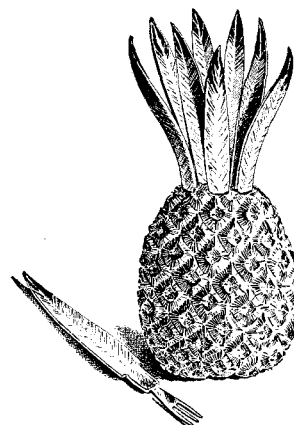
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NIKLAS THE CLOWN

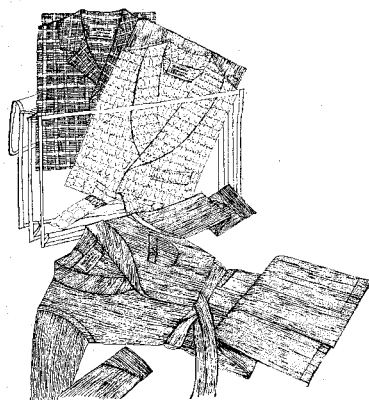
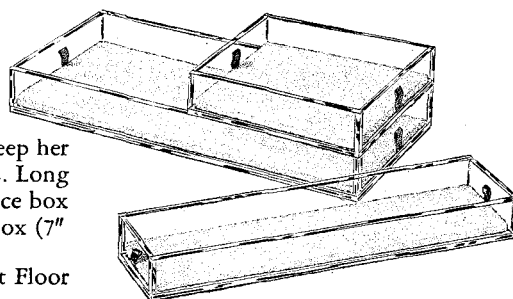
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 22. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AFFAIR—Ronald Millar's dramatization of the C. P. Snow novel about the trouble stirred up at Cambridge when a young physicist is discharged for faking some facts in his dissertation. Not too satisfactory from a theatrical standpoint. Brewster Mason heads the mixed British and American cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

BEYOND THE FRINGE—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

CALCULATED RISK—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woolen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

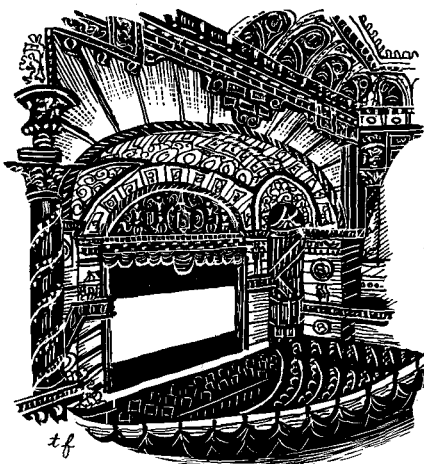
NIGHT LIFE—A melodrama by Sidney Kingsley, set in a Manhattan night club, that endeavors to prove that the meek shall inherit the earth, even if they die in the course of getting their inheritance. Not up to Mr. Kingsley's best efforts, but well acted by Neville Brand, Carol Lawrence, Walter Abel, Carmen Mathews, Salome Jens, and Jack Kelly. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

SEIDMAN AND SON—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

TCHIN-TCHIN—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A THOUSAND CLOWNS—A comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. Sometimes it's up, sometimes it's down, but it has many antic rewards as acted by Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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a New England college to which you should not send your sons or daughters. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinees it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG RUNS—A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS: A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Other performers in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

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Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **TAKE HER SHE'S MINE:** Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are in Phoebe and Henry Ephron's comedy about college life and anxious parents. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3. Closes Saturday, Dec. 8.)

MUSICALS

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St., CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

MR. PRESIDENT—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NO STRINGS—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

NOWHERE TO GO BUT UP—Two characters—prohibition agents by trade—in search of gags and gangsters. This interpretation of the way things were in speakeasy days is a rather dull business, since the book and lyrics, by James Lipton, and the music, by Sol Berkowitz, are quite banal. With Tom Bosley, Martin Balsam, Dorothy Loudon, and Mary Ann Mobley. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St., CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by An-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

thony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like cons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 18.)

LONG RUNS—CAMELOT: King Arthur and all that. With Kathryn Grayson, William Squire, and Arthur Treacher. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:35; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **CARNIVAL:** Susan Watson portrays a young orphan girl who falls in love with a group of puppets. Carla Alberghetti will succeed Miss Watson on Monday, Nov. 19. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Fridays at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

... **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

LITTLE ME—Sid Caesar in a musical with a book by Neil Simon, based on Patrick Dennis's novel of the same name. Carolyn Leigh wrote the lyrics and Cy Coleman the music. Staged by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and presented by Mr. Feuer and Ernest Martin. Opens Saturday, Nov. 17. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LORD PENGU—S. N. Behrman's comedy (taken from his Profile of Lord Duveen), starring Charles Boyer. Directed by Vincent J. Donohue and produced by Paul Gregory and Amy Lynn. Opens Monday, Nov. 19. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 21, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

ANYTHING GOES—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The

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book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave., at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 9.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—Excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words, some of them set to music, are, for the most part, quite brilliant. George Tabori is the translator. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:40.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—A revival of Chekhov's drama, with Bramwell Fletcher, Marian Winters, and Richard Waring. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsy. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

THE HOSTAGE—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3; special matinee Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

INTIMATE RELATIONS—Jan Miner in the first play in a Cocteau repertory. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

A MAN'S A MAN—Bertolt Brecht's gritty farce about the transformation of a mild day laborer into a trigger-happy soldier. Several of the

scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the acting, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, is highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 2:40.)

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN AND THE BARROOM MONKS—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

P. S. 193—David Rayfiel's melodrama about a professor who is subjected to a siege of psychological warfare by one of his students, a half-crazed veteran of the Korean War, has some tense moments and some tender and funny ones, even though the playwright does not make the motives of his characters entirely convincing. The performances in the leading roles are quite good, and Severn Darden's low-keyed portrayal of the professor is especially good. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

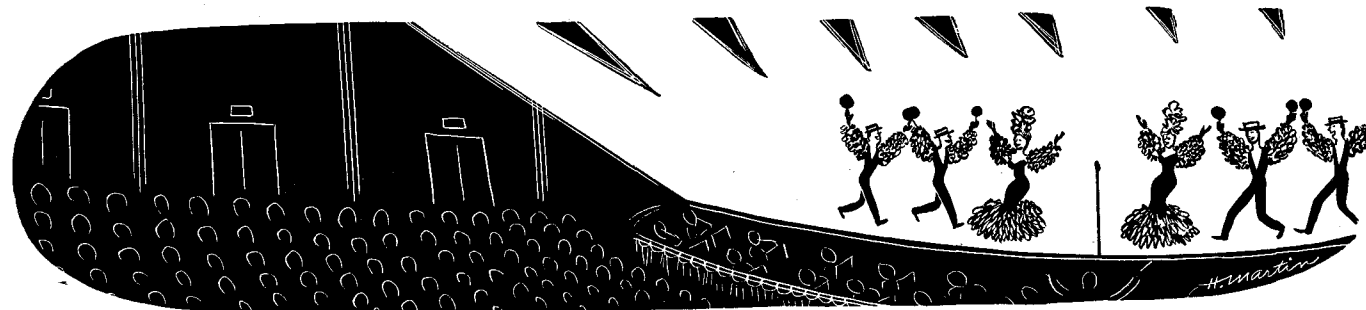
A TENTH OF AN INCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE—A double bill, "Gotami the Frail" and "Kendo," by Rolf Forsberg. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

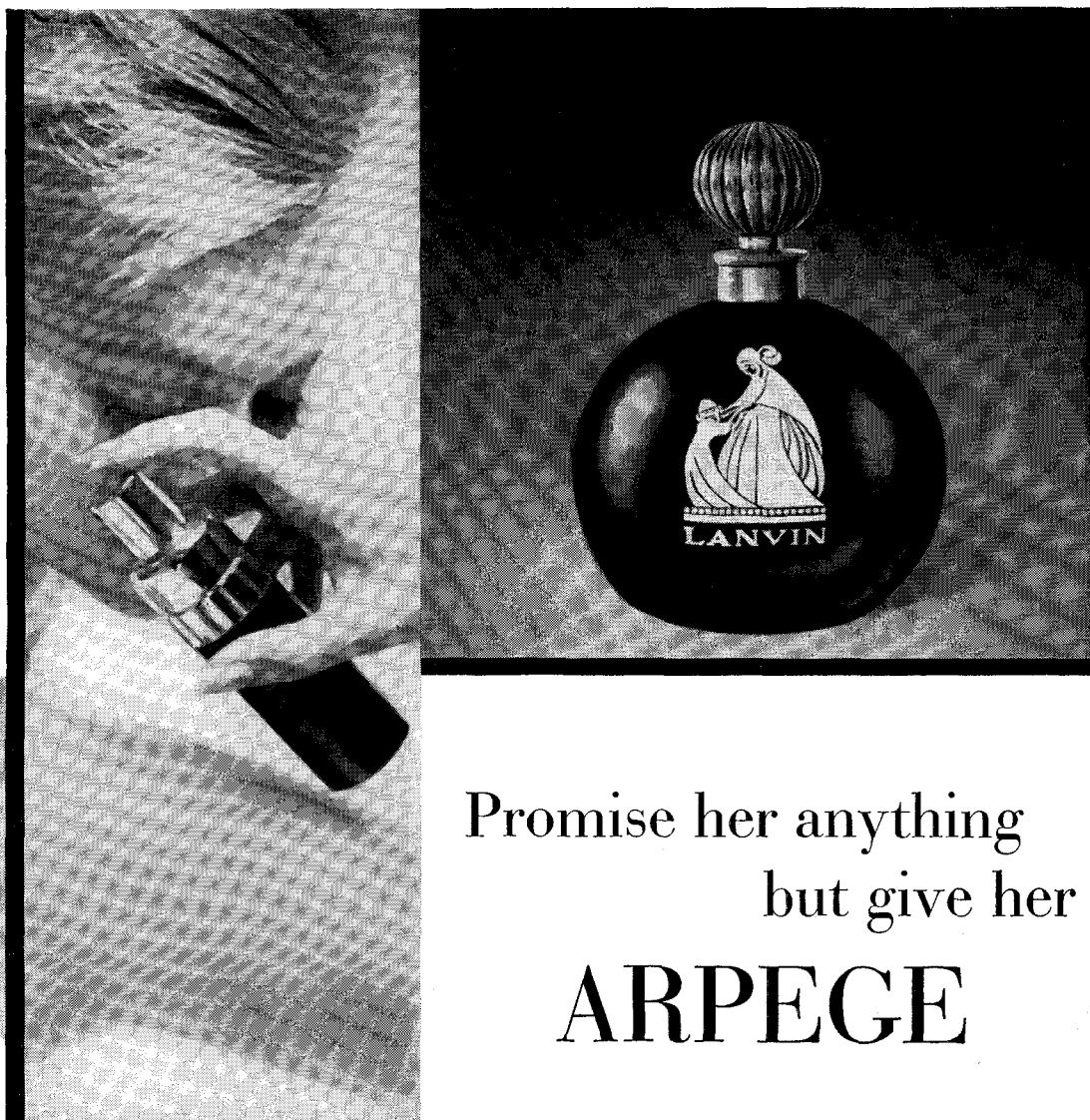
THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

WE'RE CIVILIZED?—A musical with book and lyrics by Alfred Aiken and music by Ray Haney. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Sundays at 4.)

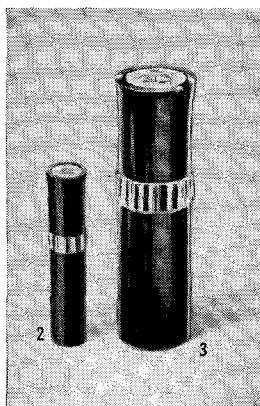
MISCELLANY

D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—"The Gondoliers": Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. ... "The Mikado": Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18, at 2:30 and 8:30. ... "The Pirates of Penzance": Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 21,





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but give her
ARPEGE

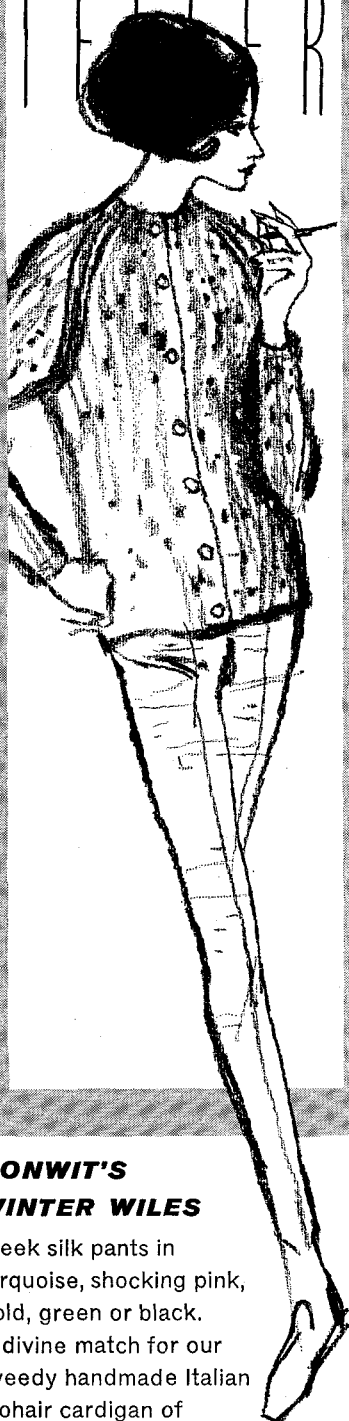


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Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8:30. . . . "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury": Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8; Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:30 and 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 53th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 9.)

FOO HSING THEATRE—A troupe of forty children from the Republic of China, appearing here for the first time, in a musical drama called "The Beautiful Bait." (Longacre Theatre, 48th St. west of Broadway. CI 6-5639. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.)

BALLET ESPAÑOL XIMENEZ-VARGAS—A company of dancers, singers, and guitarists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box (the world's largest playground, with the world's smallest tables) there is dancing (to the music of jack-in-the-box Lester Lanin and his giant band) during the evening, plus special visitations at nine-thirty and after the theatre by Tony Martin, a silky, satiny reminder that Seventh Avenue at 52nd Street is just a short distance from Broadway. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The Old Order changes, but only into its dinner jacket. Incidental music to talk or dance to by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—The sporting element and the spectator-sporting element elbow to elbow, or foot to foot when, after ten-thirty, they populate the tiny dance floor presided over by Chauncey Gray's tiny new band. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre. Stanley Worth's little dance band, which has lived here for years, retires on Sunday, Nov. 18; on Tuesday, Nov. 20, Phil Wayne's trio, likewise for dancing, and Renato Rossini, whose guitar is for dreaming about permanent Mediterranean cruises, arrive. Another band fills in on Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—That handsome matinee idol Robert Goulet, whose supercharged tenor is the chef's dinner and supper special in the Persian Room, tries at first to take his audience by storm (snap the fingers, jiggle the feet), then reverts, happily, to his good old Lancelot-of-Camelot days. Orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make very merry during the interludes. Closed Sundays. . . . Leo LeFleur's brace of stringed instruments start their day by strumming in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and bring it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays are their nights off.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Jan Garber's sonorous and soothing dance orchestra, which dates back deep into

the days of 78 r.p.m., is in the Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the new varsity crew in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, who has forsaken houseboats on the Seine and beaches at Southampton for a more serious pursuit—the construction of a dance band with the perfect New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays. . . . The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The moonlight sonatas of Ted Straeter and his fluent dance band are bathed in the Mediterranean moonlight of the Columns, a de-luxe patio on the Italian Riviera. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, the Straeters and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . Mr. Hartley spends the rest of his evenings, except Sundays, in the leisurely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is *pièce de résistance*.

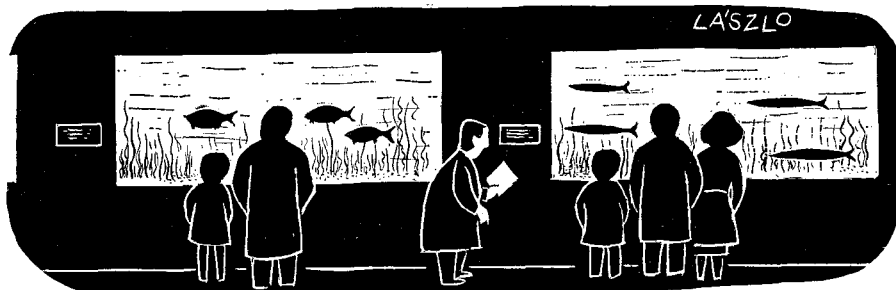
SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The predicament of man vs. civilization is depicted and narrated every night but Sunday in the Empire Room by Shelley Beriman, for whom an upholstered stool serves as anxious seat, and an imaginary telephone as his means of often desperate communication. On Monday, Nov. 19, he'll be succeeded by Pearl Bailey, a girl who, whether she resorts to the spoken or the sung word, has no trouble in getting *her* message across. Two dance bands, the bigger and better of them Milt Shaw's, are also on hand. . . . Peacock Alley has put Emile Petti (invisible for three years now) back at the piano most of the time from five until past midnight. Fridays and Saturdays, he expands, after nine-thirty, into a trio. Only mixed drinks (no more mixed grills) are the accompaniment. No music Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Bob Printz patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin, who is at the instrument on Sundays, does a Sunday warmup from one to three-thirty in the neighboring Mon Plaisir, whose manner is ever so slightly less regal. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini



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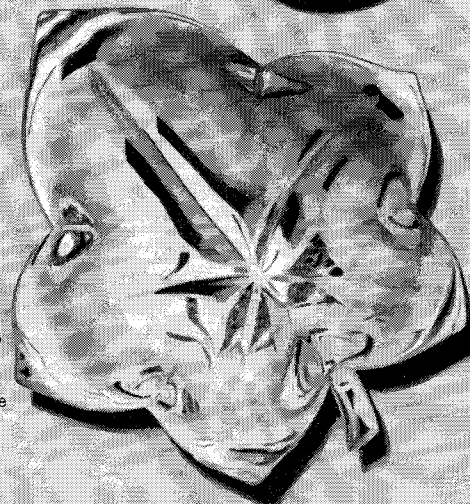
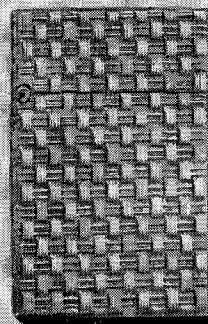
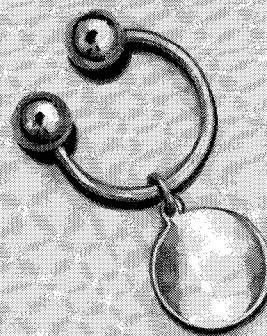
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, which is in continuous service. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a miniature dance band. Closed Mondays. ... **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. ... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other chateau, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor now perambulates a violinist, Herman Honigsberg, of superior strain (or strains). A pianist is his accompanist. They're at work every evening but Sunday. ... **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Just what the architect ordered for Greta Keller, whose calm soliloquies on life, love, and laughter in Vienna are sung after ten. From six to ten, a zither plies its trade. Closed Sundays. ... **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. ... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. ... **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. Mondays are his holidays. ... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. ... **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A set of musicians fiddle while Angel Mancheno burns to the ground during a ballet of almost uncontrolled fury. Guitars and delectable young ladies (Luisita Sevilla is one of them) assist him in this awesome undertaking. The rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. ... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast, ranging from zimbabos to sopranos, of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays. ... **MONSIEUR**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Between times, a pianist and an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. ... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved cashbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays. ... **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): A bit of mish, a bit of mash, lots of energetic music, and (what's more to the point) songs of dalliance by Yvonne Constant, a perfect instance of the guileful Parisian soubrette, and songs of dalliance by Adriana Dalmare, a perfect instance of Venetian glass. Closed Mondays. ... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, at times a coeducational adjunct of the Ivy League, has Joan Bishop's limpid piano at tryst time, which is five to eight-thirty. Her recitals begin their Thanksgiving vacation on Wednesday, Nov. 21. ... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**,

338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reestablishment of the Age of Ornamentation, now the locale of the harpsichord of a small, earnest Bach buff named Pamela Cook, will become, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco. No sound on Mondays or Thanksgiving Day. ... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti is again rambling along his piano from five to eleven at night. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This, the taproom of the Hotel Stanhope, serves as a recital hall for Gustavo Lopez and his guitar between nine-thirty and one every night but Monday. ... **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Nikki Price, still the pretty young Smith-Vassar sort, carols without any fuss and feathers to the piano of Dave Mackay. Ten is the hour of arrival. Closed Sundays.

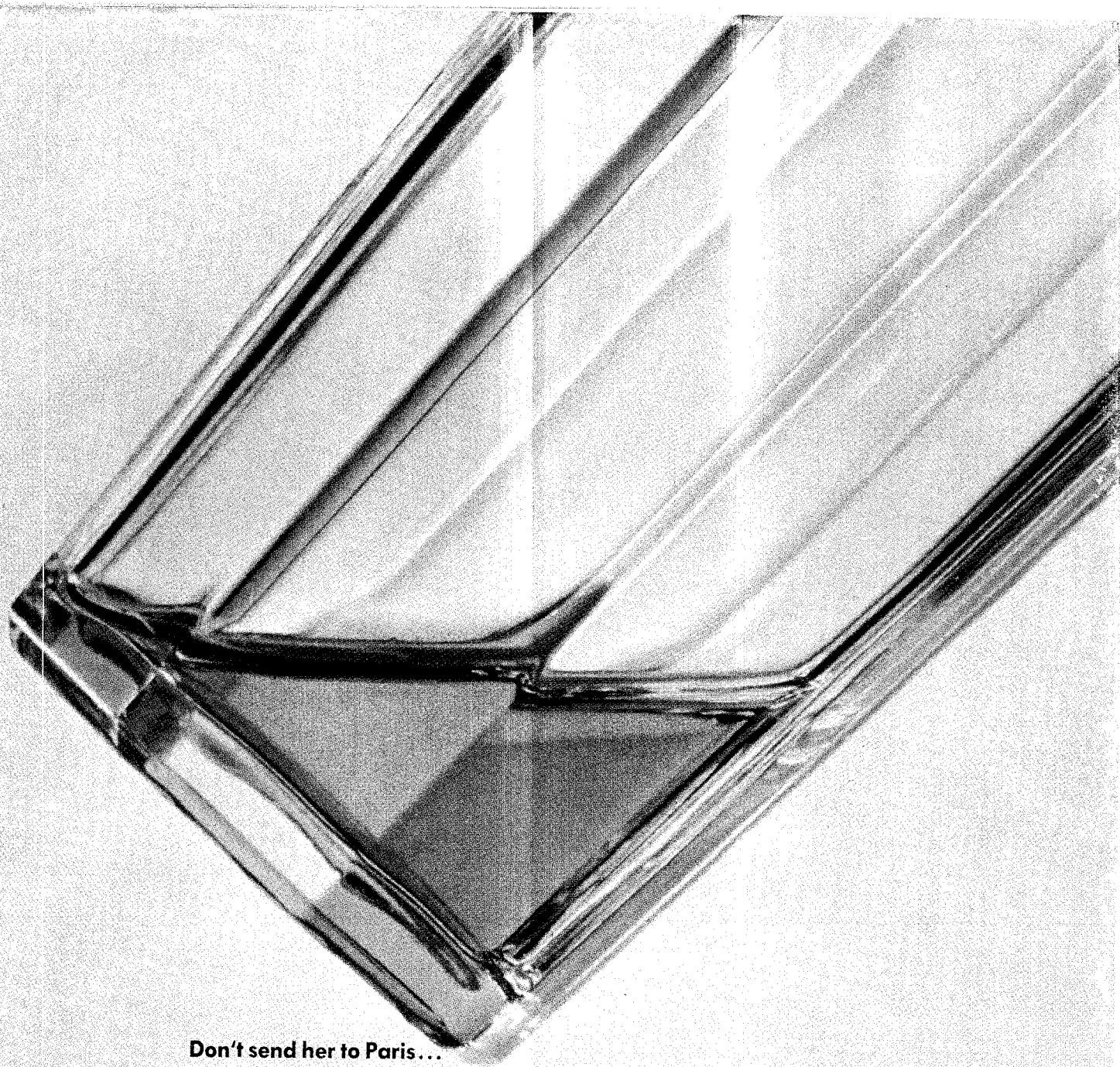
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has put together another galaxy of girls, mostly of Grenadier Guards dimension, this one called "The Venus Touch." It demonstrates, quite visually, the theorem that beauty is only skin-deep, but what's wrong with that? Barbara Heller, whose favorite weapon is wit, is the top of the evening, though she does *not* appear in undress uniform. Dancing. ... **INTERNATIONAL**, Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Minsky's Follies," a comic strip tease in which Las Vegas has made a long-term investment, has come East to seek its fortune. As a history of burlesque, it offers several lacunae, a number of bumptious (and grindious) young ladies, and a rough-and-ready comic (Irving Benson) who is really comic, in the great burlesque tradition. The result converts this supermarket into an old curiosity shop indeed.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3000): The best-laid plans of Julius Monk, which rarely gang agley, are on exhibit in his newest and perhaps best revue, "Dime a Dozen," which is a fitting occupant of this small but imperial opera house. The players—Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Susan Brown—*are* infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action fitting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. ... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short is once more Johnny on the spot (torrential piano, trio, and song) in the lounge as well as in the back room, a place in which he has lots of company—Michael Brown, a rhyming dictionary of tricky balladry; Carmen Torres, a Mexican soprano of volcanic origin; Carolyn Hester, a newly fledged folk singer; and Russ Lewis, a ventriloquist of uncommon dexterity. All but Mr. Short vanish on Monday, Nov. 19; among next evening's arrivals are the Chad Mitchell trio, who are also interested in folk tunes; and a pair of new wits—Dave Madden and Marilyn Lovell. ... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is east of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue without music, in which the cast—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Eugene Troobnick, and the perfectly lovely Zohra Lampert—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinee at three; Mondays and Tuesdays are the rest periods. ... **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, set in a tiny theatre that's really a coffee-and-pastry shop. The conversation of the four characters onstage, sometimes fun-loving and sometimes furious, is both exemplary and extempore. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. ... **CHATEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A bunch of good



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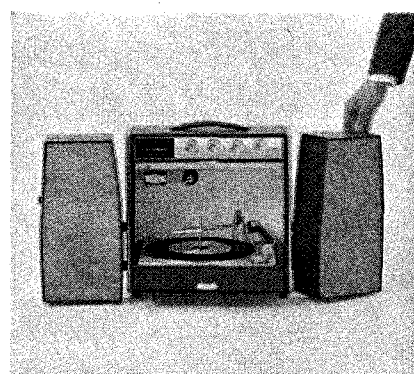
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

neighbors from down around the equator are whooping and dancing it up in the back room. Between the sessions of song and prance, a brace of persuasive dance bands—one of them Pupi Campo's—calls upon the customers to outdo the mummies. The Sunday tea dances are works of art. . . . After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Nevertheless, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Jane Connell and Bill McCutcheon are heroine and hero of a revue called "No Shoe-strings" (another Ben Bagley publication), in which they are not always supported in the manner to which they are deservedly accustomed. The final curtain falls on Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, the *conférencier* who invented this particular Village green, has returned from his sabatrical, and there's life in the old place again. When he's not in action, Barbra Streisand is bewitching and bewildering her specially grown hothouse lyrics, Toby Reynolds is singing heartfelt ballads, and Georgie Kaye is describing the funny thing (Georgie Kaye) that happened to his analyst. Tiger Haynes and his cataclysmic Three Flames provide, as background, their pungent parodies of music. The Streisand-Kaye contingent departs on Sunday, Nov. 18; on Tuesday, Nov. 20, Betty Kean and Lew Parker, who lead a comic-strip life onstage, and Marc London, a humorist in his formative period, arrive. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): 1962 turns into this year of grace when Paul Draper's mercurial feist skim the countryside, Larry Adler's harmonica skims from Bach to Beale Street, or the pair of them collaborate on a spur-of-the-moment interlude of ballet and badinage. Nina Simone and her trio occasionally get into this Olympiad. Mondays are allotted to other performers.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, who believes that absence makes the heart grow fonder, now and then runs by remote control a quintet that is pretty far out itself. The shop is open every night but Monday, and for early risers there is a Sunday matinée at four-thirty. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Peggy Lee, who manages to do every one of her ballads rare, slithers, slides, shouts, and sighs to the pulsings of Benny Carter's enormous band. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Mike Settle, folkster and guitarist of incorruptible purity, departs on Monday, Nov. 19, to be replaced Wednesday, Nov. 21 by Josh White, one of the founding fathers of outland music. Woody Allen, never at a loss for a witty word, is the speaker; coffee is the local staple of life. Tuesdays are more or less amateur nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland lays a pair of feminine but powerful hands on the local piano in successful pursuit of the modern idiom; Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her lively aides. Howard Reynolds plays adequately awake piano during intermission. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has now come down to the Village. It's fostered by Wilbur de Paris and band (Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al). Rose Murphy and Slam Stewart, on the other hand, perform an antic jazz—part instrumental and part vocal—that exists only in their own two heads, if anywhere at all. They disappear on Saturday, Nov. 17; on Monday, Nov. 19, Savannah Churchill (and where has *she* been?) starts

singing with her trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's exulting sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, Cliff Leeman, and Willie Wayman are deeply and redoubtably involved in it—is responsible for the "Danger: Blasting" signs in the neighborhood. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The sound track of London Bridge falling down is provided by the Dukes of Dixieland, a strong-arm squad that does its duty as it sees it. On Friday, Nov. 16, they yield right of way to Gene Krupa's bang-bang group. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Lee Morgan's virile trumpet and Jimmy Heath's sax encourage their quintet toward feats of derring-do. They depart on Wednesday, Nov. 21, to make room for Cannonball Adderley's claps of thunder and Louis Bellson's latest band. Jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Herman Chittison just keeps rolling along his piano in his steady, measured way from eight until two every night but Sunday. His post is a corner of the hoity-toity bar. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer's quartet, which has undergone a considerable change in instrumentation (the guitar of Jim Hall), closes out on Sunday, Nov. 18. Its successor, due on Tuesday, Nov. 20, is the gallant quintet topped by Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti, an Old Condon Blue, is at the head of a steeped-in-tradition band that has Sammy Price on piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Keeping up with the Joneses (that is, the foursome of Jonah Jones) is quite a task in this Tower of Babel unless one sits well down in front, where the earshot is best. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The college-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, the faculty should include Jo Jones, George Wettling, Roy Eldridge, Edmond Hall, Zutty Singleton, and Red Allen (a bumper-to-bumper crop of good men and true), not to mention other useful citizens like Conrad Janis, Eddie Barefield, Red Richards, Marty Napoleon, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **FOLK CITY**, 11 W. 4th St. (AL 4-8449): On Tuesday, Nov. 20, Anita and Jacques (she's Anita Sheer, a flamencan par excellence) will arrive for a multilingual exploration of music of the people, by the people, and for the people. There are bearded prophets, too, but they are not required listening.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

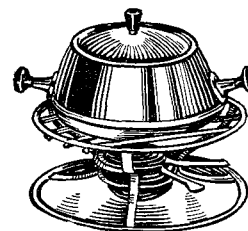
KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils (1951-56) by the Dutch painter; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Hahn, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.)
DUSTI BONÉ—Painted sculptures; through Dec. 1. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)
PIERRE BONNARD—Water colors, drawings, and sketches that were studies for his first illustrated book, "Petit Solfège Illustré" (1893); through Dec. 1. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
LEE BONTECOU—Reliefs; through Dec. 1. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
REG BUTLER—Bronzes by this English sculptor; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)
SYLVIA CAREWE—Eight new Aubusson tapestries, as well as new paintings; through Dec. 1. (French & Co., 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)
CHRYSSA—Abstract sculptures and paintings by a young Greek-American artist; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)
WILLEM DE KOONING AND BARNETT NEWMAN—Retrospectives of their paintings by two leaders

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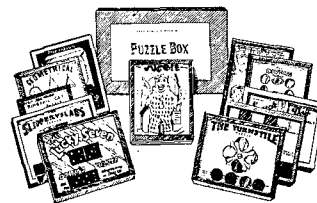


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- of the New York School; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)
- VICTOR DE PAUW**—Assemblages and water-color collages; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)
- STEPHEN ETNIER**—Paintings of Mexico, Florida, and Maine; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)
- TERRY FROST**—Paintings by a contemporary British abstractionist; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)
- PAUL GEORGES**—Female nudes, landscapes, and family scenes; through Dec. 1. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)
- DOUGLAS GORSLINE**—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)
- SANTÉ GRAZIANI**—Figures abstracted from nature. First one-man show in New York; through Dec. 1. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)
- BALCOMB GREENE**—Seascapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- RAOUL HAGUE**—Abstract carvings in wood; through Dec. 22. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to noon and 2 to 6.)
- GRACE HARTIGAN**—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)
- AL HELD**—Abstract paintings; through Dec. 1. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROBERT HENRI (1865-1929)**—Early landscapes and figure drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Walker, 117 E. 57th St.)
- FANNIE HILLSMITH**—Semi-abstract paintings, including interiors and still-lives; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)
- JOSEPH HIRSCH**—Realist paintings; through Dec. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)
- CARL HOLTY**—Abstractions; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)
- EARL WADE HUBBARD**—Figure paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)
- GENICHIRO INOKUMA**—Abstract oils and temperas by a Japanese painter; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROBERT KABAK**—Abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Osgood, 137 W. 55th St.)
- ARISTODEMOS KALDIS**—The second section of a two-part show of paintings of Greek landscapes, or abstractions derived from them; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JOSEPH KAPLAN**—Paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays; open Thanksgiving Day.)
- OCTAVE LANDUYT**—Figurative paintings by a Belgian artist; through Dec. 1. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ROBERT LAURENT**—Sculptures in bronze, alabaster, and wood; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)
- LAWRENCE LEBDUSKA**—Paintings by this modern American primitive; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Tutti, 45 Canal St.)
- MARCIA MARCUS**—Figure paintings primarily; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)
- FRANK H. REDELIUS**—Still-life paintings of flowers, interiors, shells, and trompe-l'oeil; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)
- SOPHY REGENSBURG**—Still-lives mostly; through Nov. 28. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)
- ATTILIO SALEMMI**—Geometrical abstractions by this artist, who died in 1955; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)
- JACK SMITH**—Geometrical abstractions by a young English painter; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

- WALTER STEIN**—Somewhat abstract landscapes with people, plus still-lives and pictures of animals; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)
- SAUL SWARZ**—Abstract bronzes; through Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)
- MARK TOBEY**—An exhibition of non-abstract figure studies and drawings; through Nov. 30. (Prince, 38 W. 58th St.)
- ANTHONY TONEY**—City and country scenes; through Saturday, Nov. 17. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)
- CLAUDE VENARD**—Semi-figurative canvases by this Paris artist; through Dec. 1. (Romanet-Vercel, 710 Madison Ave., at 63rd St. Open Thanksgiving Day.)
- HUGO WEBER**—Chiefly Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 24. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)
- TOM WESSELMANN**—Collages; through Dec. 8. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- ADJA YUNKERS**—Abstract pastels and other works; through Dec. 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)
- ZAO WOU-KI**—Paintings by this Chinese-born Paris abstractionist; through Dec. 1. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)
- SCULPTORS GUILD**—A twenty-fifth anniversary exhibition, comprising some seventy pieces (by Rhys Caparn, Robert Laurent, Bernard Rosenthal, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums; through Tuesday, Nov. 20. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)
- SCULPTURES AND MANUSCRIPTS**—Medieval and Renaissance sculptures by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, together with thirty illuminated manuscripts, most of them fifteenth-century Italian; through Dec. 29. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)
- AFRICAN ART**—A survey of tribal styles from the newly formed African states of Mali, Ivory Coast, Ghana, Nigeria, and so on. There are carvings in wood and ivory, bronzes, masks, statues, stools, and sculptures used in religious and magic ceremonies. Through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)
- SCULPTURES FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES**—Primitive fernwood carvings of ritualistic figures; through Dec. 1. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)
- AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The forty-ninth annual of paintings and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America; through Sunday, Nov. 18. (Daily, 1 to 5.) ... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "Humanists of the Sixties: Man in Modern American Sculpture, Drawing, and Print," a display of works by Peter Agostini, Seymour Lipton, Gabor Peterdi, and others; through Nov. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)
- AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At the GRAHAM, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by sixteenth- to twentieth-century artists, including Lucas Cranach the Younger, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, and Winslow Homer; through Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.) ... **JANIS**, 15 E. and 19 W. 57th St.: Factual paintings and sculptures from France, England, Italy, Sweden, and the United States, by Jim Dine, Peter Blake, Jean Tinguely, and other artists known as the New Realists; through Dec. 1. ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Seventy-five paintings, by Hassam, Beckmann, and Appel (to mention a few) lent from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation and running concurrently with the showing of Mr. Hirshhorn's sculptures at the Guggenheim Museum; through Saturday, Nov. 24. ... **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Courbet, Degas, William Merritt Chase, and other American and French artists; through Nov. 30.
- EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS**—At GALLERY 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.: Paintings by present-day Italian artists, among them Renato Guttuso, Arturo Tosi, and Mario Sironi; through Saturday, Nov. 17. ... **NIVEAU**, 962

Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French moderns, including Bombois, Buffet, and Vlaminck, in a showing of oils and water colors; through Nov. 30. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Recent canvases by such French painters as Dufy, Modigliani, and Utrillo; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Water colors, drawings, and graphic works by five Austrian and German Expressionists—Schiele, Kokoschka, Klimt, Kollwitz, and Kubin; through Friday, Nov. 16. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter as Historian," devoted to mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Antiquarian Association. Through Dec. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. . . . Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Surveys of the graphic work of five European Post-Impressionists (among them Walter Sickert and André Masson), along with examples of current printmaking in Germany, Poland, and Russia; through Nov. 25. . . . "The Bitter Years: 1935-41 Rural America Seen by the Photographers of the Farm Security Administration," a documentation of rural and urban life during the depression. Chosen by Edward Steichen, the pictures are by, among others, Walker Evans, Dorothea Lange, and Ben Shahn. Through Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti, and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by contemporary American artists (Herbert Katzman, Jimmy Ernst, and Robert Vickrey, to name a few) eligible for purchase under the Childs Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 9. . . . Manuscripts, books, and other material by Marianne Moore, in celebration of her seventy-fifth birthday; through Dec. 9. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Battistello Caracciolo, Salvatore Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Dec. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) A good complement to this exhibition is the show of American and European paintings from the collection of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Foundation at the Knoedler Art Galleries, 14 E. 57th St.

MUSEUM OF EARLY AMERICAN FOLK ARTS—The initial showing of this new museum is being held in temporary quarters at the Time & Life Building Exhibit Center, Rockefeller Center. On view are weather vanes, trade signs, cigar-store Indians, ships' figureheads, portraits, landscapes, and barnyard and wild-fowl wood carvings. Through Sunday, Nov. 18. (Thursday and Friday, 9 to 5; Saturday and Sunday, 11 to 7.)

RIVERSIDE MUSEUM, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The forty-fifth annual of the Brooklyn Society of Artists, consisting of paintings, sculptures, and graphics by (for instance) Margit Beck, John von Wicht, and Lily Ente; through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings and sculptures by such contemporary California artists as Elmer Bischoff, Richard Diebenkorn, and Jack Zajac; through Dec. 2. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Fledermaus" (in English), with Elisabeth Soederstroem, Jeanette Scovotti, Jean Madeira, Dino Formichini, Frank Guarrera, and John Alexander. . . . Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Mignon Dunn, George Shirley, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Gabriella Tucci, Roberta Peters, George London, Nicolai Gedda, and Ezio Flagello. (A benefit for the Mizrahi Women's Organization of America; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2:30 on Friday.) . . . Monday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Toepper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Karl Doench, and Daniele Barioni. . . . Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Giulietta Simionato, Franco Corelli, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Eileen Farrell, Lili Chookasian, Mignon Dunn, Carlo Bergonzi, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines. . . . Friday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Gabriella Tucci, Laurel Hurley, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Ezio Flagello. . . . Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2: "Aida," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Rita Gorr, Flaviano Labò, Vladimir Ruzdak, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Régine Crespin, Hertha Toepper, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Karl Doench, and Sándor Kónya.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Karl Boehm conducting—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 16, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin); and Thursday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:15; Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, Nov. 25, at 3 (all with Julius Katchen, piano).

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—William Steinberg conducting the second of two concerts, this one with Robert Casadesu, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Otto Klemperer conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

LENINGRAD PHILHARMONIC—Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

EASTMAN PHILHARMONIA—Howard Hanson conducting a program of American music. (Carnegie Hall, Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:15.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Berl Senofsky, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700, Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN OPERA SOCIETY—Robert Craft directing a performance of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" in concert form, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Alexander Young and Paul Franke, tenors; John Reardon, baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall, Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

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music of Roger Reynolds, Milton Babbitt, George Perle, Arnold Franchetti, and Edgard Varèse, performed by the Hartt Chamber Players conducted by Ralph Shapey. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

SINGING BOYS OF MEXICO—Luis Berber directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:30.)

ORFEON OF COIMBRA—Manuel Marques Raposo directing an all-male chorus from the University of Coimbra, in Portugal, in its first appearance here. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

MARIO DEL MONACO AND GABRIELLA TUCCI—Tenor and soprano, with an orchestra conducted by Anton Guadagno, in a program of Italian operatic airs and duets. A benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

JEANNE-MARIE DARRÉ—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

KENNETH AMADA—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

HAYDN-MOZART CONCERTS—The first in a series of six concerts, this one consisting of Mozart quintets played by the Beaux-Arts String Quartet, with Howard Hillyer, French horn; Raphael Hillyer, viola; and Charles Russo, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

LOIS MARSHALL—Soprano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 16, and Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

CLAUDIO ARRAU—In the fourth and fifth in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas and the Diabelli Variations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:30.)

PAUL JACOBS—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

HYMAN BRESS—Violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

HUNGARIAN QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

TERESA BERGANZA—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano, in a Beethoven-Debussy recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

SABICAS—Flamenco guitar. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

FRIENDS OF LIVE MUSIC—The Lenox Quartet in the third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5:30.)

MURRAY ADLER—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8:40.)

EILEEN DI TULLIO—Soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

ERICA MORINI—Violin, with the Musica Aeterna Orchestra conducted by Frederic Waldman. A benefit for the American Committee for Shaare Zedek Hospital of Jerusalem. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

SHURA CHERKASSKY—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

THE WEAVERS—Folk singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

TAMÁS VÁSÁRY—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday,

Nov. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

FERNANDO VALENTI—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 5-6521.)

PETER, PAUL AND MARY—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 8:40.)

NOTE—Leonard Rose will give a cello recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 25, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 19, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30: Knicks vs. San Francisco. ... Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 6:30: Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. St. Louis. ... Friday, Nov. 23, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Syracuse.

BOXING—Mauro Mina vs. Henry Hank, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 17 (all at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. ... Army vs. Pittsburgh, at Yankee Stadium. ... Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. ... Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. ... Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. ... Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. ... Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven. ... **SATURDAY, NOV. 24** (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. ... Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. ... Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia. ... Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: Rangers vs. Chicago. ... Sunday, Nov. 18, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. ... Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston.

HORSE SHOW—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 24-25.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Nov. 30. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 17; the Firenze Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 22; and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 24. ... **GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.**: Weekdays at 12:15; through Wednesday, Dec. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:20; through Friday, Nov. 30.

FOR CHILDREN

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—Immense balloons (among them Donald Duck and a dragon) bobbing along above a dozen floats, a dozen bands, and four thousand costumed marchers. Starts at 9:15 A.M. at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:30.

OPERA—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Hansel and Gretel," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Nov. 24, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS**: "Dandy, the Circus Lion." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) ... **MERRI-MIMES**: "Pinocchio." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN**: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson

Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **MUSIC BOX**
THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Tom Sawyer." (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 1.)...
 ¶ "Topsy Turvy Town." (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)...
 ... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)...
 ¶ "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 23, at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.)...
 ... **ROCKEFELLER PLAYERS:** "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2:30.)...
 ... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "Mr. Popper's Penguins." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Friday, Nov. 23, at 11 and 1.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology—Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, from 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "History of a Star," through Nov. 26. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 23, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 23, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Mr. Scoutmaster," with Clifton Webb. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 23, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings on Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

READINGS—Michael Kane reading from the works of Auden, Browning, Chekhov, Wilde, and Arnold. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Monday, Nov. 19, at 6:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums in all sizes and colors. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Dec. 1.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—"Space" will be the theme of the fourteenth annual philatelic display, and there will be special exhibits relating to it from the United States Post Office, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Jesse T. Ellington collection. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 18, from 2 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 1:45: English furniture; Georgian, Early American, and French silver; table glass and porcelains; Chinese decorative art; genre paintings and drawings; and Oriental and other rugs. From several collectors, among them the late Robert Badenhop... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 24, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Degas, Modigliani, and Laurens; from the Miami Museum of Modern Art and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 17.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

BILLY BUDD—A classic study of good and evil, drawn from the crabbed work by Melville. Peter Ustinov has directed it with an eye to beauties internal as well as external, and is fine in one of the chief roles. Also present and also fine are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 15.)

JULES AND JIM—A funny-sad and sometimes hair-raising French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. Marvellously directed by François Truffaut, and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 20, tentative.)

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if dragged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

LOLITA—No longer an examination of sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Nov. 19.)

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER—What a poor young man from the Midlands is running toward or away from hangs in the balance for the length of this delightful English comedy of working-class manners, lyrically directed by Tony Richardson. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Nov. 18.... 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 21, tentative.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 4:30. Reserved seats only.... Unreserved seats Monday through Friday matinees at 1 and 4.)

THE LONGEST DAY—A dutiful but dreary reca-

pitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE—This is a melodrama about brainwashing. You think a Fascist group is about to take over America. You think the Russians have a trained killer on call, who goes around picking off good Americans. You think you are Frank Sinatra and have only a few hours in which to save your country. Now go to the theatre and try moving back from the edge of your seat. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 20.... 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Nov. 21.)

THE MIRACLE WORKER—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted with passion and purpose by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 20.)

THE MUSIC MAN—Robert Preston repeating the excellent performances that he gave on Broadway as the hero of this musical, which has been adapted for the screen by Marion Hargrove from the original play by Meredith Willson and Franklin Lacey. It deals with some gay doings in an Iowa town in the early, innocent days of the twentieth century. Mr. Willson's robust tunes are a big help. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; starting Nov. 21.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE NIGHT—Michelangelo Antonioni tells us, in a thousand accumulated images, that life is stale, flat, and unprofitable. He is convincing enough, but at the expense of making his own art flat, if not unprofitable. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Nov. 17.)

PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT—A slapstick comedy about a couple of young married couples and how hard they find the married state. Based on the play by the distinguished marriage counsellor Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, WI 7-9400; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

PHAEDRA—An odd but successful modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT—A truly moving picture, based on a falsely moving plot. Its stars are Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney, and

they are all wonderful. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.... Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Nov. 20.)

SUNDAYS AND CYBELE—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A TASTE OF HONEY—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 20, tentative.)

A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR—Brigitte Bardot in a story about how a *bébé* gains fame and fortune and cannot stand them. Crankily brought to life by the notable French director Louis Malle. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Nov. 19.... Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Nov. 20.... R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Nov. 18-20.)

WEST SIDE STORY—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

LA BELLE AMERICAINE (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 21.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 20.)

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS (1937)—Kipling's story of the Gloucester fleet and the little rich boy. With Freddie Bartholomew and Spencer Tracy. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Nov. 20.)

LA DOLCE VITA (1961)—Each of the dozen or so sequences of this movie tells a separate story, and deals with a separate aspect of present-day Roman life. Federico Fellini wrote and directed it and Marcello Mastroianni plays the leading role. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 16.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE (1942)—Noel Coward's picture about a British destroyer. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through the afternoon of Nov. 19.)

THE MARK (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

ROSE MARIE (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in a duet in the Canadian wilds. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Nov. 20.)

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Nov. 16, tentative.)

ZAZIE (1961)—A wild romp through Paris, as seen through the eyes of an eleven-year-old child. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Nov. 20.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "Swedish Films, 1909-1957"—Through Nov. 17: "One Night" (1931), with Gerda Lundquist; no English titles.... Nov. 18-21: "Intermezzo" (1936), with Ingrid Bergman and Gösta Ekman; no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing, or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
 • Through Nov. 20: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**.
 From Nov. 21: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
 "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.

DE MILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
 "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
 Through Nov. 20: "Temptation," Rossana Podesta, Dawn Addams.
 From Nov. 21: "It's Only Money," Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott.

GRIFFITH, 215 W. 45th. (CI 7-3513)
 "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
 "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
 "I Love, You Love," an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
 Through Nov. 20: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
 From Nov. 21: "If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
 "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
 Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
 Through Nov. 18: "Frantic" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
 Nov. 19-21: "Horror of Dracula," revival, Peter Cushing; and "The Undead," revival, Pamela Duncan.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
 Through Nov. 20: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield. (After 5 on Thursday, Nov. 15, the theatre will be turned over to the telecast of the Archie Moore-Cassius Clay fight.)
 From Nov. 21: **THE MUSIC MAN**.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
 Through Nov. 20: "The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Alberto Sordi; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.
 From Nov. 21: **LA BELLE AMERICAINE** (in French), revival; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
 Through Nov. 20: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**.
 From Nov. 21: "If a Man Answers," Sandra Dee, Bobby Darin.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT.

TRANS-LUX 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
 "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
 "Kill or Cure," Terry-Thomas, Eric Sykes.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
 Through Nov. 17: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S • M • T • W • T • F • S						
18	19	20	21	15	16	17

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
 APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Nov. 18-20: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR**; and "The Mating Game," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MUSIC MAN**.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBELE (in French).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
PHAEDRA.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
 Through Nov. 18: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**.
 From Nov. 19: "Candide" (in French), Jean-Pierre Cassel, Pierre Brasseur.

CINEMA I (PL 3-6022) and **CINEMA II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
BILLY BUDD.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
 Nov. 15: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
 From Nov. 16: "Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
 Through Nov. 20: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
 Nov. 15 (tentative): "The Pigeon That Took Rome," Charlton Heston, Elsa Martinelli; and "Stalag 17," revival, William Holden, Don Taylor.
 From Nov. 16 (tentative): **THE MARK**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
 Through Nov. 20: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**.
 From Nov. 21: "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8000)
 Through Nov. 20: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MUSIC MAN**.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
 Through Nov. 20: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR**; and "The Mating Game," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall.
 From Nov. 21: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and another feature, to be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
 "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian).

WAVELY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
 Through Nov. 17: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian); and "Guns of Darkness," David Niven, Leslie Caron.

Nov. 18-20: "Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
 Through Nov. 20 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and **JULES AND JIM** (in French).
 From Nov. 21 (tentative): "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
 Through Nov. 21 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
 Through Nov. 19: **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR**; and "The Mating Game," revival, Debbie Reynolds, Tony Randall.
 Nov. 20: **ROSE MARIE**, revival.
 From Nov. 21: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and another feature, to be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
 Through Nov. 20 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.
 From Nov. 21 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton; and "Speaking of Murder" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
 "Everybody Go Home!" (in Italian), Alberto Sordi, Martin Balsam.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
 "Paris Belongs to Us" (in French), Betty Schneider, Giani Esposito.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
 "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
 "The Long Absence" (in French), Alida Valli.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
 "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE-ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
 Through Nov. 19: **LOLITA**.
 Nov. 20: **CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS**, revival.
 From Nov. 21: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and another feature, to be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
 Through the afternoon of Nov. 19: **IN WHICH WE SERVE**, revival; and "Stairway to Heaven," revival, David Niven, Kim Hunter.
 Nov. 19, at 6, 8, and 10: A program of six Mack Sennett comedies.
 From Nov. 20: **GAZIE** (in French), revival; and **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
 Through Nov. 20: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Walk on the Wild Side," revival, Laurence Harvey, Capucine.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and "The Valiant," John Mills.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
 Nov. 15: **JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG**.
 From Nov. 16: **LA DOLCE VITA** (in Italian), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
 Through Nov. 20: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MUSIC MAN**.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
 Through Nov. 20 (tentative): "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders; and "End of Desire" (in French), Maria Schell, Christian Marquand.
 From Nov. 21 (tentative): "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
 Through Nov. 19: **LOLITA**.
 Nov. 20: **ROSE MARIE**, revival.
 From Nov. 21: "Boccaccio '70," Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider; and another feature, to be announced.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
 Through Nov. 20: "The 300 Spartans," Richard Egan, Ralph Richardson; and "It Happened in Athens," Jayne Mansfield.
 From Nov. 21: **THE MUSIC MAN**.

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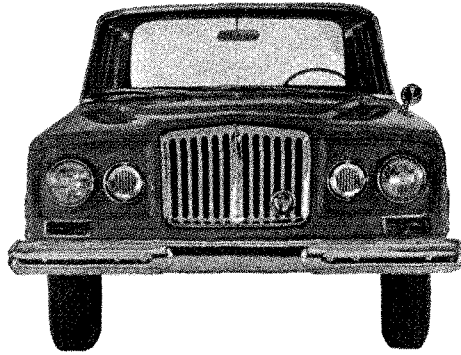
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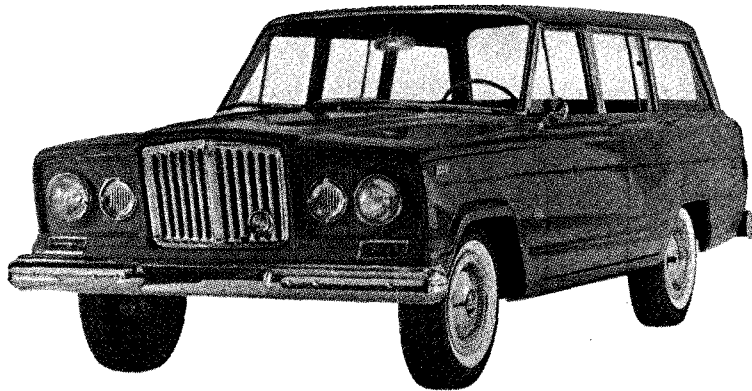
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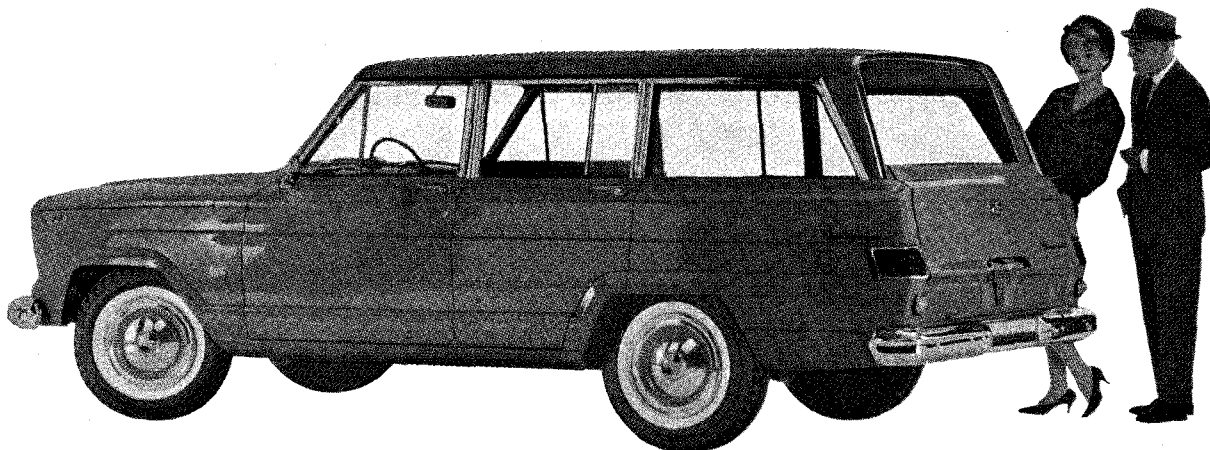
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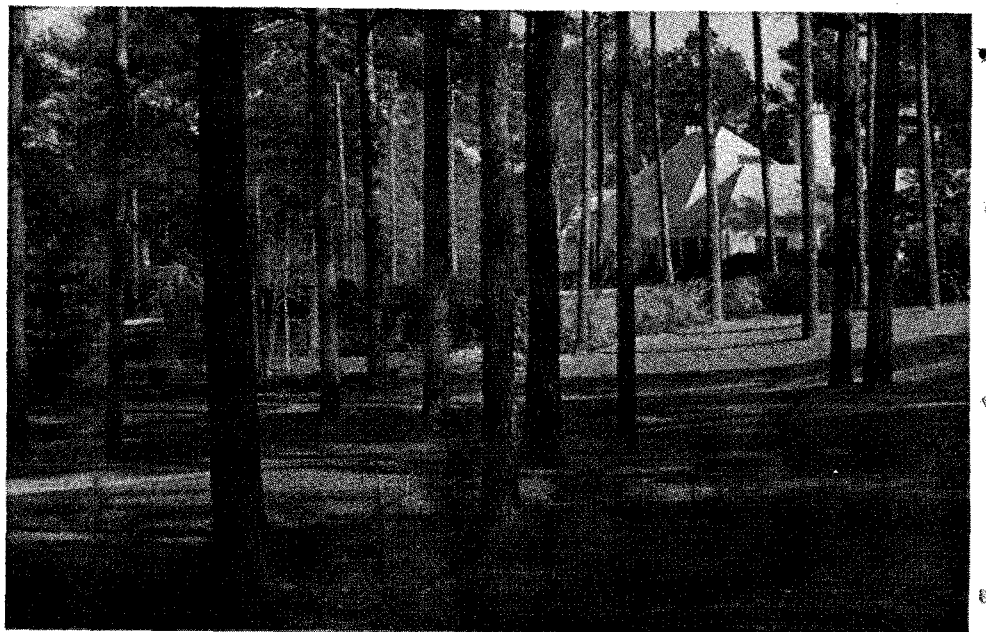
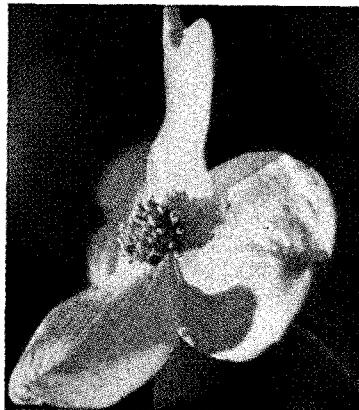
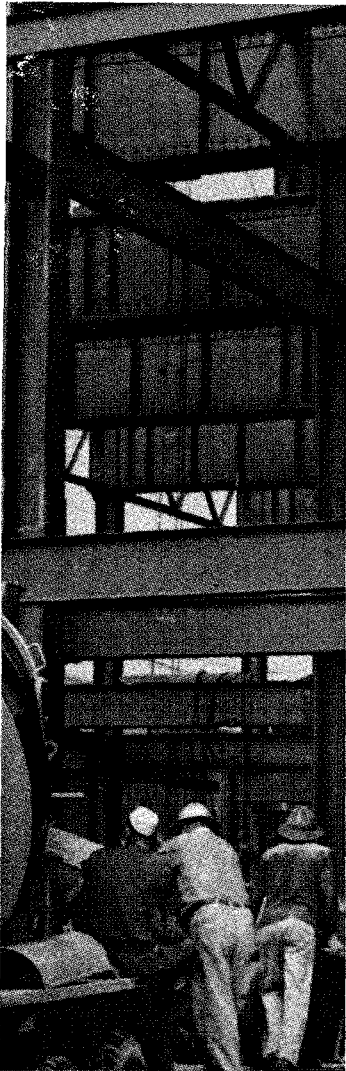
The 'Jeep' Wagoneer features the power and economy of America's first and only automotive overhead camshaft engine, the Tornado-OHC.

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Willys Motors, world's largest manufacturer of 4-wheel drive vehicles, one of the growing Kaiser Industries.

Atlanta



Has Everything

What have you heard about Atlanta? Is it good? Is it true? For the man who is responsible for finding a profitable new location for his company's south-eastern operations, it is time for the Moment of Truth. Are you that man? Here are the answers for questions you may be asked.

1 What makes up the city of Atlanta?

Metropolitan Atlanta is a five-county complex of new commercial buildings, planned industrial districts, suburban shopping centers, and rolling green hills where distinctive homes become a natural part of the wooded landscape. It covers an area of 1,724 square miles — more than any other American city of comparable population. This spaciousness gives homes more privacy, factories more one-floor operation advantages. There are no physical barriers to Atlanta's continued growth in all directions.

2 Who are Atlanta's people?

Atlanta's more-than-a-million people have come from every state in the union and many foreign countries. Only 23 per cent are "natives." The blending of customs and tastes has created a cosmopolitan city unique in the South.

3 How significant is Atlanta's location?

Georgia's capital city, Atlanta is located dead center of the area comprising the nine southeastern states. It is virtually equidistant from Miami, Philadelphia, and Chicago. It lies almost in a direct line between New York and New Orleans, Chicago and Miami, Jacksonville and St. Louis, Cincinnati and Tallahassee, Mobile and Philadelphia, Memphis and Charleston. As a result of these factors, Atlanta is the unchallenged business axis of the region. Sell in Atlanta and you tap the buying power of the entire Southeast—more than 25 million consumers.

4 What is the postwar growth record?

Since 1946 more than 1,000 industries have located in Atlanta. In addition, some 2,000 out-of-town firms have established other facilities here. Between 1950 and 1961 manufacturing employment alone jumped 48 per cent — from 58,000 to over 86,000. Perhaps more significant as a measure of Atlanta's growth and increasing opportunities is the metropolitan population rise in recent years — from 525,000 in 1946 to over one million today.

5 How big are Atlanta's banks?

Atlanta ranks twelfth among U. S. cities in annual bank clearings—nearly \$24 billion in 1961. Atlanta's four major banks have total assets of nearly \$1½ billion. The Sixth Federal Reserve System is headquartered here.

6 What about research facilities?

Most of Atlanta's 26 colleges and institutions for advanced study maintain facilities for varying research programs. Notable examples are Georgia Tech's Engineering Experiment Station, which budgets more than \$4 million yearly for research in physics, chemistry, mechanical and other sciences; Emory University, world renowned for research in medicine and the biological sciences; and Georgia State College, with its own Bureau of Business and Economic Research.

7 What about communications?

Atlanta's telephone and telegraph switching systems are among the largest in the world. Atlanta ranks fifteenth in the country in postal receipts and is served by sixteen air mail routes. The area is also served by four daily newspapers, three commercial and two educational TV stations, and some twenty radio stations. The city is the recognized regional hub of publishing, advertising, and related graphic arts.

8 What's the weather like?

Atlanta has the second highest altitude of any major U. S. city — 1,050 feet. Because of this and the city's proximity to the Atlantic and Gulf, Atlanta weather is seldom extreme. Temperatures range from January's average mean of 43.8° to July's 78.7°. Work stoppages or interruptions in communications and transportation because of weather are rarities.

9 How's the living in Atlanta?

One of Atlanta's chief attractions is its way of life. It is a city of modern schools and hundreds of churches. Its restaurants, vast shopping centers, department stores and specialty shops are urbane. Opera, concerts, theatre, and arts festivals shape the cultural tone. Golf, fishing and boating on nearby lakes are year-around sports. Mountains to the north and beaches to the south and east are all within a day's pleasant drive.

10 Are transportation facilities adequate?

Atlanta began as a railroad terminal and continues as the transportation and distribution focal point of the Southeast. Thirteen main lines of seven railroads converge here. Seven air lines fly 430 scheduled flights daily in and out of Atlanta's new airport — one of the world's busiest between 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. each day. The 70 fixed-route, over-the-road carriers serving Atlanta can reach almost any southeastern city in a day — most major eastern cities in two. Atlanta is one of only six cities with six legs of the Interstate Highway System.

11 Does our company belong in Atlanta?

Probably — no other city in the Southeast can match the total combination of advantages that Atlanta holds for new plants, warehouses, and branch offices.

The serious site-seeker will have many other questions about Atlanta. We'd like to answer them. Our own research staff and the Georgia Tech Industrial Development Division are cooperating to supply facts and figures that will help you in considering Atlanta your new southeastern location.

★ ★ ★ ★

All inquiries are handled promptly and in strict confidence. Call or write:

"Forward Atlanta," Paul Miller, Industrial Manager, Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, 1345 Commerce Building, Atlanta, Georgia.



PHOTOS: (Top Left) Outdoor art exhibit at a modern Atlanta shopping center. (Top Right) Fenders dry in Atlanta automobile assembly plant. (Center) Dogwood blossoms—Atlanta's springtime attraction. (Bottom Left) Construction booms to meet demands for business space. (Bottom Right) Beauty comes by the square mile in Atlanta's wooded residential areas.

This is a Gamin that plays peek-a-boo!

Like all little-heeled Gamins, this one babies your feet and makes child's play of long strolls in town. The fun-and-games of it is catching a glimpse of bare foot through this otherwise modest pump. In black or toy-bright shades of patent leather; also black crepe. Very precocious for \$20. At Andrew Geller stores. Gamins.



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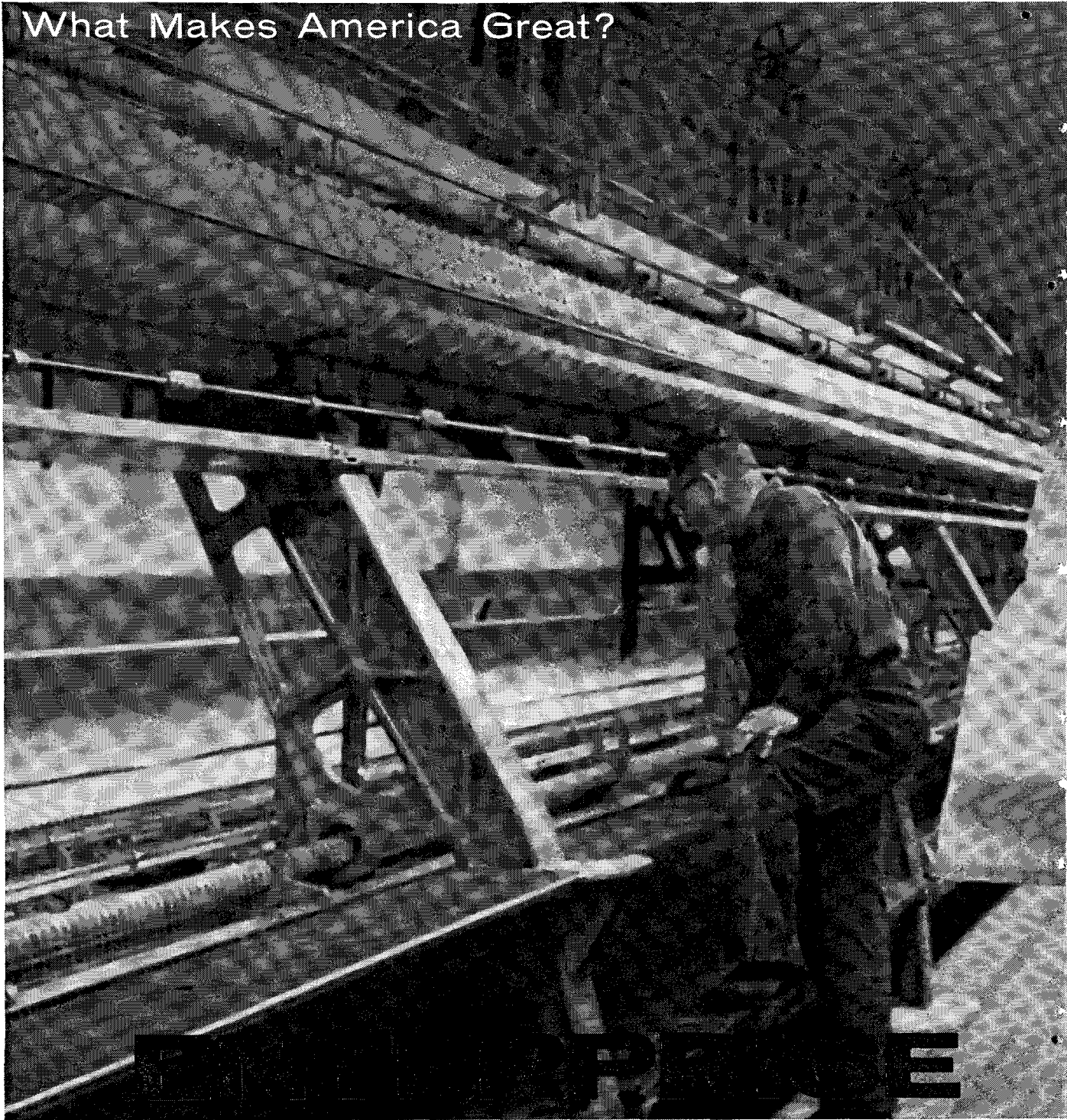
Slip off the outer wrap of the handsome Benson & Hedges packet and it becomes your personal case. The drawer slides open to deliver each cigarette to you in perfect shape. Notice that the filter is recessed into the mouthpiece, so it never touches your lips, never intrudes upon your enjoyment. Now taste the Benson & Hedges blend of choice tobaccos. Superb tobaccos, skillfully cured, aged and blended. If you appreciate quality, you will recognize why this must be a limited edition cigarette.

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What Makes America Great?



...the individual's business efforts encouraged by the freedom to earn and keep a profit.

Those who say that individual initiative is dead should consider this: Across our nation in cities, towns and countryside, over 1,400 new businesses on average were established during every business day of 1961. Over the years in our free competitive environment of risk and reward, certain new businesses in time fail, others join the ranks of our thriving 2½ million small businesses, while still others grow into large corporations.

Behind each new enterprise or business expansion are individuals—industrious and self-reliant with a vision

and courage to pursue their goals. In America, one of the prime motivating forces behind the willingness of these men to risk their energies and savings has been the opportunity to seek a profit.

The mainspring of our economic growth has been the willingness of Americans—whether they are new business owners or one of our nation's fifteen million share-owners—to invest their savings in the hope of profit.

The profit system provides the capital for our plant and equipment...creates jobs...pays taxes...underlies every



asset of our economic well-being. The right to make—and keep enough of—a profit continues to be the essential ingredient in the expansion of our industrial capacity.

Our form of government is based on the freedom of the individual—political, religious, intellectual and economic. It exists for and because of the individual. It recognizes his rights and freedom—to work, to save, to invest as he chooses—to strive for personal reward in return for his successful efforts.

And to the nation which protects his economic freedom, the individual owes the exercise of his fullest energies. The hope of America lies in the vigor and enterprise of each of its citizens.

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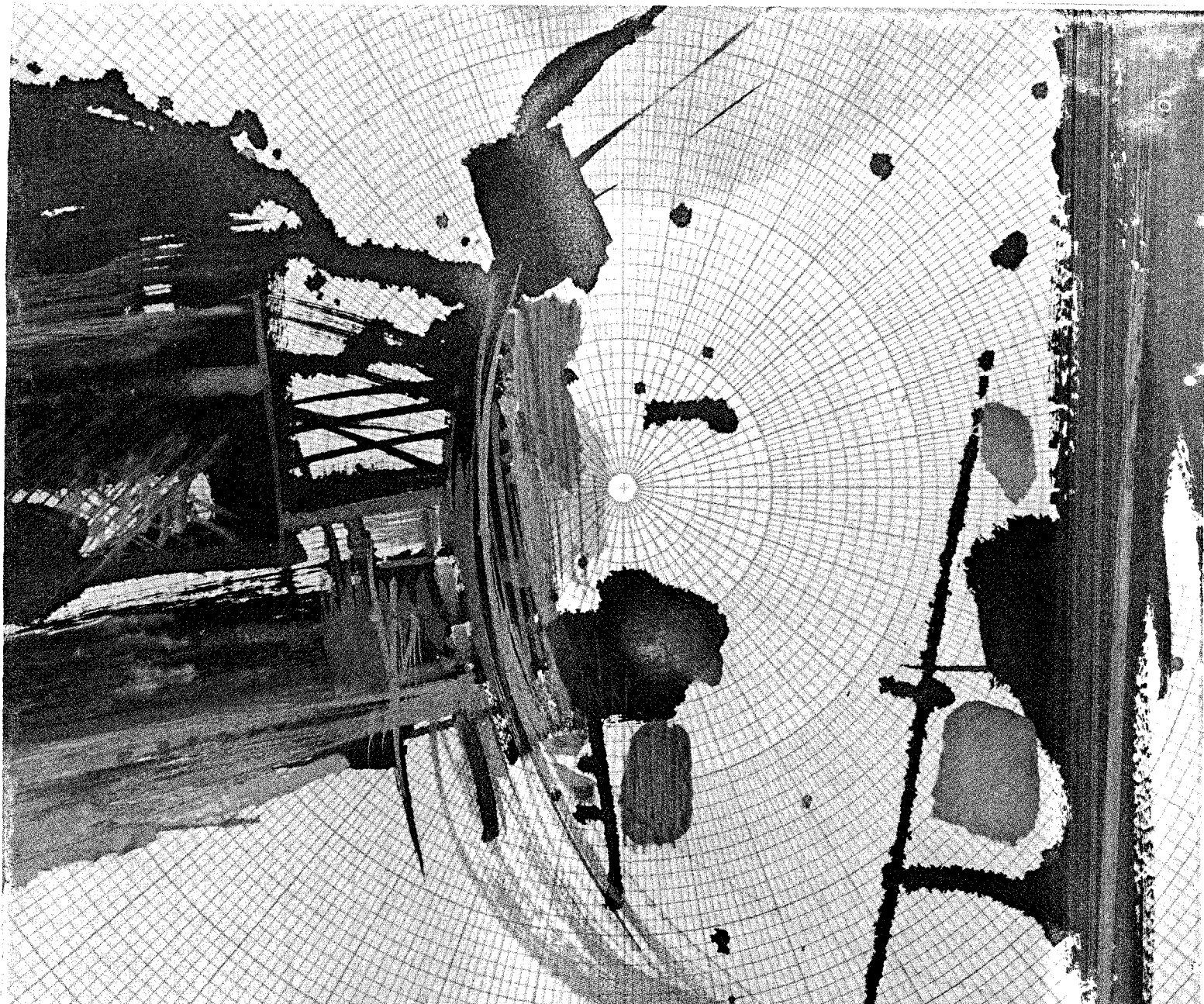
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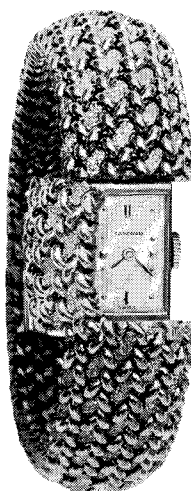
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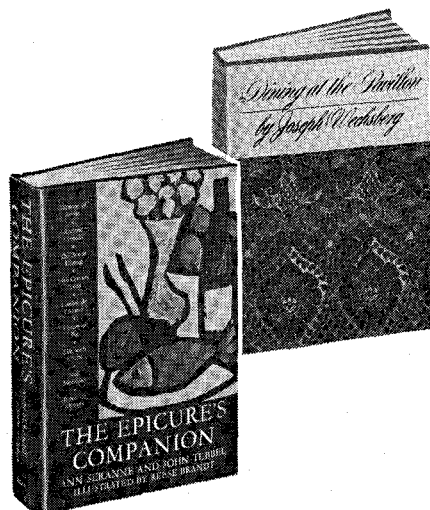


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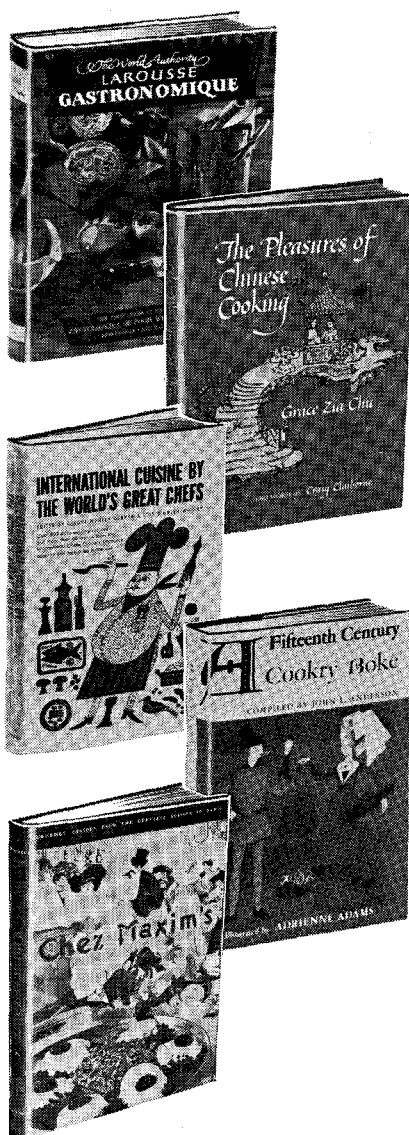
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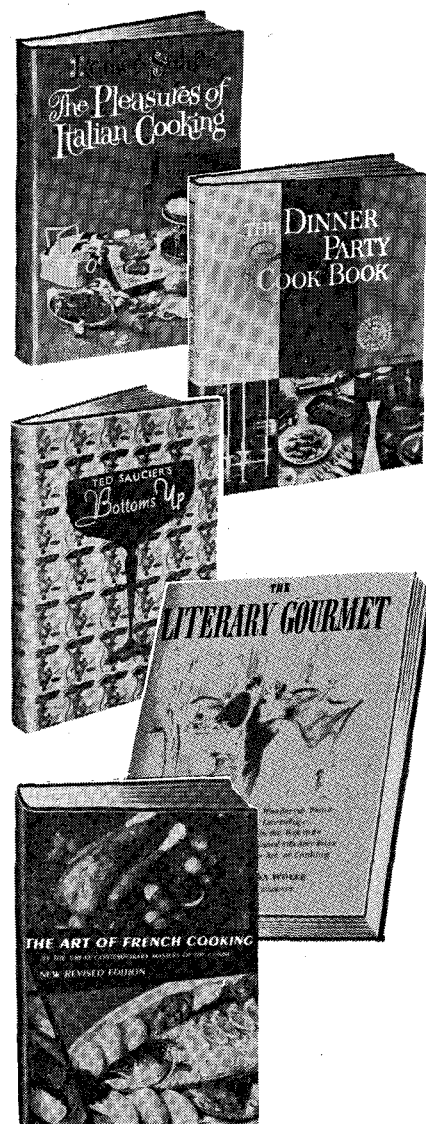
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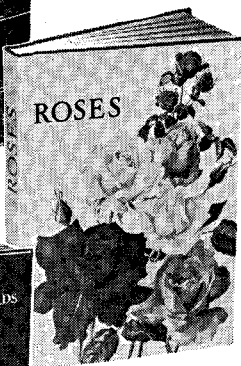
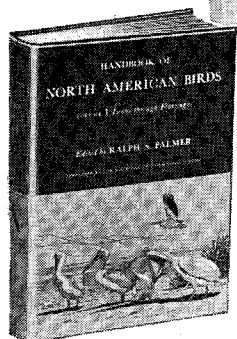
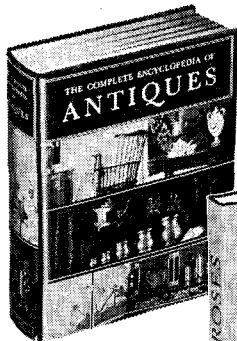
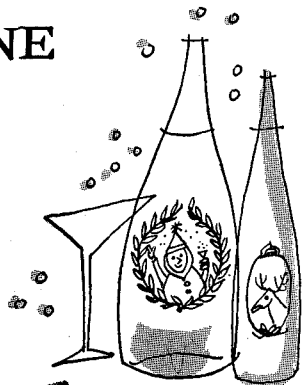
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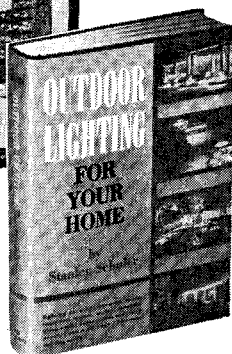
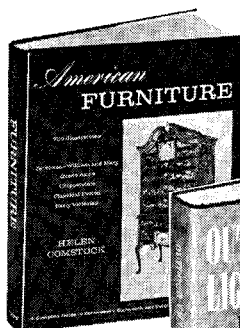
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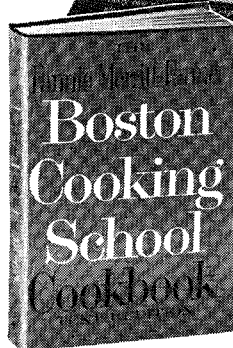
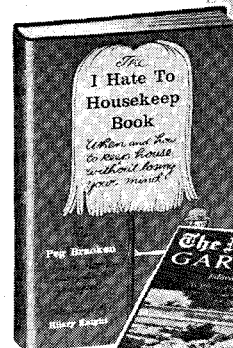
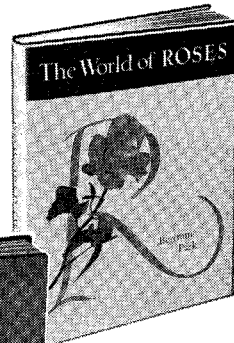
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Muzzle loading for pheasant—Photo by Mark Shaw

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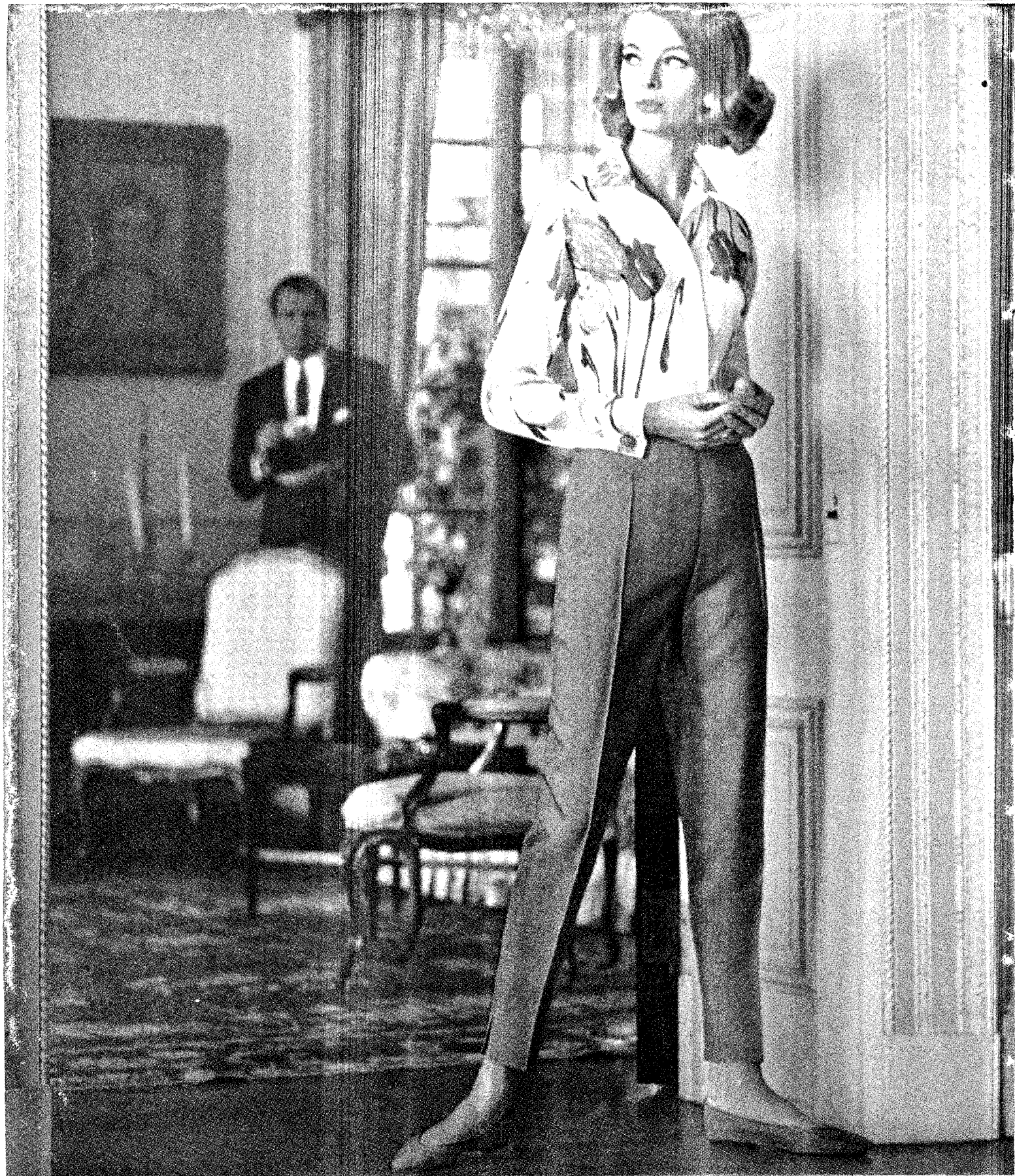
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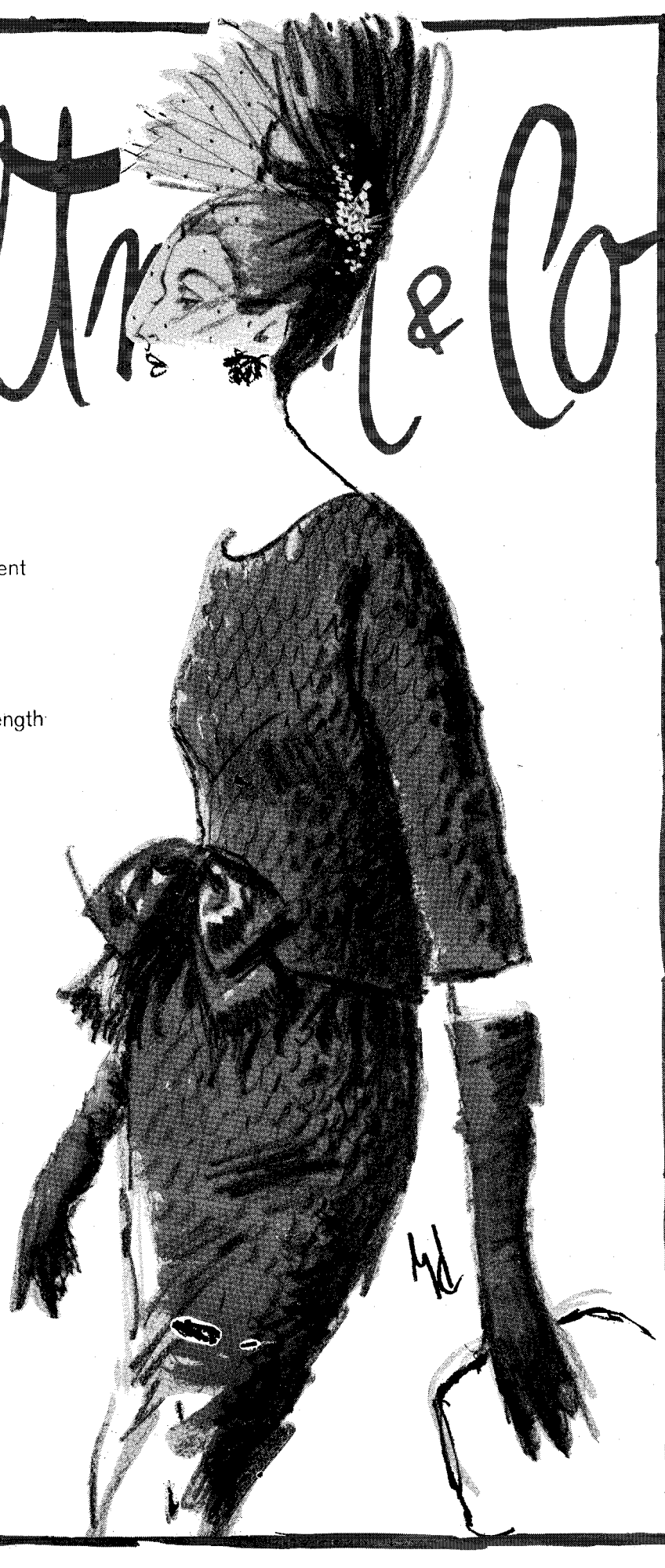
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE first caught sight of Mrs. Roosevelt on a gray and blustery Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1929. We were very young. We had gone to a small community hall in the East Sixties to hear a brief address by Franklin Roosevelt, then Governor of the State of New York. The Governor did not speak from the platform. He sat behind a desk just below the platform, and Mrs. Roosevelt sat quietly beside him. The Governor spoke, as we recall it, of some social-welfare problems facing the state. He was concise, articulate, and human. But what we remember most about that far-off afternoon—the depression lay ahead, and the Presidency, and the war—was the departure of the Governor and his wife from the hall. The only way out was down a narrow aisle running the narrow length of the hall, past the camp chairs on which the audience had been sitting. The distance from desk to street could not have been more than a hundred feet, but it took the Governor an agonizingly long time to traverse it. His legs were in heavy braces, and he walked with the aid of two canes—first one foot and one cane forward, then the other. The audience, as though hypnotized, did not leave. It stood and watched the Roosevelts depart. Mrs. Roosevelt, walking alongside her husband, adapted her pace to his. The Governor was intent upon the task before him: to reach the street and the sanctuary of his limousine without help. Occasionally, she leaned over to whisper something in his ear, and he smiled and put the other foot forward. The slow procession became extremely impressive. Mrs. Roosevelt seemed to sense that we knew we should not stay but that we could not leave. Moving slowly along, she thanked many of us for coming, and expressed the hope that we had enjoyed the Governor's remarks. She greeted many of us with a wave of her

hand. She turned again to say something to her husband, who smiled again, and moved forward. She never took his arm, and yet we knew that he was leaning as heavily upon her as upon his canes. Finally, the Roosevelts reached the street. The audience, still hypnotized, followed them outside. Mrs. Roosevelt and a chauffeur helped the Governor into his car. He put his head back against the cushions with the expression of a man who has accomplished his mission. Mrs. Roosevelt opened a window of the car and waved again. An audience of strangers had become a group of friends. "Goodbye!" she called out. "Goodbye!"

YEARS later, in 1937, we had the privilege of meeting Mrs. Roosevelt, having sought an interview with her in connection with an article we were writing on her husband, who was then beginning his second term. Her behavior now seems to us characteristic. A secretary had asked us to meet Mrs. Roosevelt under the clock at the Biltmore one winter afternoon at five o'clock, and had added that Mrs. Roosevelt was taking a six-o'clock train out of Grand Central. We arrived on the dot, and Mrs. Roosevelt arrived on the dot, and talked to us freely and responsively, in her high, curiously touching voice, until we had everything we had hoped for, and more. She kept right on talking as the famous clock ticked off five minutes to six, four minutes to six, three minutes to six, two minutes to six, and we became more and more nervous. At one minute to six, a Secret Service man materialized from a corner of the room, and off they went, at her usual redoubtable clip.

MRS. ROOSEVELT was such a significant and durable figure in the personal landscape of all of us that it is

almost impossible to realize that she has left it. We understood her—each one of us—so well, admired her so extravagantly, considered her such an intimate possession that the temptation now is, as it was during her long friendship with the world, to oversimplify her complexities and her influence. In this respect, as in so many others, she resembles the one incomparable schoolteacher that every lucky student encountered and sat under for a year in elementary school, to his permanent benefit and delight. At first, before we moved into her classroom and came to know her, there was something both forbidding and comic about her; her flat heels and unsuccessful clothes, her well-bred, plain face, her high, quavery voice, the ungainly haste with which she hurried down the halls, and the unshakable dignity of her person frightened and amused us, and we responded uneasily with nick-

names and imitations, never quite comprehending the loyalty and affection with which the older students—those who had graduated from her room—spoke of her. Once in her class, though, we understood. Watching her and listening to her, we began to see

that she not only believed in but lived all the difficult, optimistic bluestocking virtues. We came to know by heart her maxims: "You can do it," "People matter," "Try, try again," "We must remember those less fortunate than ourselves," "You must be important to yourself." We laughed but we loved her when she wrote out the Bill of Rights on the blackboard with such enthusiasm and strength that the chalk broke in her fingers. All her life, she worked at an impossible profession—one in which disappointment and limited success were encountered every day—but she was incapable of discouragement. When we had let her down, she took our failure as her own and simply



announced, "Our papers on Hernando de Soto were far from being up to snuff, and today we must go back and see what went wrong." A little annoyed with her, a little ashamed of our indolence, we would try harder next time, knowing we could never equal her hopes for us.

In retrospect, there is always something sad about such totally praiseworthy figures. Without self-pity, Mrs. Roosevelt knew and talked about the rigorous loneliness of one who has been taught at an early age that character and duty must take the place of good looks and good luck. Like all great teachers, she made her classroom into the world, but, extraordinarily, she recognized the narrowness and the hard edges of that Victorian, spinsterish chamber. Although she could not permit herself even the smallest luxury of boredom or inattention, she did not begrudge us our other, softer world of love, home, games, and long holidays. Thus was she saved from didacticism and shrillness. Her patience with our playfulness and our vanity and our imperfect concentration grew out of her realization that these were instincts and defenses that she herself had been deprived of. At the same time, because

she knew no division between life and principle, she expected the best from herself every day. Sensing the honor she paid us, we almost learned to expect no less from ourselves, and the unforgettable year with her went by far too quickly.

New Museum

WHAT is a whirligig? A toy with a whirling motion. But in the more specific frame of reference of the Museum of Early American Folk Arts, which made its bow recently in the exhibition center of the Time & Life Building, it's a wind-driven toy fashioned by indulgent (but not *too* indulgent) parents in resolutely Sabbath-observing circles to enable their children to have a little fun on Sundays—or at least on non-becalmed Sundays—without violating the Biblical ukase. We visited the Museum the other afternoon, and, on the mezzanine, admired ten whirligigs—wood, metal, and leather soldiers, farmers, policemen, Indians, and the like, with arms that spun in the breeze like a Calder mobile—in the company of their owner, Mr. Joseph B. Martinson, who is the president and one of the

founders of the Museum. "I have about twenty-five whirligigs," he said. "I keep them in my bedroom, in Croton-on-Hudson. They're getting increasingly hard to pick up."

The whirligig bigwig, who is also chairman of the New York Shakespeare Festival and a big coffee cog, or ex-coffee cog—his father was the original Martinson of Martinson's Coffee, and the son, a retired Martinson president, sold the company to Beech-Nut Life Savers, of which he is a director—said that the Museum has a threefold purpose: to display a permanent collection, to show temporary exhibits, and to create a study center and library pertaining to American folk arts. "This has never been done in New York," Mr. Martinson said. "The great collections are out of town: Mrs. Webb's, in Shelburne, Vermont; the Clarks', in Cooperstown; and the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art Collection, in Williamsburg. The folk arts in the big city museums—the Metropolitan, the Museum of the City of New York, and the New-York Historical Society—are more or less lost. We felt that a small, specialized museum was in order. Henry Luce kindly lent us this place for our début. The

show is mostly loan, but we hope that some of its things will be *given*, and we've just rented a house on West Fifty-third Street, right in the museum belt. Our more intimate items are here on the mezzanine—a nice F. A. O. Schwarzish jumble, I think."

We inspected a black-and-white wooden cat, a woodchuck carved out of wood, a water color of Mount Vernon, c. 1835, placarded "In the burst of patriotic fervor for the young republic, George Washington and his dwelling were popular subjects for coloring in the young ladies' seminaries," and a fourteen-inch wrought-iron figure of a goateed man, c. 1800, dug from slave-quarter ruins in Alexandria, Virginia. Mrs. Adele Earnest, its owner, who happened to be on hand, said, "It's a cross between a Southern colonel and



"And they wonder why nobody wants to merge with them!"

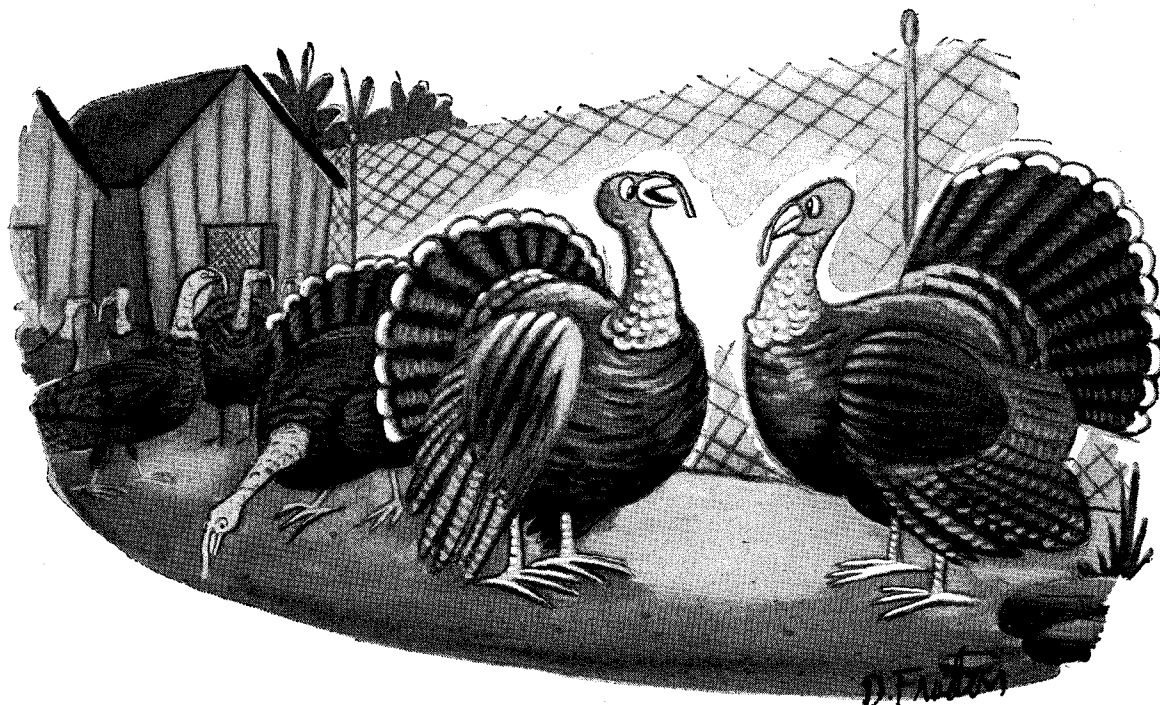
an African voodoo god, don't you think?"

We learned that Mrs. Earnest, who is one of the proprietors of a sculpture gallery in Stony Point, New York, is a trustee of the Museum and was a prime mover, with Mr. Martinson, in its inception. "Folk arts are not just antiques," she said. "They are works of art."

We followed her and Mr. Martinson down a circular staircase to the main hall, where scores of paintings and sculptures were displayed, among them "Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughan," attributed to Mr. Peck, Aurora, Illinois ("The price charged for this picture in 1839," its placard announced, "was fifty dollars, plus a week's board for the artist and his horse"); "Portrait of a Fireman," attributed to William Matthew Prior ("This represents Prior's [1806-1873] most expensive likeness, which would have cost the sitter \$35.00, a not inconsiderable sum at the time [c. 1840]. On the other hand, he advertised as follows: 'Persons wishing for a flat picture, without shade or shadow, done in about an hour's sitting, price \$2.92, including frame and glass'"); "River View with Figures" (1779), by Winthrop Chandler ("From the southwest parlor of the Ebenezer Waters house, West Sutton, Massachusetts. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was married in the same room in 1837"); and a splendid wooden rooster, painted red, which Mr. Martinson, its owner, said was mid-nineteenth-century Ohio. "I'm giving it to the Museum," he told us. "We've started a membership drive—from fifteen dollars, Annual, to one thousand, Founding—and we've received several large contributions, but we're still church-mouse people."

We next joined Miss Margit Varga, a painter who acts as art consultant to Time, Inc., and runs its exhibitions. "Many of the best pieces here have never been shown before," she said. "Did you know that Mr. Martinson was a Calvert's Man of Distinction?"

We congratulated him on this on our way out, and he said, "I was one of



"Put it this way. This isn't exactly a bird sanctuary."

the last ones. After us, the post was abolished."

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Every person who requests a passport application in the Citizenship Department of the United States Embassy in Mexico City is given an instruction sheet that starts out, "Because of uncontrollable circumstances, the application form is not entirely self-explanatory, even though it may not appear to be so. Therefore, you cannot complete the application form satisfactorily without reading the instruction sheet."

A sign in the parking lot at 247 Lexington Avenue announces plans for "A Small Prestige Office Building."

Accolade

IT'S possible that industry has at last given literature the nod. We recall a writer of our acquaintance, a man blessed with an extensive family connection in Wall Street, who once told us that a good many years ago, at get-togethers of his kinfolk, it was the unfailing practice of one of his first cousins once removed, a senior partner in a downtown law office, to greet him with an affectionate but faintly *de-haut-en-bas* "Well, how's the family poet?" Such gambits may no longer be fashionable, or so we deduced after a lunch at the Marco Polo Club, in the Wal-

dorf, with several large-scale hotel men: Mr. Joseph P. Binns, who was recently transmogrified from executive vice-president and general manager of the Waldorf into managing director of the almost completed New York Hilton at Rockefeller Center, as it wishes to be called; Mr. Eugene Voit, who is general manager of the latter establishment; and Mr. Seymour Levine, who is an assistant vice-president of the Uris Buildings Corporation and is associated with Rock-Hil-Uris, Inc., the new hotel's owning corporation. It was an instructive occasion, for during the lunch we learned that one of the stellar features of the N.Y.H.a.R.C., which is to open in April, will be fifteen "hospitality suites" named after fifteen writers who "evoke the New York flavor," as Mr. Voit put it. "We've left Hemingway out, because he *doesn't* evoke this flavor," he said. "To give you their names alphabetically, we're providing suites honoring Franklin P. Adams, Robert Benchley, Clifton Fadiman, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Wolcott Gibbs, Lorenz Hart, O. Henry, Henry James, Ring Lardner, Don Marquis, Ogden Nash, Dorothy Parker, Damon Runyon, Red Smith, and P. G. Wodehouse. We had to get permission from the living writers, of course; otherwise they might have sued us for invasion of privacy."

"Each suite will have a plaque reading, 'This suite is in honor of So-and-So, American writer,'" Mr. Levine said. "Each will consist of a parlor and

a studio, and will have a capacity of around fifty. The suites are geared for entertaining—they'll be used by convention delegates for small private lunches and meetings—but it will also be possible to stay in them overnight. We're decorating them with relevant literary memorabilia—pictures of the authors, book jackets, playbills, framed clippings and quotations, and so on. The Adams Suite will have a clipping from F.P.A.'s 'Conning Tower' and a letter that he once wrote from the White House to his two boys, Anthony and Timothy." Here Mr. Levine consulted a folder that he had brought with him, and read, "Dear Tat and Tim: This is a great big white house if I ever saw one. And good things to eat, except Lima beans last night." Closing the folder, Mr. L. continued, "The Fitzgerald Suite will have some rare photos of Scott Fitzgerald, an original pen-and-ink sketch of him by John Held, Jr., and an oil by Philip Pearlstein called 'The Diamond As Big As the Ritz.' The Damon Runyon Suite will have an unusually apt quotation: 'A hotel which allows wild animals is not respectable.'"

We asked for a word on the literary décor of the Henry James Suite.

"Photographs, book jackets, a quote from 'The Portrait of a Lady,' and a large oil of Washington Square," Mr. Voit said.

We asked why there was no Edith Wharton Suite.

"We all got together on a committee to choose the names," Mr. Levine replied vaguely. "The suites can be thrown

together, of course. Many of them have already been booked through December, 1963." He reached into his folder and drew out a list. "International Telephone & Telegraph is down for the Marquis, Benchley, Adams, and Gibbs Suites on May 8th," he said. "The American Chemical Society and the International Management Congress have reserved *all* the suites for different weeks in September. The American Nuclear Society has the Marquis, Benchley, and Adams Suites from the eighteenth through the twentieth of November."

We asked what American Chemical and International Management would find on the plaque in the Parker parlor.

Having again consulted his folder, Mr. Levine read, "People who do things exceed my endurance. God, for a man that solicits insurance!"

Clearly, the entente between business and art is a two-way street.

OVERHEARD on Fifth Avenue, a cheerful soprano voice: "It's nice to see the Christmas decorations going up. Thanksgiving will soon be here."

Faces

IT occurred to us that there is one feature of the Manhattan landscape that we have never analytically described: the faces. So we went out and examined them. The first thing that struck us was how many, many there

are. They occur, with rare exceptions, in a narrow belt of space between four and six feet above the pavement. A few glimmer darklingly from windows at an elevation higher than this, and once in a great while, usually late at night, a face may be seen on the pavement itself, but by and large the faces, with surprising conformity, restrict their ebb and flow, advance and withdrawal, as well as their more intricate cross- and counter-movements, to the narrow lateral area described above. Here they hover, like a dense pink cumulus, in a dogged flux as remarkable for its variety as for its nagging persistence.

One's first impression, in scanning the faces, is of a sameness as striking as that of pigeons, wavelets, or bricks. Attentive examination, however, yields a multitude of distinctions. Not only do the faces of Manhattan vary in color and size but they differ even in individual *expression*. Some float with eyelids lowered; some stare straight ahead while the lips move rhythmically, producing a small snapping noise, possibly of chewing-gum or sassafras bark, deep in the molars; some glance now and then nervously sideways at a second face while the lips move spasmodically, forming words. The cheeks of the female faces jounce slightly, under their veil of powder, as the supporting column of the body strides forward on pointed spike heels. A few faces are knitted and reddened by strong emotions, whose classification lies beyond the scope of this study. There are even, among the surging, bobbing mass, a few faces that, like tracer bullets, seem to glow—whether with beauty, piety, or unthinking animal happiness there is no way of ascertaining.

Roughly fifty per cent of the faces are in some way painted, red on the lips being most common, green on the eyelids being somewhat less common, and purple on the eyebrows being a downright rarity. Perhaps fifteen per cent of the faces—invariably male—bear some more or less purposefully shaped ornament of hair, and certainly not more than five per cent are marked by duelling scars, shaving nicks, or deeply dimpled chins. One out of three faces wears twin framed panes of glass in front of its eyes, and in one out of three of *these* the panes are tinted dark. Curiously—the fact may or may not be significant—the incidence in the dark-glass-pane-wearing faces of mustaches, cigarettes, and defiant scowls is disproportionately high.



7B Modell

How can this disproportion be explained? How, indeed, can the daily apparition of these faces on our streets be explained? How can we rationalize their perverse preference for the rather low plane that they unanimously inhabit, when just a few feet above this jostling, obviously uncomfortable concentration there are vast volumes of empty air? Furthermore, what force or natural law is it that maintains these faces in separation—that prevents them from running indistinguishably together, like the quarts of water in a river, or from swapping identities back and forth freely, like the dabs of sunlight on a ferny forest floor? These are conundrums that it may take science years to unravel.

It remains to comment on the aesthetic effect produced by these faces. There is a peculiar sense in which these natural phenomena differ from a sunset, a spectacular stunt of geological erosion, or a migration of wild birds. Passing through this tirelessly agitated cloud of visages, we felt emanations of hostility and of a danger so subtle that our perception of it was romantically tinged with awe. At the same time, we were exhilarated—despite the fact that many of the faces were wrinkled and distorted, as if from the prolonged application of some maladjusted mask. The exhilaration, furthermore, did not center on the fairer faces in the mass but, somehow, on all of them, whether rouged, bearded, bespectacled, bleary, downcast, anxious, or ecstatic. Individual facial configurations twinkled out at us much as stars must declare themselves to the mariner emerging from a storm, and aroused in us an analogous sensation of unreasonable redemption. In sum, the faces were an extraordinary sight, and we



"Well, how would you feel if someone referred to you as 'spry'?"

suggest that, after taking in Grant's Tomb and The Cloisters, you go look at them sometime.

Double Jeopardy

A FIRE-BREATHING liberal Democrat of our acquaintance, joining a line of voters in last Tuesday's election, was surprised to find himself standing behind a fellow-member of a club he belongs to—a man whose stern Republicanism was well known to him and who usually voted in Bucks County,

where he has a farm. Suspecting foul play, our man instantly braced the Bucks Countian, who was momentarily flustered but rallied quickly and declared that he had changed his legal residence and his registration to town, as, by George, it was his right and his privilege to do. Our acquaintance retired to their club, looked up the other fellow's membership, and put in a formal demand that the board of directors change the man's status from nonresident to resident—a difference of some seventy-five dollars a year.

SWANS ON AN AUTUMN RIVER

As he quitted the Aer Lingus plane from Liverpool and set foot, for the first time in his life, on Irish soil, he was already a disappointed man. He had promised himself a second caress of the hostess's leg; but when the jostle of alighting passengers had brought him conveniently close to her she was standing pressed into the doorway, stiff as a ramrod, her shy, innocent looks that had been so particularly attractive changed for coldness and reserve. So there was nothing to be done. He put the intended tip back into his pocket and stepped off the plane a disappointed man. At his age, such disappointments are serious. You are only young once. At the time it seems endless, and is gone in a flash; and then for a very long time you are old.

Meanwhile, here he was, Norman Repton, aged sixty-nine, hearty as ever though overweight, attending a congress of sanitary engineers on behalf of the firm of Ingatestone & Murgatroyd. The invitation had not come to him. It had been handed on by Collins, the chairman of the board of directors. "You go, Norman. If you've never eaten a Dublin steak, you don't know what life is." He had accepted, though as making a favor of it. He did not wish to admit to himself that at the thought of going to Ireland a long-outgrown desire had staggered to its feet. When he was young, the notion of Ireland was romance to him. Its hills were bluer, its songs were sweeter. He knew "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" by heart. Later on he had tried to enlist in the Black and Tans. But after all, he could not have wanted to go to Ireland so very much, since he had never gone there.

There were some mountains on the skyline. Their shapes were graceful, but they were not particularly blue. Everywhere else was flattish, calm, dull, unexpectedly neat—though, of course, the pigs and the cabins and the red petticoats would have been expurgated from the vicinity of an airport—and composedly autumnal. A cold wind blew steadily from the west. It was not raining. It was not what he had meant.

Harvey Jessop was

not what he had meant, either—that walking encyclopedia of facts and figures, a man whose presence would shrivel any sense of adventure. Nevertheless, recognizing his mincing gait and sloping shoulders among the group of passengers, now some way ahead, Norman Repton quickened his steps, caught up with him, hailed him.

"Hullo, Jessop! Going to the congress, too?"

"I didn't know you were coming."

It was on the tip of his tongue to retort, "Fancy there being anything you didn't know!", and at another time he would have said it; but now he did not want to alienate Jessop. With Jessop, one at least knew where one was. One couldn't be disillusioned in him. At Jessop's side he went through the customs, answered that he was over on a visit, was wished a pleasant stay. On Jessop's heels he went out through the glass doors.

"What about sharing a taxi?"

"Why? There's a bus."

He sat down at Jessop's side. The bus started. The calm landscape continued. They passed stone walls, then some startlingly blue railings. They came into a region of small shops. The names above them were Irish names, with their rollicking associations: Doo-ley, Murphy, O'Flaherty. Some of the lettering had the classy illegibility he connected with expensive Christmas cards of a pious nature.

"What on earth does that say? I can't make head or tail of it." Too late, Norman Repton realized that he had done what he had resolved not to do—he had admitted ignorance.

"Post Office. It's Irish. Irish is the official language."

"Cathleen ni Houlihan, eh?"

Jessop began to speak of the economic drain of printing government forms in two languages. The road began to descend from the brow of a hill. Mountains rose into sight—no doubt the same mountains he had seen from the airport, but suddenly so actual, so sharply defined, that it was as though they had sprung up out of an ambush.

"Good Lord! What are those?" Norman Repton asked.

"The Wicklow mountains. They're quite useful. The Dublin water supply." They were gone again; the bus ran under a cliff of dark houses, with long sashed windows and pillared doorways. The glass in the windows and the fanlights was broken. Here and there a dusky glimmer within showed that a roof was breached.

"What's happened to them? Was it a fire?"

"Tenements," replied Jessop. "Slums. The rich went, and the poor swarmed in. But soon even the rats will be leaving them." He explained, with his facts and figures, how the population of central Dublin had fallen and that of its suburbs increased. "That's where we come in, Repton. That's why I've come over for this congress. I want to know what's being done to see if we can't offer better terms. Take Tere-nure, for instance..."

"You seem to have been making quite a study of it."

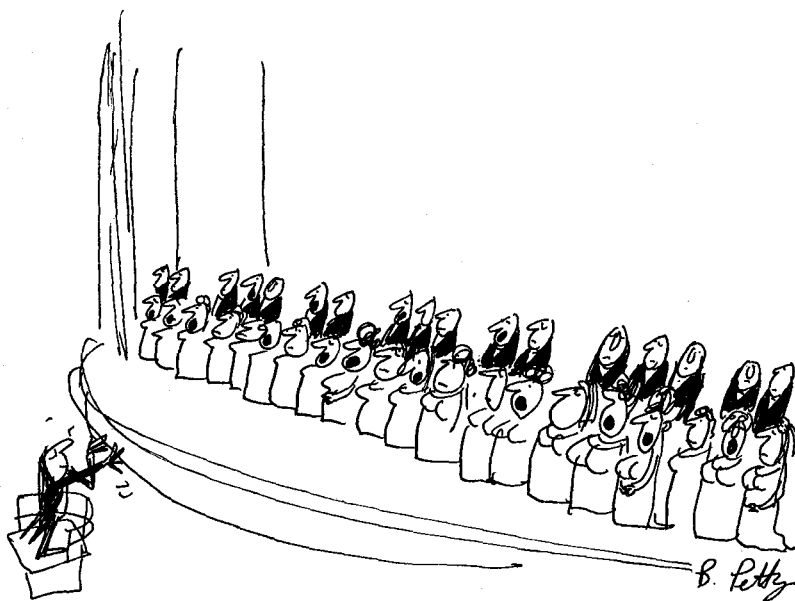
"Naturally."

At the bus terminal Jessop was still lecturing. Taking Norman Repton's arm he walked him past a morgue and over a wide bridge where gulls were swirling like a snow flurry, talking about suburbs with mysterious names and growing populations demanding modern conveniences.

"But won't they smash them, like those windows?"

Jessop laughed. "Not our affair if they do, is it? In here."

During lunch, it seemed increasingly plain that Jessop had designs on Ingatestone & Murgatroyd. A merger would indeed be something for Norman Repton to go back with; he wouldn't have come to Dublin for nothing. Presently he began to crow from his own dunghill. Crowing and drinking, they forgot the



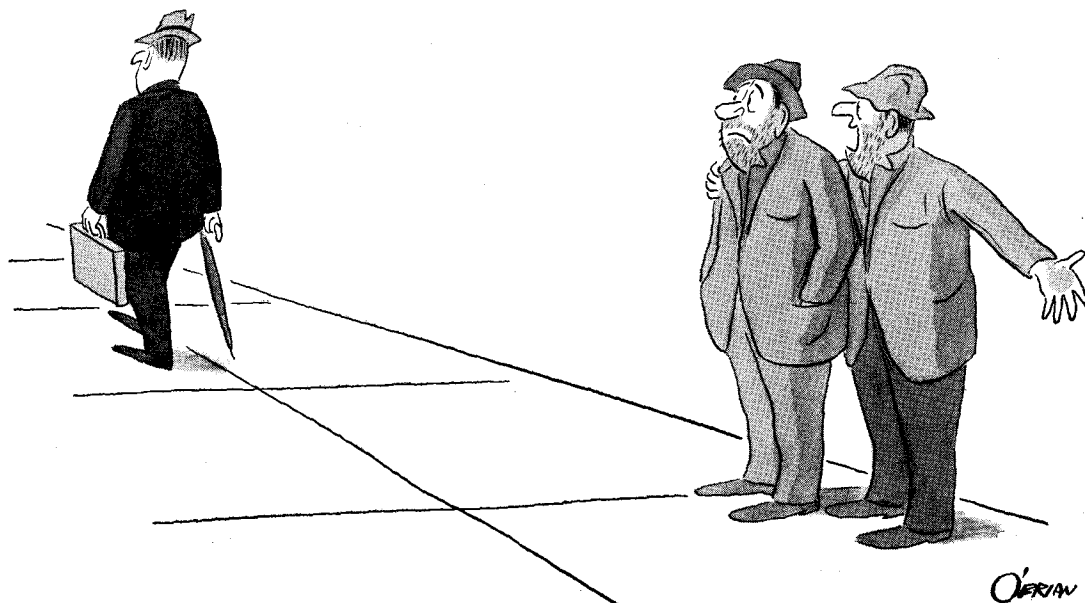
time and arrived twenty minutes late for the opening session. Their entry was frowned at—odd, in a country so notorious for its unpunctuality. But the oddity only glanced across Norman Repton's mind, for by now he had almost forgotten he was in Ireland. After the session, he asked Jessop to dine with him at his hotel. "It's on Inns Quay, wherever that is."

"I know it, I know it. Well, you'll be able to smell Guinness's brewery all right, in this wind. Yes, I'll come with pleasure, but I'll have to go early. I've got to go on somewhere else. You ought to go over Guinness's. They..."

Suddenly nettled, Norman Repton broke through Jessop's tale of hogsheads. "I can't make it before seven-forty-five. I've got several things to do before then."

In fact, he had nothing to do except to collect his suitcase from the terminal. This could wait till he had seen something of Dublin. There was that view of the mountains—he liked a good view. As Jessop had deposited him on the north bank of the river, all he need do, even if he could not retrace the way they had come in from the airport, was to nose about for a hill and walk up it.

But though he found himself walking rather exhaustingly uphill, and coming to a curious region of wide unfrequented streets and low terrace houses, shabbily genteel, dominated by a portentously spiky church, the mountains eluded him, for a mist was gathering, and a muddled glow of street lighting steamed up between him and them. What he really wanted, after all, was a cup of tea, and he descended in search of it. Apparently this part of Dublin did not go in for teashops—there were no notices saying "Betty's Parlor," no vistas through windows of pink-lit rooms and little tables—and suddenly he was out on the river again, in the teeth of the wind. He let it carry him toward the bridge he had earlier crossed with Jessop; the farther side of the river had seemed considerably more prosperous, holding out more promise of pink-lit rooms and little tables and somewhere to sit down in and possibly a pretty waitress. A surge of hurrying people, sprung from nowhere, swept him across the river, and while he still thought he knew where he was going, he was borne on into a street that frightened him. A railway crossed it, and quantities of children with blackened



"Just because he didn't give you a dime doesn't mean he found you unlovable."

faces darted in and out of alleyways, threatening each other with sparklers. It must have been somewhere near the docks, for twice he heard the melancholy lowing of a ship's hooter. Here and there were groups of men who leaned against the lampposts and threw down playing cards on the pavement, and once he passed an old woman who sat on the curb, rearranging the contents of a shopping basket and benignly hiccuping, for she was drunk. But there was nowhere for him to sit or lean, and the stupidity of fatigue drove him on until he saw a man going into a church and followed him. Here at least he could sit down. Sit down he did. But it made him feel conspicuous, for the other people scattered about the building—and, though nothing was happening, there was quite a number of them—were on their knees. Roman Catholics, of course. He had nothing against them, but they made him feel awkward and a stranger. Candles were burning, some before this image, some before that. They gave a sort of top dressing of warmth to the building, but basically it was as cold as river mud, and under a glazing of incense it smelled of poverty. Besides, how was he to get out? All those who went out crossed themselves, genuflected—they even walked with a particular pious stealthiness. He could do none of these things, yet he did not want to offend. Looking at his watch, he realized that he must get out immediately if he was to collect his suitcase and be in time for Jessop. By inquiring, he made his way to the terminal, got a taxi, saw the morgue again (quite an old

friend) and was at his hotel with five minutes to spare.

His room was on the second floor. The curtains had not been drawn across, and noticing this, he noticed at the same time what seemed a rather unusual expanse of moonlit sky, and heard the rustle of the wind in a tree. The tree was on the pavement opposite. Behind it was the breadth of river and the quay beyond. He had crossed the river four times already, but this was the first time he had really looked at it. It caught and dandled and polished the lights along the farther embankment, and from the pattern of the ripples in the reflections he got a perturbing impression that the river was flowing the wrong way. Then he remembered the nearness of the sea. It must be the incoming tide he saw, pushing the inland waters before it, driving them under the dark arches of the bridge. He would have liked to watch it longer, but the thought of Jessop took him downstairs.

He need not have left his window so soon, for Jessop was late. He came in with a hurried, disobliging air, complained of the cold, and said, as though he were talking to a child, "Well, and how did you get on? How do you like Dublin?"

"There's one thing I couldn't make out. Why are all those children rushing about with sparklers and black faces? I wouldn't have expected Roman Catholics to go in for Guy Fawkes, somehow. Besides, it's a bit early for that."

"Halloween."

"Halloween? But that's Scotch. Still, no reason why they shouldn't have it

here, too. Scotch or Irish, eh? Which will you have to warm you up? I rather thought we'd have a bottle of Burgundy with our meal."

They mixed grain and grape, they heaped roast duck on hot lobster.

"What's carragheen?" he asked the waitress, when she took away the duck.

"It's mawss." She was a big tall woman, and she looked down on him maternally and spoke in a brooding, compassionate voice.

"Moss," put in Jessop.

"Oh! Well, I don't think I'll have that. What'll you have, Jessop?"

"I won't have anything. I've got to be off. See you tomorrow."

Left to himself, Repton ordered an omelet flambé, for he wanted something that would invigorate him. Jessop had warmed up with the Burgundy, but even so it had been quite an effort to keep conversation going, and their fortuitous affability grew increasingly threadbare. It would have been easier with a younger waitress perhaps.

The omelet was slow in coming. He dozed off while waiting for it. It was a large omelet—they certainly didn't spare eggs in this country—but he got through it, looking at Jessop's crumbs and thinking they were better than his company. The room was emptying, extending, darkening, but a steady rattle of conversation persisted from a family party some tables away—all of them, except for two silent little girls, discussing some sort of lawsuit. Silly to keep children up so late. He ordered coffee and a brandy.

"Your coffee, sir."

"Eh? What's that, what's that?"

He heard his own voice, sounding loud and abrupt, opened his eyes, saw that the family party had somehow gone away, and fell asleep again, slumped in his chair, his head sinking forward, his hands relaxed on his thighs. A change overtook him. Sitting there in his heavy ruinous estate of age and joylessness, with all his grossness exposed and defenseless, he began to look almost noble. It was as though an artist had made him, and not he himself.

"He's old, God help him!" said the big waitress. "And anyway, it was the other one was the blackguard."

"Will you be sitting up with him?"

AFTER READING A CHILD'S GUIDE TO MODERN PHYSICS

If all a top physicist knows
About the Truth be true,
Then, for all the so-and-sos,
Futility, and grime
Our common world contains,
We have a better time
Than the Greater Nebulae do
Or the atoms in our brains.

Marriage is rarely bliss
But, surely, it would be worse
As particles to pelt
At thousands of miles per sec
Around a universe
In which a lover's kiss
Would either not be felt
Or break the loved one's neck.

Though the face at which I stare
While shaving it be cruel,
Since year after year it repels
An aging suitor, it has,
Thank God, sufficient mass
To be altogether there,
Not an indeterminate gruel
Which is partly somewhere else.

Our eyes prefer to suppose
That a habitable place
Has a geocentric view,
That architects enclose
A quiet, Euclidean space—
Exploded myths, but who
Would feel at home a-straddle
An ever-expanding saddle?

This passion of our kind
For the process of finding out
Is a fact one can hardly doubt,
But I would rejoice in it more
If I knew more clearly what
We wanted the knowledge for—
Felt certain still that the mind
Is free to know or not.

It has chosen once, it seems,
And whether our concern
For magnitude's extremes
Really becomes a creature
Who comes in a median size,
Or politicizing nature
Be altogether wise,
Is something we shall learn.

—W. H. AUDEN

asked the cashier, locking her desk with a flourish.

"I'll leave him a bit longer. He's doing no harm."

In the end, he was awakened, and the porter took him up to his room and put him to bed. Just as he was going, Norman Repton said, "Draw back those curtains."

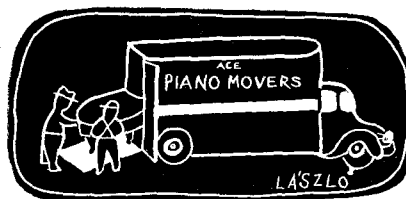
"Yes, sir."

"Might want to look at the river."

It seemed that to get out of bed and look at the river would in some way reestablish him and make up for the failure of the evening—the failure to hook Jessop, to digest the omelet, to have enjoyed himself either with a view of mountains, a cup of tea when he wanted it, the hostess's young leg, or a first day in a city that once, a long time ago, had been romantic and unattainable. In fact, he would not have needed to get out of bed. It would have been sufficient to look at the ceiling, where the river was casting its lightly dancing image. But this he did not know, sucked back into his heavy sleep.

He spent an uneasy night, at the mer-

cy of his digestion and his bladder, trying to crawl back into sleep like an animal into its lair, indifferent to the river outside, unaware of its counterpart dancing so lightly overhead. Then, when at last he was sleeping restfully, a great bell stripped him naked, as his father used to do, pulling back the blankets and threatening to empty the jug over him. Its loud, stark strokes seemed to march into the very room, at the same time unloosing bells all over the city, each of them reiterating its single note, except for a carillon which chimed out a hymn tune whose pinched intonation and jiggling rhythm called up in his mind a picture of some bedizened spinster. But his indigestion was gone; and the noise of renewing traffic and of people moving about in the hotel encouraged him with the thought that yesterday's disappointments were behind him and that here was another day, which might be a more satisfactory one. It promised to be a fine day, too. Light was welling upward, lifting a tenuous web of cloud and here and there beginning to break it; broken, it took on a perceptible movement, became a convoy of clouds sailing eastward. The wind of yesterday, but lessened. He had no objection to a slight wind; it was even rather pleasant, and made one feel brisk. Color grew in the plane tree outside. The wind fluttered its dwindled stock of leaves but did not detach them. Behind



the plane tree, on the farther bank of the river, was an expanse of house front painted a bright clear shade of yellow. It looked quite Continental. His eye rested on it with pleasure. He was, after all, waking up in what was almost a foreign city. He hoisted himself from his bed, walked across to the window, and looked out. Over the undulating reflection of the yellow house floated two swans. Presently, from under the dark arch of the bridge, came another swan, and, presently, another. While he was watching and admiring, three more swans appeared, moving into mid-stream from the near bank, where the quay's parapet had concealed them. Seven swans. . . . That was something, and a lovely sight. A bus came along the quay and paused at the bus stop, blocking out the river. When it moved on, he counted the swans as though they were his hoard, his treasure. There were now eleven swans. As he counted them again, to make sure, another sailed out from under the bridge.

They were making their way downstream, but dallied, oaring about to inspect floating bits of rubbish, diving their long necks below the surface with a burrowing motion, scavenging with unruffled, classical dignity. He hurried into his clothes. Unwashed, unshaved, his shoes untied, he stumbled downstairs. In the hall, an idea occurred to him. He turned into the dining room, where a thin young man was already breakfasting, served by the big waitress. "Bread!" he shouted. "I want some bread." As she came forward, his glance fell on a row of silver-plated breadbaskets, ranged on the sideboard. He shovelled the bread from half a dozen of these into one and hurried on out, saying over his shoulder, "It's all right. I'll pay for it."

The *garda* directing the traffic by the bridge shouted a warning to him as he scrambled across the road under the nose of a lorry. A group of women waiting for a bus stepped quickly out of his path. It seemed an age before he could look over the parapet. Some of the swans had moved downstream, but others had arrived. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. . . . There were eighteen swans. What a total! What a boast! . . . In Dublin I've seen eighteen swans within a stone's throw. Drawing a breath that cost him agony, he whistled. They paid no attention. "Swans!" he hallooed. "Swans!" One nearby seemed to be looking at him from its sidewise face. He threw a slice of bread at it. It turned. Others turned. They came flocking toward him. Even in the wildness of his excitement and sense of personal glory,



"So we're going to the World's Fair in '64. But where are we going in '63?"

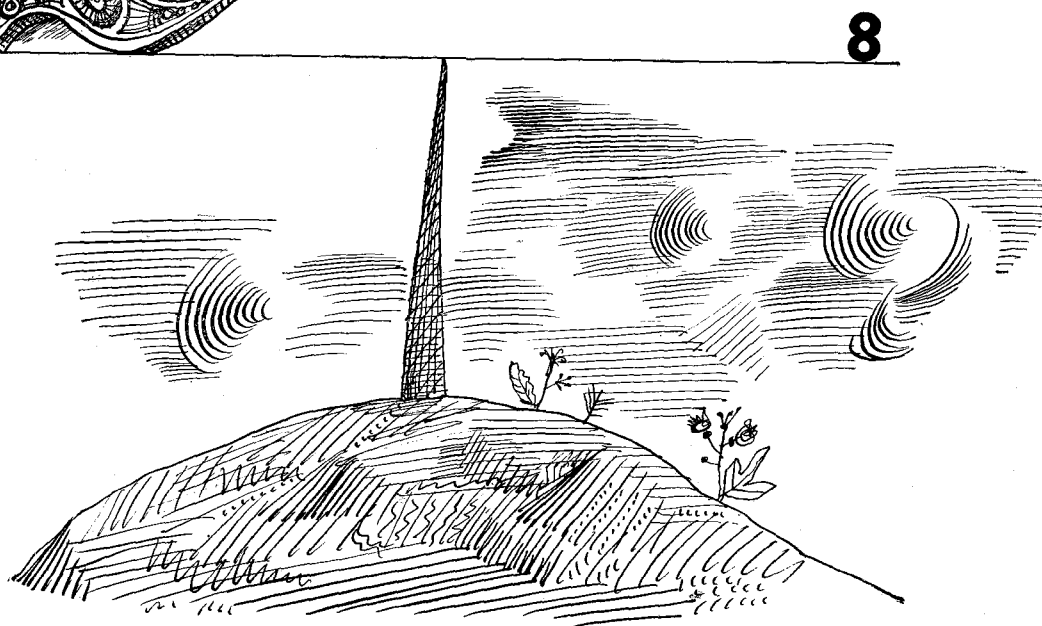
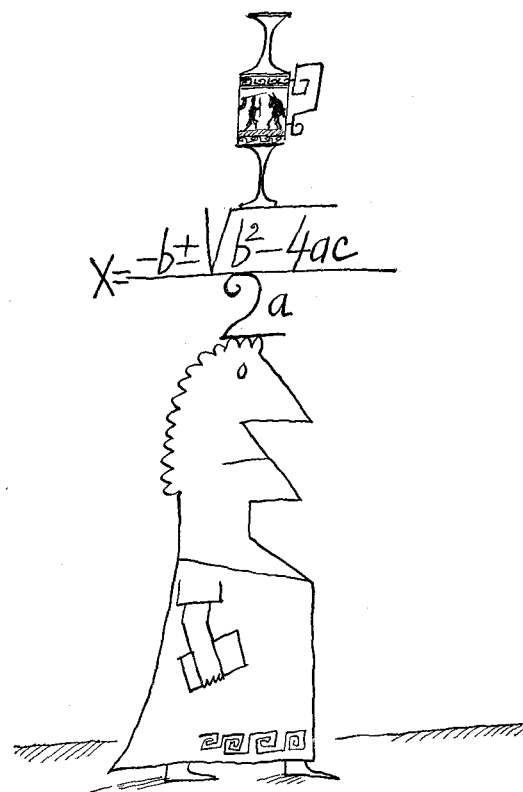
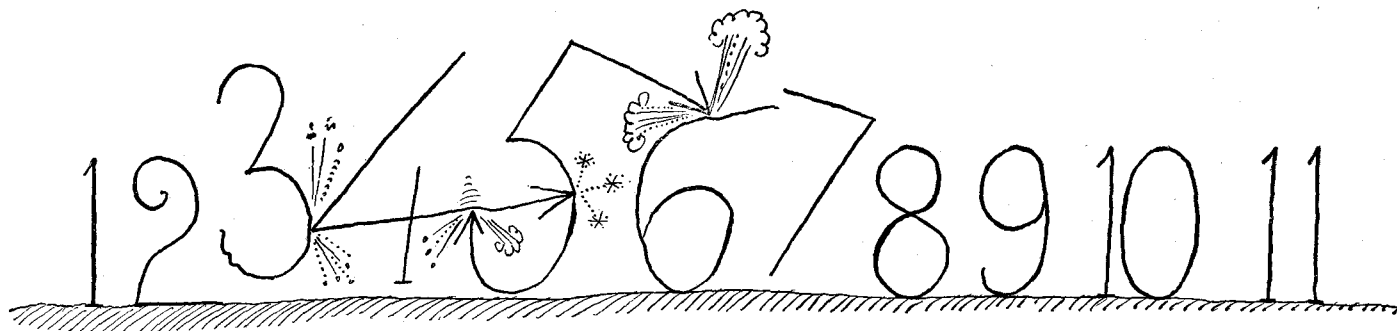
he admired how skillfully they shaped their course without check or collision and how, as he scattered the bread among them, they went after it and contested for it with an air of proud negligence, feeding, he said to himself, like lords. He was about to throw in the last slice of bread when it was twitched from his hand, and in an instant the air between him and the river was shaken and noisy with gulls. Flapping, disputing, wheeling round and round, the ugly, greedy, bullying creatures were attacking his swans and stealing their bread. "Get out!" he shouted. "Get out, you brutes! Damn you, damn you, damn you, you dirty bastards!" Shaking with rage, he hurled the breadbasket into the midst of them. They thinned for a moment, and he saw that the swans had drawn away toward the opposite bank and were heading downstream.

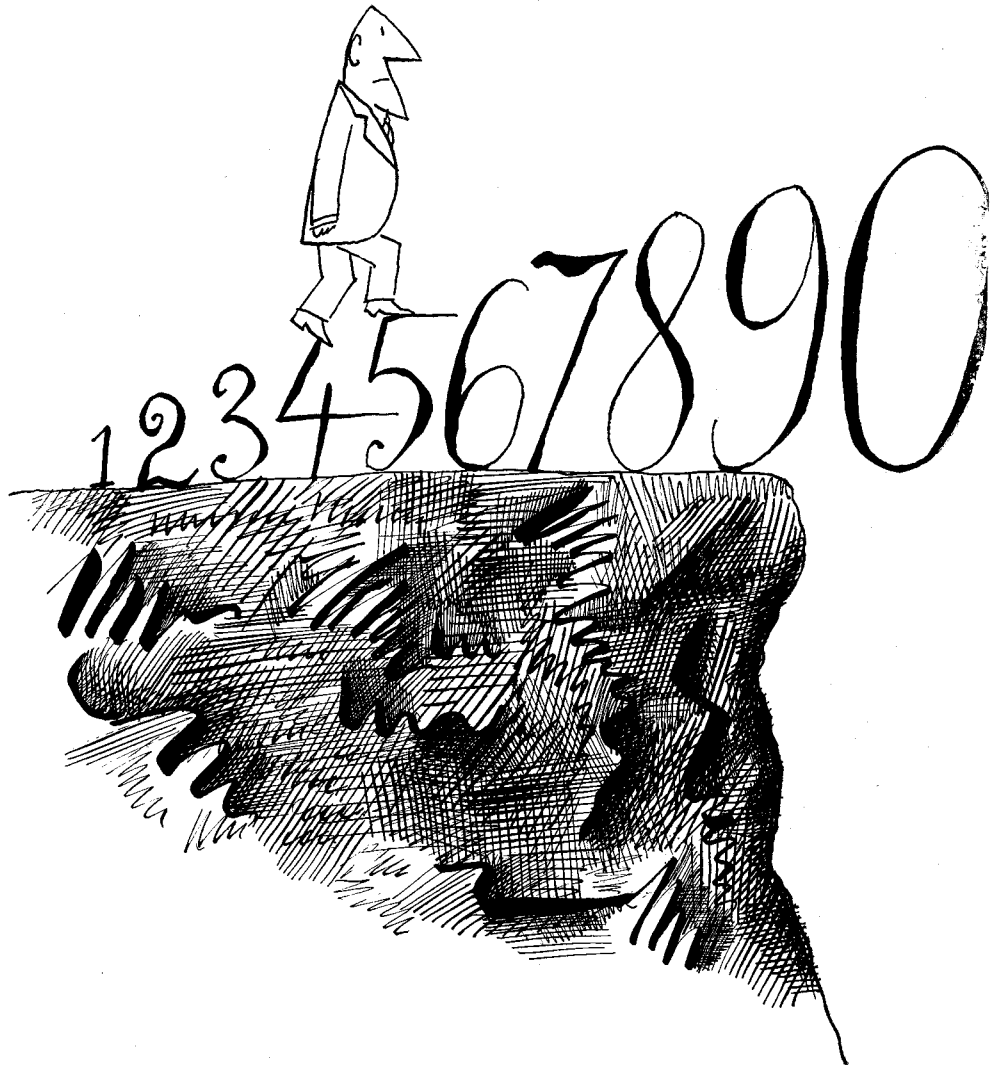
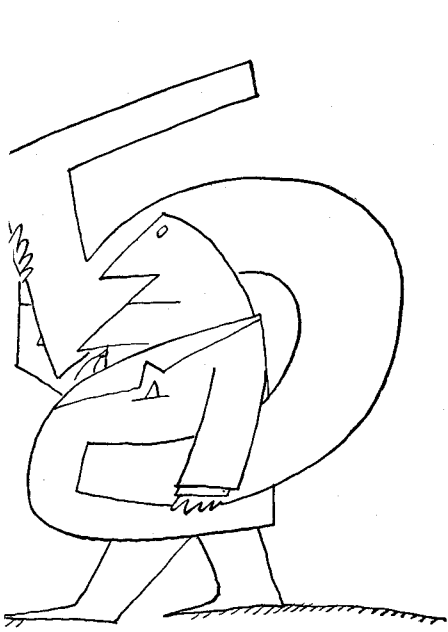
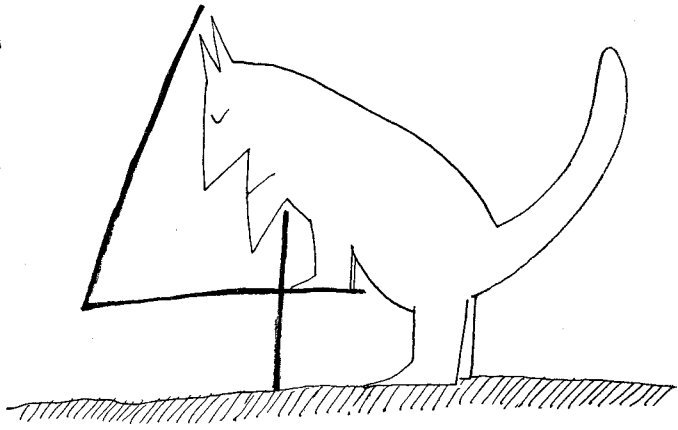
His rage came up in his throat and choked him. He lost all thought of who he was or where he was, and the hand clenching and unclenching on the rim of the parapet might have been the hand of a stranger. A crumb of bread lay beside it. A gull, flying belatedly after the others, saw the crumb and swooped down. He struck at the bird with all his force, missed it, lost his balance, struggled to regain it, and fell backward, his head striking the pavement. A terrified giggle broke from one of the women, and was preemptorily

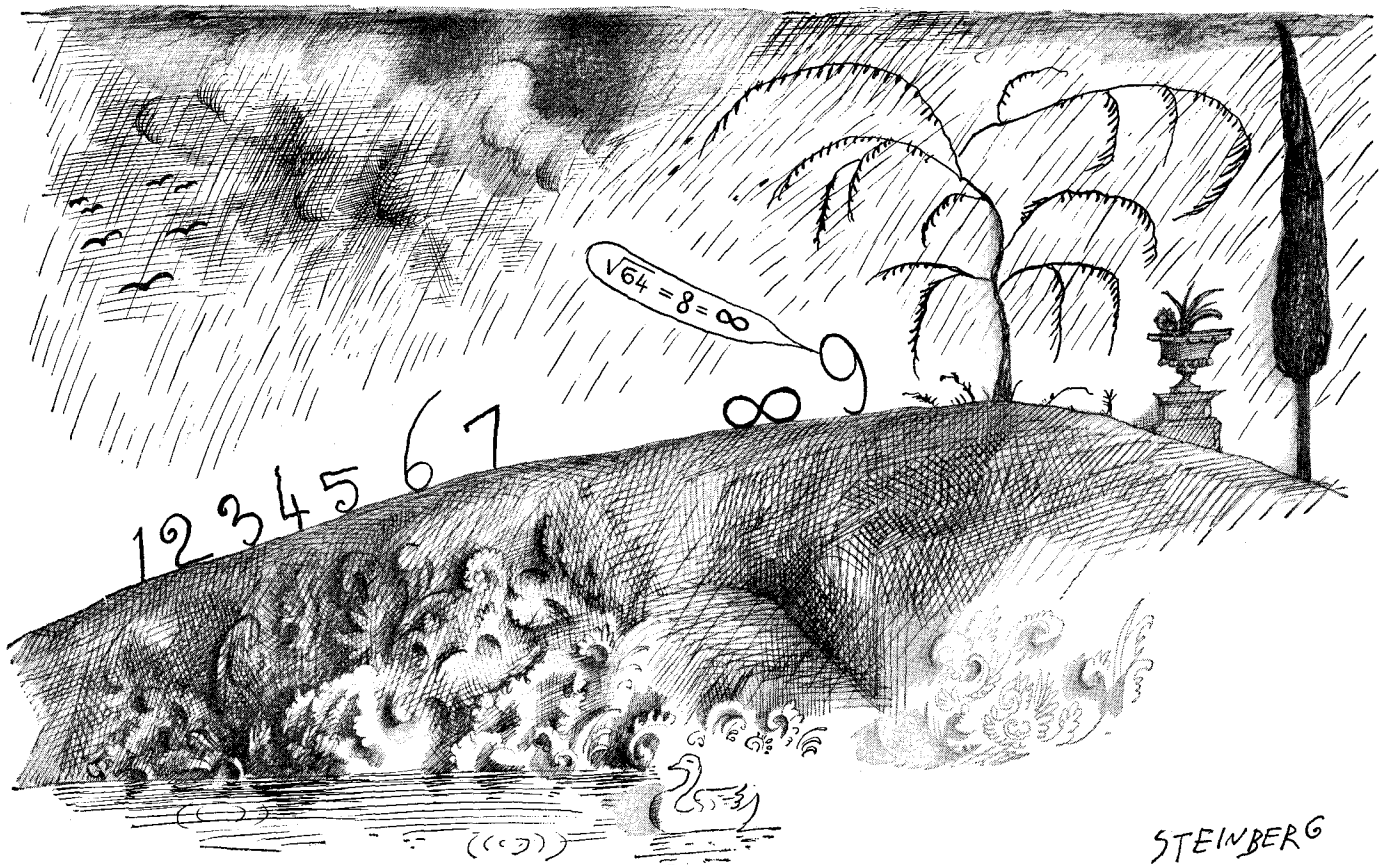
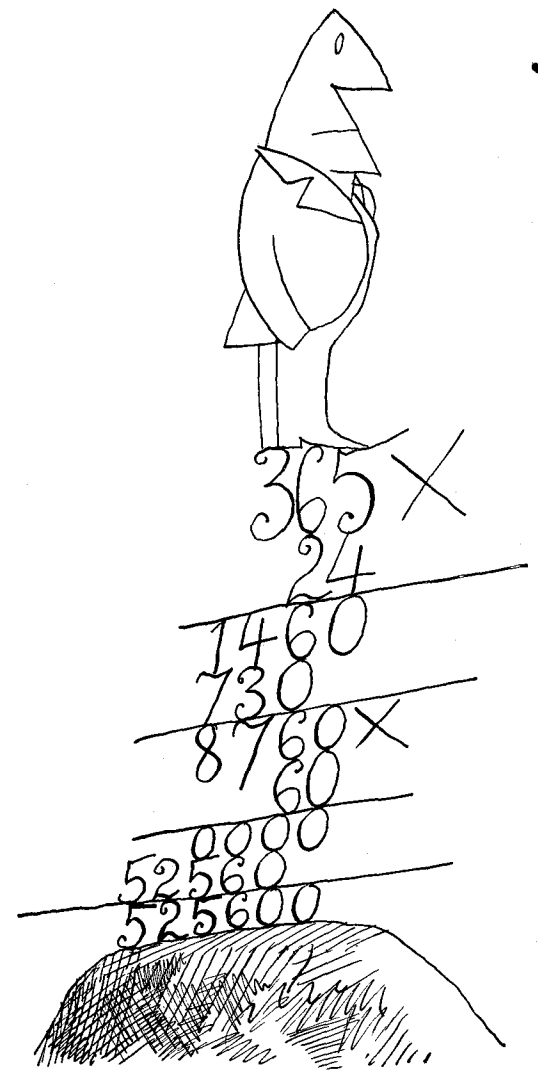
hushed by another. For a while, he struggled, threshing about with violent, uncoordinated movements. The woman who had giggled moved diffidently forward, meaning to help him up. "Best leave him alone," said the woman who had silenced her. The voice was not so much harsh as harshly resigned. She had known much trouble in her life, and this had left her with no sympathy to spare for a corpulent old Englishman who had thrown a silver dish into the Liffey and cursed the hungry sea gulls—nor, indeed, for the sea gulls either. She need not have spoken. Frightened by the grimace frozen on the old man's features, and by his set, snarling lips, the other had stopped short.

The *garda*, who had left his place amid the traffic, came up to where Norman Repton now lay motionless. After a momentary hesitation, as though he were hastily summoning up something he had learned, he knelt beside him. The women drew closer together, and one of them pulled her coat about her, as though she had suddenly become conscious of the cold. Presently, the *garda* got up from his knees. Looking gravely down at the figure on the pavement, he pulled off his cap and crossed himself. The action unloosed a flutter of hands, a murmur of sound, among those waiting for the bus, as though it had stirred a dove-cote.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER







STEINBERG

GENTIAN

BETWEEN the back porch and the chicken yard of my Aunt Winnie's house in Gentian, Georgia, there stood a chinaberry tree. I do not think that I played under it more than elsewhere. But when my brother and I returned from our visit to our father's sister each summer, it was about this chinaberry tree that I thought, more than about Aunt Winnie and Uncle Emmett and the events of the summer. In my mother's family I had experienced many aunts and uncles. And events happened all the time. But this was the first chinaberry tree that I had seen. For me, the small pointed leaves and the green cherry-shaped berries existed only on that one plant, or beneath it on the blackened wood of the boards on two sawhorses that formed a workbench, and on the tarpaper roof of the brooding house, through whose dusty glass windows I could peer and see the baby chickens swarming in the electric brooder inside. A fig tree grew up through the chicken-yard fence a little farther on. The figs were ripe during our visits. I ate them, and it would have been reasonable if I had remembered the fig tree best, or the pecan trees in the front yard. Nevertheless, I forgot these. We had a fig tree at home, and I had often eaten pecans. But the chinaberry tree and its fruit, eaten by neither animals nor men, remained in my mind. And in the middle of winter when I remembered the summer, I would picture the lean branches and the hard green berries, some of which shrivelled and dried up on the tree, others of which dropped to the ground and lay there, ignored even by the birds, until the flesh over their large seeds grew brown and soft like rotten apples, and almost as unpleasant to step on if you were barefooted as were the droppings in the chicken yard.

Aunt Winnie's house, covered in dark shingles and with a large evergreen camphor bush at either end of the front porch, was like a house in a suburb. And despite the fact that all the surrounding country was farm country, the life lived in the house was not farm life. Uncle Emmett went each morning into Columbus, where he worked as superintendent of a textile mill. My three cousins, all older than my brother and I, each went to college and took jobs away from home. But everything about the house tended by my aunt—the sword ferns and geraniums, the maiden-hair ferns and forget-me-nots, lining the front porch in lard cans and flower-pots and boxes, and the animals and

chickens in the back yard—was as luxuriously rural as those on the surrounding farms.

The food was rural, too, especially in its abundance, and during the last week of our visit, when Mother always came down from Atlanta to join us, every meal was like Sunday dinner. We had fried chicken twice a day, for dinner and supper, and Aunt Winnie, who raised broilers and fryers, gave me my favorite piece, the brain, which I had learned to like from my Donaldson grandmother but no longer got in the city, where store-bought chickens were headless. Aunt Winnie cooked it the way my grandmother had cooked it—inside the skull—and I cracked the skull the way my grandmother had taught me, by rapping it on the edge of my plate. It broke open, like an English walnut, and the brain, about the size of a large nut meat, came out. Or if it did not, I sucked it out, and although I particularly liked the taste, I am not sure that it was not the complication of getting to it that delighted me most.

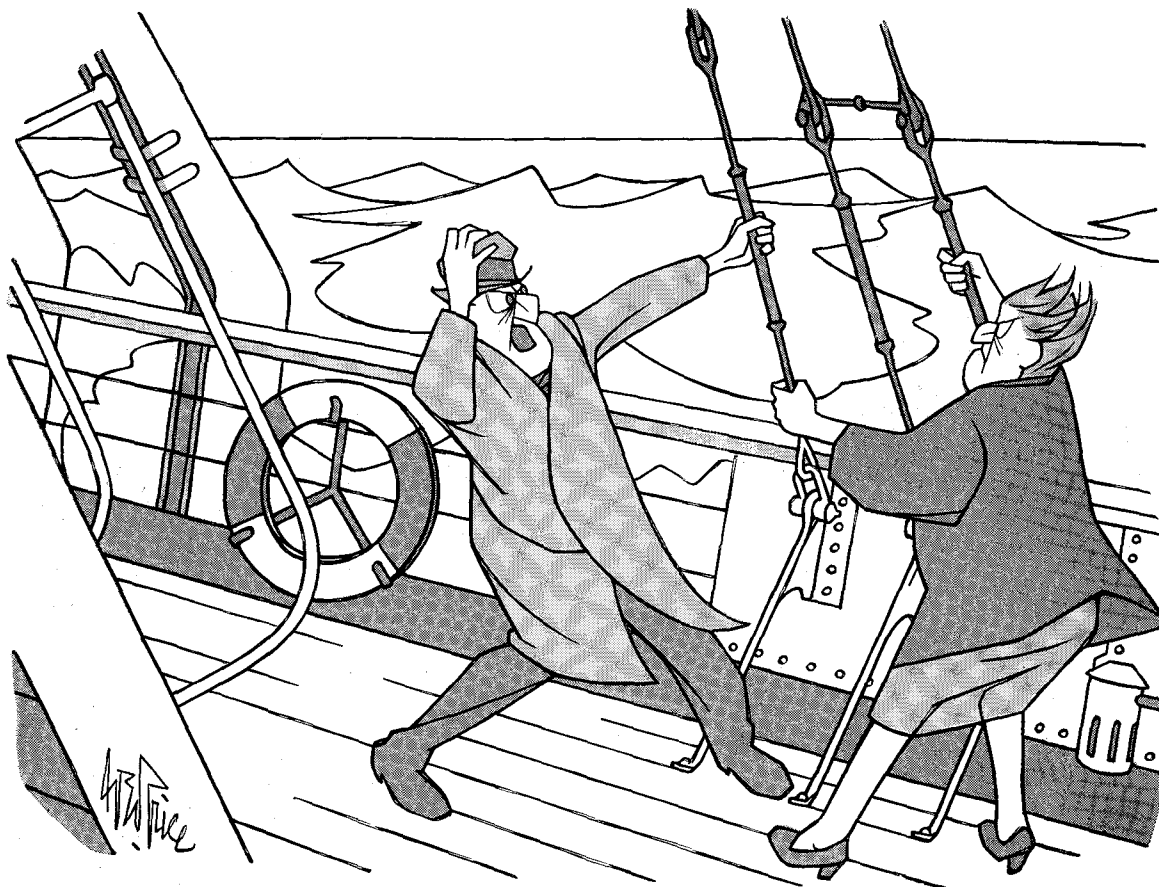
The way the evenings were passed was rural, too. Even after Mother came down, there was no entertaining or visiting at Aunt Winnie's. After supper, we sat out beneath one of the two pecan trees in the front yard and watched the sky—so much more brilliant than it ever was in the city—for late-summer showers of falling stars. Uncle Emmett pointed out the Big and Little Dippers, and Venus and Mars, as he smoked his cigar and blew heavy clouds of smoke around us to keep away the mosquitoes. If this did not work, Aunt Winnie burned a bit of rag soaked in kerosene, and the odors of cigar smoke and burning flannel competed as we sat in the dark, talking, listening to the crickets, and watching the sky. Sometimes the conversation touched on my father. He and my mother were divorced; we had no contact at all with him or with any other member of his family except Aunt Winnie, and perhaps it was odd that we were so close to her. But she had been close to my father when they were children, and she was particularly fond of my brother, in whom she saw a strong resemblance to him. My father had disappeared from her life as well as from ours. It was only very occasionally that she had word of him. Silences, more than news, expressed the bond between us; and even when he was mentioned, the conversation usually slipped on to other subjects long before the mosquitoes

drove us inside to watch Uncle Emmett twist the dials of his short-wave radio, on which he sometimes picked up broadcasts from England, France, or Germany, or to go upstairs to the big, screened sleeping porch and to bed.

Each day, I spent a good deal of time rolling an automobile tire, either with my brother or by myself. I liked wandering about the yard and the surrounding fields, so different from Atlanta, where we lived. I was never lonely when I was by myself, only when I was around people of whose affection I was unsure, and in the country rolling an automobile tire had the happy advantage of carrying me alone all through the yard and the surrounding hot, dusty, weed-choked landscape. Each day, I started out from the back yard, where the tire usually lay in the place I had left it the evening before, somewhere beyond the well and near a shed that was full of rusted motor cases and other discarded parts of old automobiles. First I rolled the tire along the smooth earth of the driveway, which left the road and went around the house and came back to the road, making a horseshoe. In my imagination the tire was a vehicle, and when I had driven it to all parts of the yard I would make a long-distance trip, between the rows of the plowed field of cornstalks on the other side of the dirt road, or through the plum orchard and up past the house of an old lady who had been my father's and Aunt Winnie's schoolteacher when they were children, and down the slope on the far side of her house to the creek. With my brother and the youngest of my three cousins I sometimes went swimming there, but it never occurred to me to go swimming alone, and when I reached that far by myself I rolled the tire back to the house and played in the yard or beneath the chinaberry tree.

It was the chinaberry tree, the yard, and the tire that I thought about in my childhood, but now I know that none of these was the important thing in my summers; it was Aunt Winnie. Never having known my father or any other member of his family except her well enough to guess what they were like, I had only her to turn to for traits resembling my own which might have been his or theirs. Aunt Winnie was unique, the way the chinaberry tree seemed to be. But it was through the chinaberry tree and the yard, particularly the chicken yard, that I made contact with her, and even there my interest, I would have said, was not in her but in the eggs. My passion for gathering them was as great as that for rolling the automobile





"Oh, stop griping! We're fulfilling a lifelong dream, aren't we?"

tire, and not even the unpleasantness of the chicken droppings squishing up between my toes was sufficient deterrent against the joy of looking into nests and finding eggs, oval and perfect, lying in the midst of their straw-lined emptiness. I was afraid of the chickens—as I was of cows and horses—and I would not put my hands into the nests that had hens on them, as Aunt Winnie did, and take the eggs out from beneath the hens. But my pleasure in the search overcame my fear. Of all the other entertainments I knew, I enjoyed most the magic shows I was taken to at the Sunday-school building of All Saints' Church in Atlanta, and I longed to be a magician. But looking into each of the crates nailed on the back and side walls of the three-room chicken house and finding the previously empty nests with eggs in them was far more absorbing to me than watching a magician pull a rabbit out of a top hat. My disappointment when a nest was empty, or my joy when it contained eggs, was as close as I came to facing the mystery of my dependence on a world beyond my influence or understanding, and today when I look into the mailbox and find that it is empty or that it contains a longed-for letter, the emotions I feel are echoes of the ones I felt then.

Before I went into the chicken yard,

Aunt Winnie gave me a large earthenware mixing bowl to gather the eggs in, and when I had been through the chicken house and looked for hidden nests in the grass around the edge of the yard, I took the eggs back to her in the kitchen. She sold eggs as well as fryers and broilers, and if she was ready to make a delivery when I came in from the chicken yard, I sometimes rode with her in her old car. Uncle Emmett bought a new automobile every few years, switching from make to make and endlessly debating their various merits. But Aunt Winnie never abandoned her old square Essex. Day after day, summer after summer, she drove it carefully to the end of the driveway, came to a full stop, looked in both directions, then turned into the dirt road and down to the highway, where she turned once again and drove into town, straddling the white line down the center of the pavement at a steady fifteen miles an hour. Her speed never varied. She only allowed other cars to pass, swerving over to the side of the road at the same steady pace, after they had honked several times, and as they passed she did not glance in their direction but looked straight ahead, her flower-blue eyes as clear as a sailor's, her weathered face as determined, and her thin lips, incurved over

her false teeth, as impassive.

This quiet, independent pursuit of her own way was her most characteristic trait, and even her most happy and outgoing expressions were shaded by reserve. When she kissed my mother, my brother, and me on our arrival, she did it as shyly and quickly as a young girl, and that was the last time she kissed us until just before we left. Her reserve and independence were present, too, in the midst of the bounty of the meals she cooked. After having loaded the table with platters of fried chicken and hot biscuits and vegetables from the garden, she liked to serve us and not set a place for herself. When Mother was present this withdrawal in spirit caused too much protest, so she sat down like everyone else, but

to a plate on which she took only a single biscuit or piece of corn bread, a wing or a back, and a spoonful of black-eyed peas or beans. Mother accepted Aunt Winnie's explanation that she tasted things in the kitchen and was not hungry; it was a commonplace that cooking spoils the appetite. But even then I felt that this was not the whole reason, and I recognized—with my emotions if not with my thoughts—that turning aside of the will which, finding insufficient outlet, or not the outlet it wants, is forced to exert itself at last in renunciation, especially in a renunciation of what it has itself prepared, and a renunciation no one else can protest or rightfully take offense at.

Her blue eyes and her girl-like kisses were the only clues I had to my aunt's youth. The facts I learned about her and my father's childhood were as sparse and as bare as the south Georgia country was in those years. I was told, when I asked about Aunt Winnie's name, that my grandfather, who was a cabinetmaker and furniture finisher, had been working at the Winnie Joe Willingham Lumber Company in Tennessee when she was born and had named her after it. And I knew that as children they had lived first in Columbus, where my grandfather had owned

a house, and that later the whole family had moved to the country. During the years I visited Gentian, my grandfather was still alive—a poor man, and living in Columbus—but he had married again after my grandmother's death, a woman with five children, and Aunt Winnie, who disapproved of the marriage, did not speak to him. I never saw him during our visits, and her disapproving character hid most of the rest of the past of the family as well. She and my father had graduated from St. Elmo Academy, although the other four children in the family had gone to the public schools in Columbus, and there was a photograph in Aunt Winnie's bedroom of her taken at her graduation or on her wedding day soon afterward. But I knew nothing of how the flowerlike schoolgirl I saw in the picture had grown into the quiet and weathered countrywoman I visited, and nothing of what her hopes and disappointments had been, but only the energy they had given her.

Uncle Emmett was far more expansive and easy-going, and plump and talkative. In my experience, their marriage was a happy one. Their house was pleasant to visit in, which often was not true of the houses of my uncles and aunts on my mother's side of the family. Still, because I stayed with Aunt Winnie and Uncle Emmett for such long periods of time, I saw some of the friction that is inevitable between people who have lived together and shared each other's existences for twenty years, and there were occasions when I glimpsed beneath the surface of Aunt Winnie's character. One night, after she and Uncle Emmett had crossed each other about something, I saw her withdraw physically as well as spiritually, walk out of the house, no one knew where, perhaps into the chicken yard or the cow pasture or one of the gardens—somewhere, I believe, where she could see and hear what was going on, but in any case somewhere where she could not be found—and she did not appear again until the next morning, when she was moving

about at her usual early hour in the kitchen. Her face was impassive, her work shielding her thoughts as she prepared breakfast for my uncle and my three cousins, my brother and me, the cats and dogs and chickens, then drew water from the well, brought in Mason jars from the garage, and scalded them so they were ready to fill from the big kettles on the stove, where she was already cooking the fig preserves, blackberry shrub, tomato chowchow, pickled peaches, or whatever it was she was preserving that morning. She did not put her thoughts into words. Work provided the outlet for her feelings. And on that occasion as on others, whatever more I saw of her sadness or her joy, beyond what was apparent in the weathered passivity of her face, I saw transformed into the food she prepared, the tablecloths she crocheted, the pot holders she sewed, the wall plaques she made from the tops of cigar boxes, the topiary roosters, baskets, and balls she

clipped from the privet hedges in the flower garden. Some of these handicrafts were based on instructions in the pages of *Popular Mechanics* or *Farm & Fireside*, and many of them sold at the Muscogee County Fair, but all of them, even those which were wholly her own, seemed strangely impersonal in comparison with the intensity of her will, which I had glimpsed, and her likes and dislikes, her loyalties and withdrawals.

It is quite possible that Aunt Winnie cared less for all these things she made than she did for the furniture and the other store-bought possessions about the house that resembled those I knew at home but that were made unimpressive in my eyes by the very same country associations that added to the interest of the others—the strange odors of camphor in the bedrooms, of hard-water soap at the faucet on the back porch, and of the outhouse as you approached it through the weeds at the end of the yard. It did not occur to me that she might care most of all for the money her work brought her and for the independence of using it to make her home, and her and her children's lives, into something more like the city life I knew. But wherever the importance lay, she labored over her work with persistent and solitary devotion, and it is impossible not to imagine her feelings the day she was home alone and the house caught fire. Sparks falling from the chimney ignited the roof; in no time at all, the building was a roaring inferno. The only things that she and the neighbors who came to her aid were able to save were a few blistered pieces of furniture from the living room and dining room. The house burned to the ground with everything else in it. In a matter of hours, she was not only homeless but bereft of the slowly accumulated results of her life work, and faced with the equally hard alternatives of a despair as great as her loss and a courage strong enough to go on.

My brother and I did not make our visit that year. But the next sum-



"Her Ladyship isn't in at the moment. She's out on the moors and fens."

mer, when we came down, Aunt Winnie and Uncle Emmett and their son (both their daughters were married by then) were living on the second floor of the double, corrugated-tin garage that Uncle Emmett had built opposite the chinaberry tree. The weight of the sun that summer lay upon the tin building and the yard and the surrounding Chat-tahoochee river-bed country like the weight of homelessness itself. Each day, the heat fell unbroken over the burned foundation and over the bare driveway and the yard full of wooden frames in which Uncle Emmett and a helper were making white cement bricks. It was too hot to roll an automobile tire, too hot to do anything but go for a swim in the creek, and we went there with our cousins in the afternoons. But in the early mornings, when we got up to join Uncle Emmett in the yard and watch him supervise the pouring of the bricks before he went to the mill, Aunt Winnie was already up and working, having by then calmly accepted what had happened as the continuation of what she knew life to be, and she was still at her tasks when we joined Uncle Emmett again in the evenings, after he came home from work, and helped to empty the white bricks from the frames and add them to the piles stacked at the side of the levelled and cleared foundation.

The new, flat-roofed house was visible from the highway as my brother and I arrived the following summer, driven down by one of Mother's sisters and her husband. At a distance, it possessed an institutional, prisonlike look. And after we had turned up the dirt road to the house and parked the car beneath the chinaberry tree in the back yard and gone inside, our highway impression was corroborated. No part of the house was made of a material that would burn. The floors were of poured concrete, the door and window frames of metal. There were bathrooms and running water, and there was a screened porch opening off the driveway porte-cochère, as there had been in the old house. But there was none of the small, shaded, and gardenlike quality I remembered. There was no sleeping porch, either, and the kitchen no longer seemed, as it once had, a more wonderful part of the back yard. All resemblance to the house on whose foundation it was built was missing, just as sometimes in a woman all resemblance to the girl she was will be lost. But if Aunt Winnie regretted the change she did not say so. She had flowers blooming again in boxes and cans on the porch. And she was busy making new tablecloths, new aprons, and new pot holders, and selling more chickens,

more eggs, and more butter than ever before.

AUNT WINNIE's predilections were no more concealed than her dislikes. I was fully aware that she preferred my brother to me. This did not make me jealous; he was two years older than I was, and my affection for him was so strong that I was happy in all the love he possessed. But the summer that I was eleven, and we were visiting Aunt Winnie in the old shingle house, which was still standing then, his affection for me was already beginning to be much less than mine for him. And I could not yet bear to be excluded. It did not hurt me that Aunt Winnie took his side one day when we had a fight; I was accustomed, when I had a need for intimacy, to turn to her oldest daughter, Vivian. But that day, when I sought out Vivian, I found her cross with me, too. The comfort I wanted was to be told that I deserved to be loved by my brother and that he was wrong not to love me. And when I was dissatisfied with what she offered instead—permission to paint with the poster colors she used at the school where she was a teacher—she lost her temper. With her classroom sharpness, she told me that I was very bad, and that if I could not behave the

MONSOON

A snake emptied itself into the grass.
A lizard wriggled out of a cup of ferns.
The pebbles, quiet, but nudging to follow the dust
Downwind, struggled with consciences,
Vaulting back as the gust, passing, kinked the long grass.
Then first we heard it, the long rush and rake
Abrading, stripping the earth's back, as the rain,
Trailing its millions of wires, and voiding first
The lecture hall, the library and bungalows,
All the gardens springing taut and the tennis courts
Smudged like wrecks at sea, the downpour came,
Caving its seething wall onto our verandas,
Submerging the whole house. And we froze,
Like water spiders clenched in their sacs of breathing,
Crouched, dry and firm in the damp, close mouth of the wind,
As the tropics snapped and tore at our moderate blood.

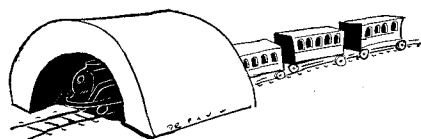
Then, after an hour, the ground steamed openly.
The rain, flickering northward into the shallow hills
Left little puddles behind, rubies aflame
In the fattened grasses drinking the sunset down,
Deep, through stem and root, and into the cave of stone
Where the scorpion hungers, carrying his bruise down.

—DAVID WEVILL

way my brother did and be the kind of boy he was, I could not expect him or anyone else to like me.

I do not think she imagined the effect her words would have. I shouted that I did not want her or anyone else to like me, and ran down the steps and out of the house. On the porch, where she caught up with me and tried to stop me, I grabbed a flowerpot and would have thrown it at her if it had not been too heavy. Uncle Emmett, who had been reading the Sunday paper on the side screen porch, came to see what was wrong. I broke loose and ran down the steps, past the pecan trees and across the driveway to the road. Uncle Emmett started after me. He was not angry. He did not know what the upset was about. But he was not used to running, and by the time we reached the top of the hill and passed the house where my father's and Aunt Winnie's old schoolteacher lived, he was out of breath. He lost his temper and his wind at the same time. Stopping in the middle of the road, he shouted for me to come back. But his change of mood was clear in his tone, and I ran even faster, gaining for once that speed I longed for in dreams when I was trying to escape from some terror just behind me. When I reached the bottom of the hill, my uncle was out of sight. He called once more for me to come back. Then he was out of hearing.

No destination was in my mind when I ran across the yard or I would have turned in the direction of the Warm Springs highway at the foot of the hill.





"When my oil wells run dry, what then?"

But as I slowed down, panting to catch my breath, I remembered that the road I was on joined the Hamilton highway two miles farther on. When I reached there, I decided, I would turn in the direction of Atlanta. There were always automobiles on the highway on Sunday going from city to city, and the idea of having to stop one and ask for a ride the hundred miles to home was less unpleasant than the idea of going back.

I had run away once before. That,

too, had been when my mother was not present. She was out of the house for the afternoon, and the trouble was my familiar one with my brother. About five o'clock he came down to the back of the yard where I was playing and told me to come inside. I did not obey at once and he grabbed me and tried to drag me. When he did not succeed he said that it did not matter: I would have to come in sooner or later, and when I did I would get a beating. I did not

doubt whatever my brother said, but one thing was not true: I did not have to go back inside if I did not want to. Reluctantly, I made my way down the bank at the back of the yard to Crescent Avenue, and along it to Fourteenth Street. On Fourteenth, I walked out of the neighborhood I knew, past the vacant lot and the Bar-B-Que drive-in at Spring Street, out of the residential district and through the fields and farms and packing houses along Howell Mill



"Now, because you guys won such a great victory last Saturday, before we look at the movies of the game we're going to run off a couple of Mickey Mouses."

Road. I went several miles into the country before my courage failed. It was long after dark when I returned home. But even then it was not from fear that I turned back so much as it was from my discovery that, away from home, there was no place to go.

There was a place to go from Gentian, however. As I walked I thought of that earlier night when I had reached the house, after my suppertime, after my bedtime, even, and Mother had been so relieved and glad to see me that she had not whipped me, but had wept and kissed me and given me something to eat at the large, round, empty dining-room table, already cleared for the night, before she put me to bed.

I was nearly two miles from the house and almost to the Hamilton highway when I heard Aunt Winnie's Essex coming up the middle of the dirt road behind me at its slow, inevitable speed. When she was beside me she stopped, leaving the motor running, and reached across and opened the door. She was alone in the car. Her face was as calm and gentle as ever, her voice as matter-of-fact.

"Get in," she said.

"No."

"You aren't mad with me, are you?"

"No."

"Then get in. I'm going to Miz

David's to deliver some eggs and you can ride with me."

I got in. Aunt Winnie started the car.

"You mustn't pay any attention to Vivi," she said. "She's got a temper like her daddy."

She did not ask me what had happened. She knew; or, at least, she knew how to treat someone who felt as I felt.

"I bet I've forgot the butter," she said. "Look on the back seat in the bowl and see if it's there."

I looked. The butter was in the bowl, wrapped in white paper, balanced on top of the eggs.

"You know that your Aunt Winnie loves you, don't you?" she asked me.

"Yes."

"That's good. But do you know what I've done? I've forgotten the milk. People like that Vivi get you so flustered you don't know what you're doing. But you just have to pay them no mind if they hurt your feelings, and go on about your business."

We returned home the long way around, and just before we got to the house, Aunt Winnie stopped at the store at the bottom of the hill, between the Warm Springs highway and the railroad tracks, and bought us each a Nehi soda. From where we stopped we could see Aunt Winnie's house and the "railway

station"—a bench at the side of the tracks with a roof over it and the name of the stop on top of the roof. Between swallows of her soda, Aunt Winnie told me how Gentian had got its name. It had been a long time ago, even before my grandfather had moved nearby. There were no houses and no store, and when the Southern Railway line was built through, the workmen named this obscure stop for the blue flowers they could see growing wild all about them in the woods. The blue flowers had been everywhere, she said, but they were gone now. Driving back to the house, I could see none—only the chinaberry tree.

TWO years after the new house was built, I began to work through the summer and did not go back for my yearly visit to Gentian any more. But I know that later, when my grandfather became ill and his second wife left him, Aunt Winnie took him into her house and nursed him through the last year of his life.

—DONALD WINDHAM

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LETTER FROM A REGION IN MY MIND

Take up the White Man's burden—
Ye dare not stoop to less—
Nor call too loud on Freedom
To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your Gods and you.
—Kipling.

Down at the cross where my Saviour died,
Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
There to my heart was the blood applied,
Singing glory to His name!

—Hymn.

I UNDERWENT, during the summer that I became fourteen, a prolonged religious crisis. I use the word "religious" in the common, and arbitrary, sense, meaning that I then discovered God, His saints and angels, and His blazing Hell. And since I had been born in a Christian nation, I accepted this Deity as the only one. I supposed Him to exist only within the walls of a church—in fact, of *our* church—and I also supposed that God and safety were synonymous. The word "safety" brings us to the real meaning of the word "religious" as we use it. Therefore, to state it in another, more accurate way, I became, during my fourteenth year, for the first time in my life, afraid—afraid of the evil within me and afraid of the evil without. What I saw around me that summer in Harlem was what I had always seen; nothing had changed. But now, without any warning, the whores and pimps and racketeers on the Avenue had become a personal menace. It had not before occurred to me that I could become one of them, but now I realized that we had been produced by the same circumstances. Many of my comrades were clearly headed for the Avenue, and my father said that I was headed that way, too. My friends began to drink and smoke, and embarked—at first avid, then groaning—on their sexual careers. Girls, only slightly older than I was, who sang in the choir or taught Sunday school, the children of holy parents, underwent, before my eyes, their incredible metamorphosis, of which the most bewildering aspect was not their budding breasts or their rounding behinds but something deeper and more subtle, in their eyes, their heat, their odor, and

the inflection of their voices. Like the strangers on the Avenue, they became, in the twinkling of an eye, unutterably different and fantastically *present*. Owing to the way I had been raised, the abrupt discomfort that all this aroused in me and the fact that I had no idea what my voice or my mind or my body was likely to do next caused me to consider myself one of the most depraved people on earth. Matters were not helped by the fact that these holy girls seemed rather to enjoy my terrified lapses, our grim, guilty, tormented experiments, which were at once as chill and joyless as the Russian steppes and

price would be, for them, of one misstep, knew that they had to be protected and that we were the only protection there was. They understood that they must act as God's decoys, saving the souls of the boys for Jesus and binding the bodies of the boys in marriage. For this was the beginning of our burning time, and "It is better," said St. Paul—who elsewhere, with a most unusual and stunning exactness, described himself as a "wretched man"—"to marry than to burn." And I began to feel in the boys a curious, wary, bewildered despair, as though they were now settling in for the long, hard winter of life. I did not know

then what it was that I was reacting to; I put it to myself that they were letting themselves go. In the same way that the girls were destined to gain as much weight as their mothers, the boys, it was clear, would rise no higher than their fathers. School began to reveal itself, therefore, as a child's game that one could not win, and boys dropped out of school and went to work. My father wanted me to do the same. I refused, even though I no longer had any illusions about what an education could do for me; I had already encountered too many college-graduate handymen. My friends were now "downtown," busy, as they put it, "fighting the man." They began to care less about the way they looked, the way they dressed, the things they did; presently, one found



hotter, by far, than all the fires of Hell.

Yet there was something deeper than these changes, and less definable, that frightened me. It was real in both the boys and the girls, but it was, somehow, more vivid in the boys. In the case of the girls, one watched them turning into matrons before they had become women. They began to manifest a curious and really rather terrifying single-mindedness. It is hard to say exactly how this was conveyed: something implacable in the set of the lips, something farseeing (seeing what?) in the eyes, some new and crushing determination in the walk, something peremptory in the voice. They did not tease us, the boys, any more; they reprimanded us sharply, saying, "You better be thinking about your soul!" For the girls also saw the evidence on the Avenue, knew what the

them in twos and threes and fours, in a hallway, sharing a jug of wine or a bottle of whiskey, talking, cursing, fighting, sometimes weeping: lost, and unable to say what it was that oppressed them, except that they knew it was "the man"—the white man. And there seemed to be no way whatever to remove this cloud that stood between them and the sun, between them and love and life and power, between them and whatever it was that they wanted. One did not have to be very bright to realize how little one could do to change one's situation; one did not have to be abnormally sensitive to be worn down to a cutting edge by the incessant and gratuitous humiliation and danger one encountered every working day, all day long. The humiliation did not apply merely to working days, or workers; I was thirteen and was

crossing Fifth Avenue on my way to the Forty-second Street library, and the cop in the middle of the street muttered as I passed him, "Why don't you niggers stay uptown where you belong?" When I was ten, and didn't look, certainly, any older, two policemen amused themselves with me by frisking me, making comic (and terrifying) speculations concerning my ancestry and probable sexual prowess, and, for good measure, leaving me flat on my back in one of Harlem's empty lots. Just before and then during the Second World War, many of my friends fled into the service, all to be changed there, and rarely for the better, many to be ruined, and many to die. Others fled to other states and cities—that is, to other ghettos. Some went on wine or whiskey or the needle, and are still on it. And others, like me, fled into the church.

For the wages of sin were visible everywhere, in every wine-stained and urine-splashed hallway, in every clanging ambulance bell, in every scar on the

faces of the pimps and their whores, in every helpless, newborn baby being brought into this danger, in every knife and pistol fight on the Avenue, and in every disastrous bulletin: a cousin, mother of six, suddenly gone mad, the children parcelled out here and there; an indestructible aunt rewarded for years of hard labor by a slow, agonizing death in a terrible small room; someone's bright son blown into eternity by his own hand; another turned robber and carried off to jail. It was a summer of dreadful speculations and discoveries, of which these were not the worst. Crime became real, for example—for the first time—not as a possibility but as *the* possibility. One would never defeat one's circumstances by working and saving one's pennies; one would never, by working, acquire that many pennies, and, besides, the social treatment accorded even the most successful Negroes proved that one needed, in order to be free, something more than a bank account. One needed a handle, a lever, a means of inspiring

fear. It was absolutely clear that the police would whip you and take you in as long as they could get away with it, and that everyone else—housewives, taxi-drivers, elevator boys, dishwashers, bartenders, lawyers, judges, doctors, and grocers—would never, by the operation of any generous human feeling, cease to use you as an outlet for his frustrations and hostilities. Neither civilized reason nor Christian love would cause any of those people to treat you as they presumably wanted to be treated; only the fear of your power to retaliate would cause them to do that, or to seem to do it, which was (and is) good enough. There appears to be a vast amount of confusion on this point, but I do not know many Negroes who are eager to be "accepted" by white people, still less to be loved by them; they, the blacks, simply don't wish to be beaten over the head by the whites every instant of our brief passage on this planet. White people in this country will have quite enough to do in learning how to accept and love themselves and each other, and when they have achieved this—which will not be tomorrow and may very well be never—the Negro problem will no longer exist, for it will no longer be needed.

People more advantageously placed than we in Harlem were, and are, will no doubt find the psychology and the view of human nature sketched above dismal and shocking in the extreme. But the Negro's experience of the white world cannot possibly create in him any respect for the standards by which the white world claims to live. His own condition is overwhelming proof that white people do not live by these standards. Negro servants have been smuggling odds and ends out of white homes for generations, and white people have been delighted to have them do it, because it has assuaged a dim guilt and testified to the intrinsic superiority of white people. Even the most doltish and servile Negro could scarcely fail to be impressed by the disparity between his situation and that of the people for whom he worked; Negroes who were neither doltish nor servile did not feel that they were doing anything wrong when they robbed white people. In spite of the Puritan-Yankee equation of virtue with well-being, Negroes had excellent reasons for doubting that money was made or kept by any very striking adherence to the Christian virtues; it certainly did not work that way for black Christians. In any case, white people, who had robbed black people of their liberty and who profited by this theft every hour that they lived, had no moral ground on which to stand. They had the judges,



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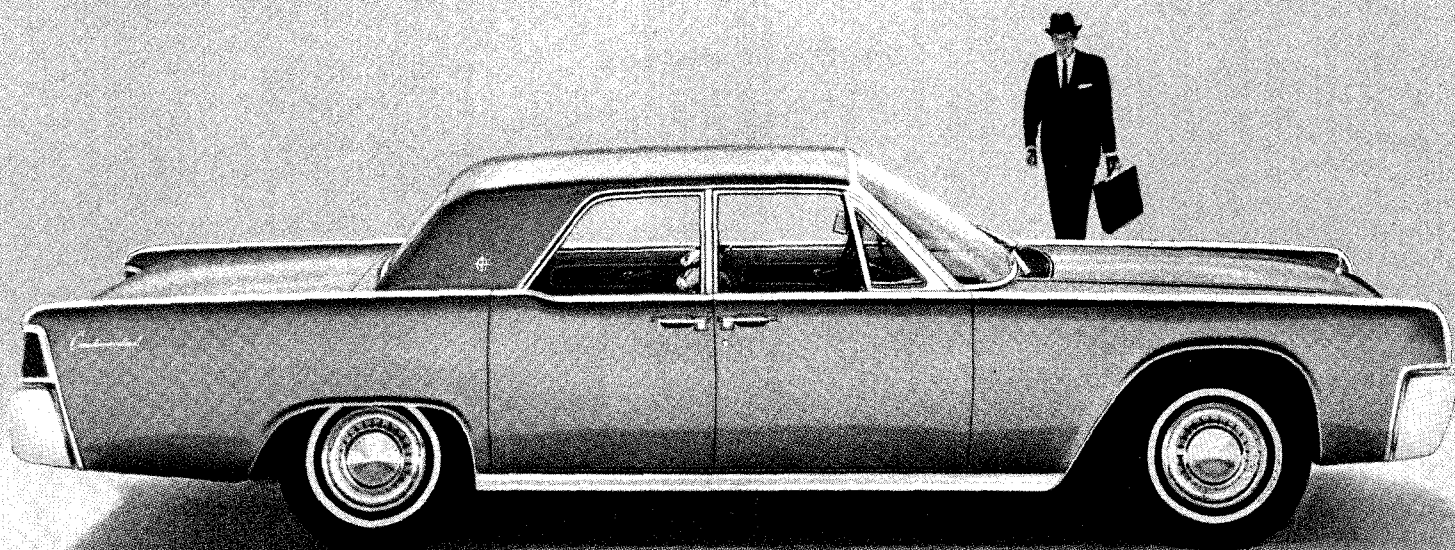
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the juries, the shotguns, the law—in a word, power. But it was a criminal power, to be feared but not respected, and to be outwitted in any way whatever. And those virtues preached but not practiced by the white world were merely another means of holding Negroes in subjection.

It turned out, then, that summer, that the moral barriers that I had supposed to exist between me and the dangers of a criminal career were so tenuous as to be nearly nonexistent. I certainly could not discover any principled reason for not becoming a criminal, and it is not my poor, God-fearing parents who are to be indicted for the lack but this society. I was icily determined—more determined, really, than I then knew—never to make my peace with the ghetto but to die and go to Hell before I would let any white man spit on me, before I would accept my “place” in this republic. I did not intend to allow the white people of this country to tell me who I was, and limit me that way, and polish me off that way. And yet, of course, at the same time, I *was* being spat on and defined and described and limited, and could have been polished off with no effort whatever. Every Negro boy—in my situation during those years, at least—who reaches this point realizes, at once, profoundly, because he wants to live, that he stands in great peril and must find, with speed, a “thing,” a gimmick, to lift him out, to start him on his way. *And it does not matter what the gimmick is.* It was this last realization that terrified me and—since it revealed that the door opened on so many dangers—helped to hurl me into the church. And, by an unforeseeable paradox, it was my career in the church that turned out, precisely, to be my gimmick.

For when I tried to assess my capabilities, I realized that I had almost none. In order to achieve the life I wanted, I had been dealt, it seemed to me, the worst possible hand. I could not become a prizefighter—many of us tried but very few succeeded. I could not sing. I could not dance. I had been well conditioned by the world in which I grew up, so I did not yet dare take the idea of becoming a writer seriously. The only other possibility seemed to involve my becoming one of the sordid people on the Avenue, who were not really as sordid as I then imagined but who frightened me terribly, both because I did not want to live that life and because of what they made me feel. Everything inflamed me, and that was bad enough, but I myself had also become a source of fire and temptation. I had been far too



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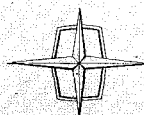
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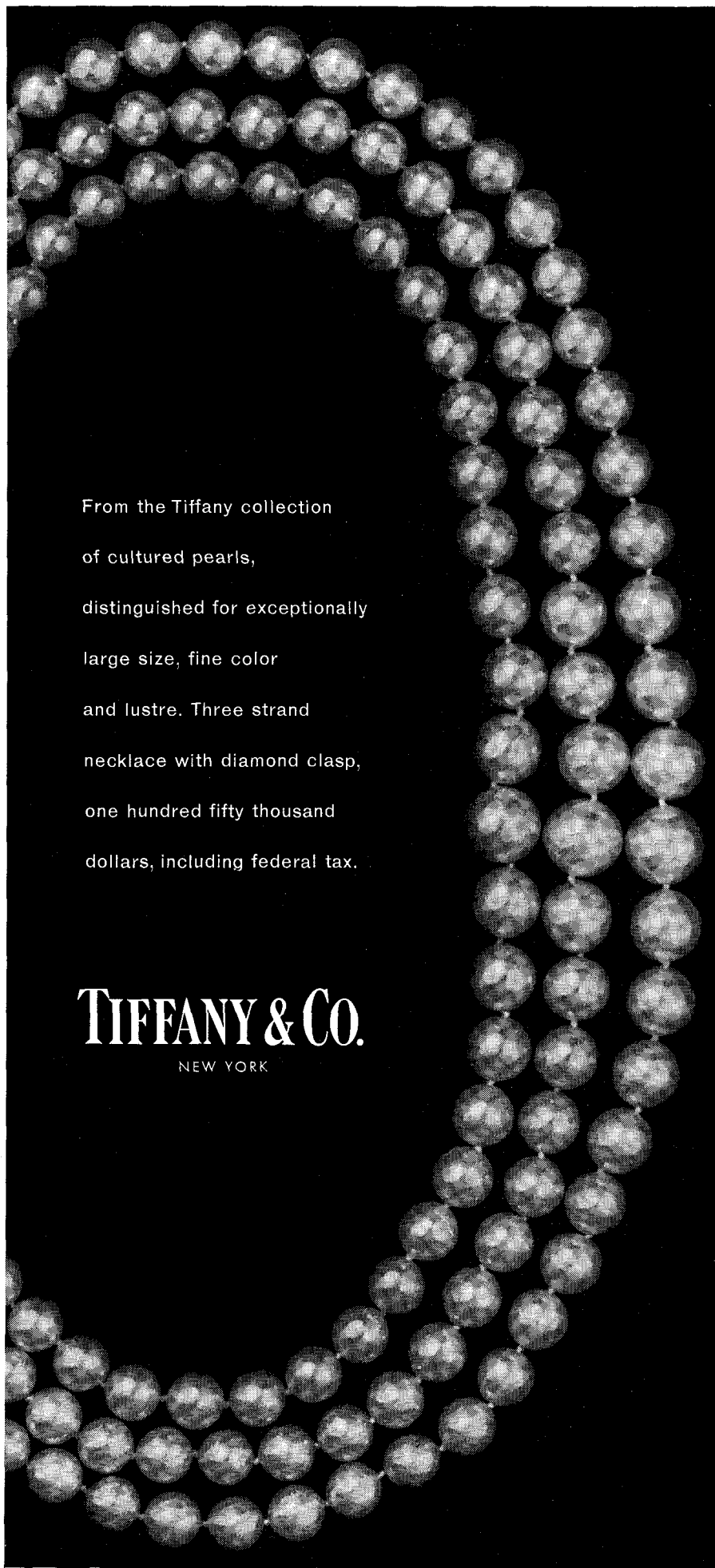
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well raised, alas, to suppose that any of the extremely explicit overtures made to me that summer, sometimes by boys and girls but also, more alarmingly, by older men and women, had anything to do with my attractiveness. On the contrary, since the Harlem idea of seduction is, to put it mildly, blunt, whatever these people saw in me merely confirmed my sense of my depravity.

It is certainly sad that the awakening of one's senses should lead to such a merciless judgment of oneself—to say nothing of the time and anguish one spends in the effort to arrive at any other—but it is also inevitable that a literal attempt to mortify the flesh should be made among black people like those with whom I grew up. Negroes in this country—and Negroes do not, strictly or legally speaking, exist in any other—are taught really to despise themselves from the moment their eyes open on the world. This world is white and they are black. White people hold the power, which means that they are superior to blacks (intrinsically, that is: God decreed it so), and the world has innumerable ways of making this difference known and felt and feared. Long before the Negro child perceives this difference, and even longer before he understands it, he has begun to react to it, he has begun to be controlled by it. Every effort made by the child's elders to prepare him for a fate from which they cannot protect him causes him secretly, in terror, to begin to await, without knowing that he is doing so, his mysterious and inexorable punishment. He must be "good" not only in order to please his parents and not only to avoid being punished by them; behind their authority stands another, nameless and impersonal, infinitely harder to please, and bottomlessly cruel. And this filters into the child's consciousness through his parents' tone of voice as he is being exhorted, punished, or loved; in the sudden, uncontrollable note of fear heard in his mother's or his father's voice when he has strayed beyond some particular boundary. He does not know what the boundary is, and he can get no explanation of it, which is frightening enough, but the fear he hears in the voices of his elders is more frightening still. The fear that I heard in my father's voice, for example, when he realized that I really *believed* I could do anything a white boy could do, and had every intention of proving it, was not at all like the fear I heard when one of us was ill or had fallen down the stairs or strayed too far from the house. It was another fear, a fear that the child, in



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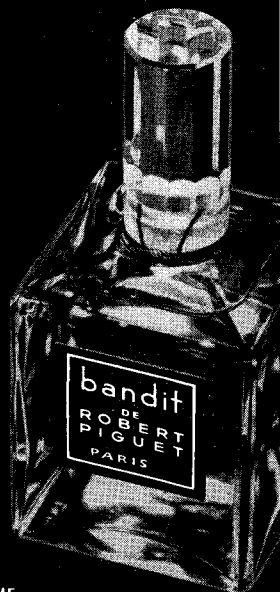
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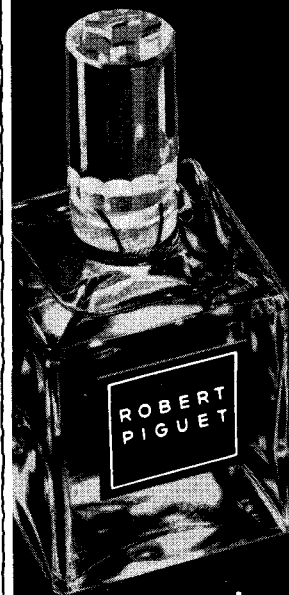
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challenging the white world's assumptions, was putting himself in the path of destruction. A child cannot, thank Heaven, know how vast and how merciless is the nature of power, with what unbelievable cruelty people treat each other. He reacts to the fear in his parents' voices because his parents hold up the world for him and he has no protection without them. I defended myself, as I imagined, against the fear my father made me feel by remembering that he was very old-fashioned. Also, I prided myself on the fact that I already knew how to outwit him. To defend oneself against a fear is simply to insure that one will, one day, be conquered by it; fears must be faced. As for one's wits, it is just not true that one can live by them—not, that is, if one wishes really to live. That summer, in any case, all the fears with which I had grown up, and which were now a part of me and controlled my vision of the world, rose up like a wall between the world and me, and drove me into the church.

As I look back, everything I did seems curiously deliberate, though it certainly did not seem deliberate then. For example, I did not join the church of which my father was a member and in which he preached. My best friend in school, who attended a different church, had already "surrendered his life to the Lord," and he was very anxious about my soul's salvation. (I wasn't, but any human attention was better than none.) One Saturday afternoon, he took me to his church. There were no services that day, and the church was empty, except for some women cleaning and some other women praying. My friend took me into the back room to meet his pastor—a woman. There she sat, in her robes, smiling, an extremely proud and handsome woman, with Africa, Europe, and the America of the American Indian blended in her face. She was perhaps forty-five or fifty at this time, and in our world she was a very celebrated woman. My friend was about to introduce me when she looked at me and smiled and said, "Whose little boy are you?" Now this, unbelievably, was precisely the phrase used by pimps and racketeers on the Avenue when they suggested, both humorously and intensely, that I "hang out" with them. Perhaps part of the terror they had caused me to feel came from the fact that I unquestionably wanted to be *somebody's* little boy. I was so frightened, and at the mercy of so many conundrums, that inevitably, that summer, *someone* would have taken me over; one doesn't, in Harlem, long remain standing on any auction

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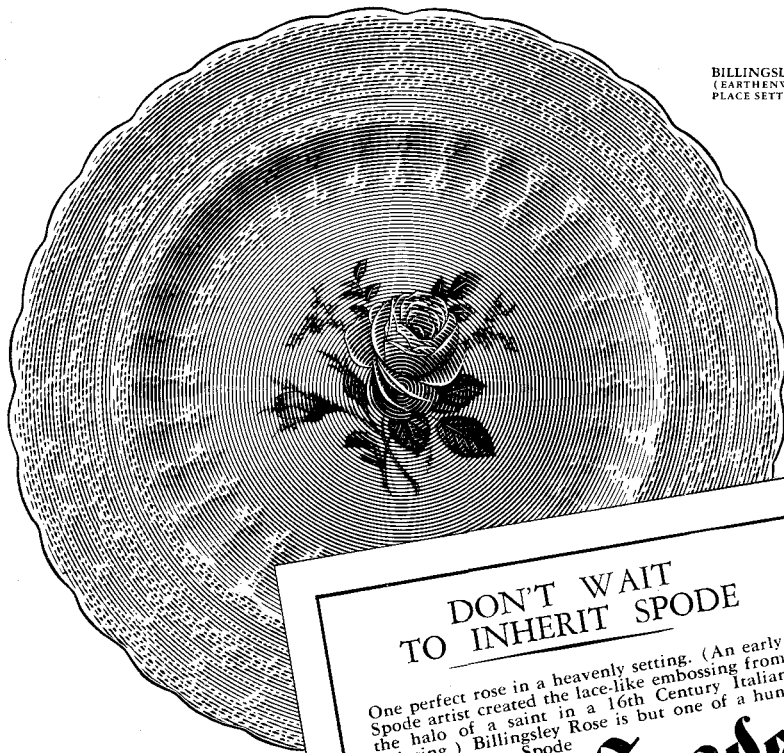


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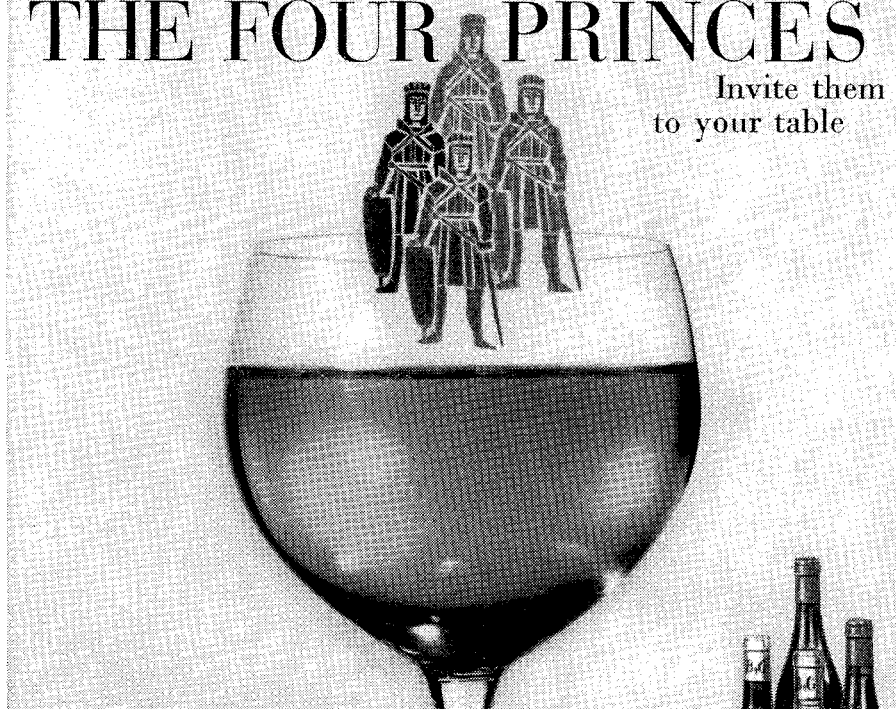
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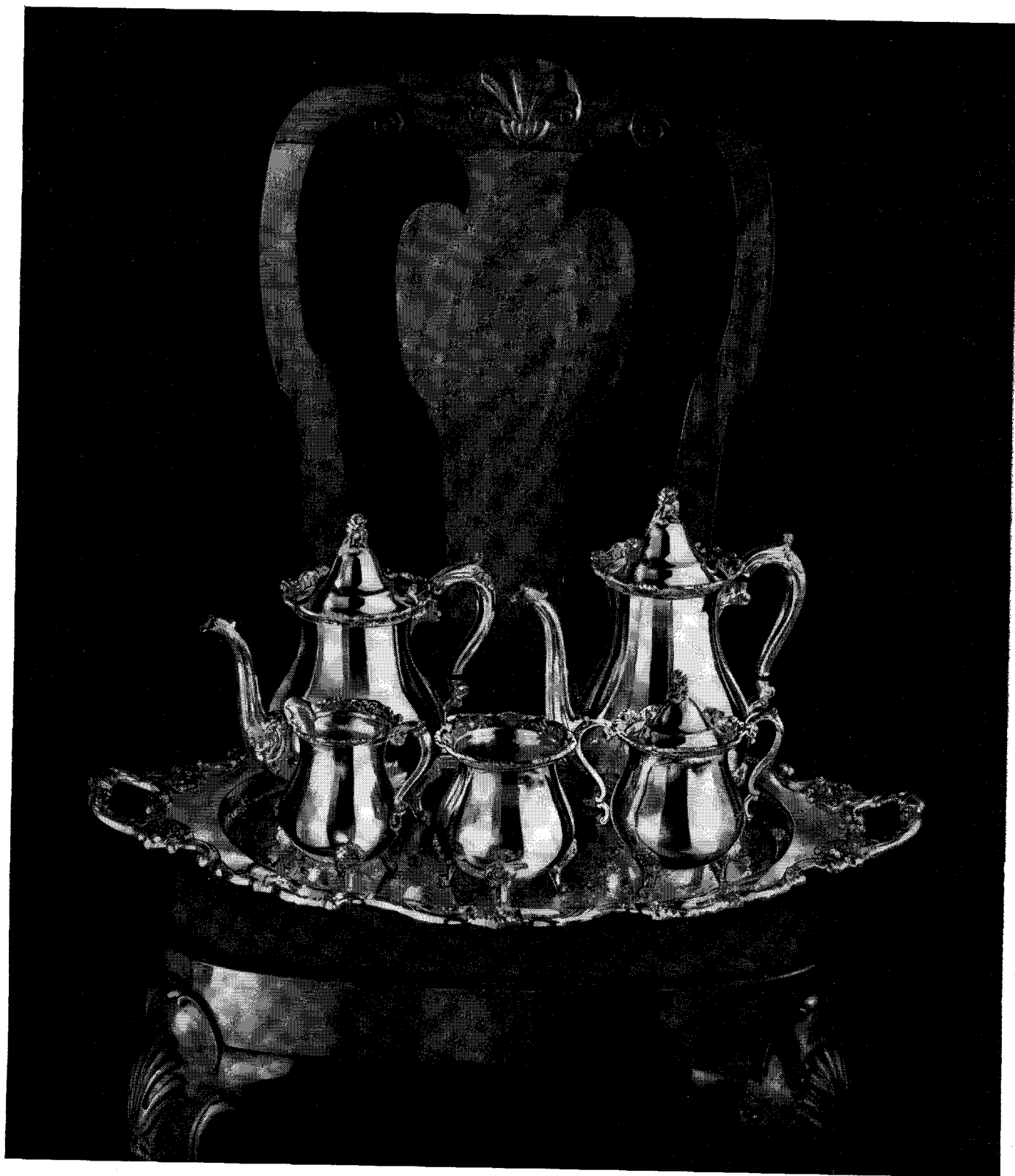
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block. It was my good luck—perhaps—that I found myself in the church racket instead of some other, and surrendered to a spiritual seduction long before I came to any carnal knowledge. For when the pastor asked me, with that marvellous smile, "Whose little boy are you?" my heart replied at once, "Why, yours."

The summer wore on, and things got worse. I became more guilty and more frightened, and kept all this bottled up inside me, and naturally, inescapably, one night, when this woman had finished preaching, everything came roaring, screaming, crying out, and I fell to the ground before the altar. It was the strangest sensation I have ever had in my life—up to that time, or since. I had not known that it was going to happen, or that it could happen. One moment I was on my feet, singing and clapping and, at the same time, working out in my head the plot of a play I was working on then; the next moment, with no transition, no sensation of falling, I was on my back, with the lights beating down into my face and all the vertical saints above me. I did not know what I was doing down so low, or how I had got there. And the anguish that filled me cannot be described. It moved in me like one of those floods that devastate counties, tearing everything down, tearing children from their parents and lovers from each other, and making everything an unrecognizable waste. All I really remember is the pain, the unspeakable pain; it was as though I were yelling up to Heaven and Heaven would not hear me. And if Heaven would not hear me, if love could not descend from Heaven—to wash me, to make me clean—then utter disaster was my portion. Yes, it does indeed mean something—something unspeakable—to be born, in a white country, an Anglo-Teutonic, antisexual country, black. You very soon, without knowing it, give up all hope of communion. Black people, mainly, look down or look up but do not look at each other, not at you, and white people, mainly, look away. And the universe is simply a sounding drum; there is no way, no way whatever, so it seemed then and has sometimes seemed since, to get through a life, to love your wife and children, or your friends, or your mother and father, or to be loved. The universe, which is not merely the stars and the moon and the planets, flowers, grass, and trees, but *other people*, has evolved no terms for your existence, has made no room for you, and if love will not swing wide the gates, no other power will or can. And if

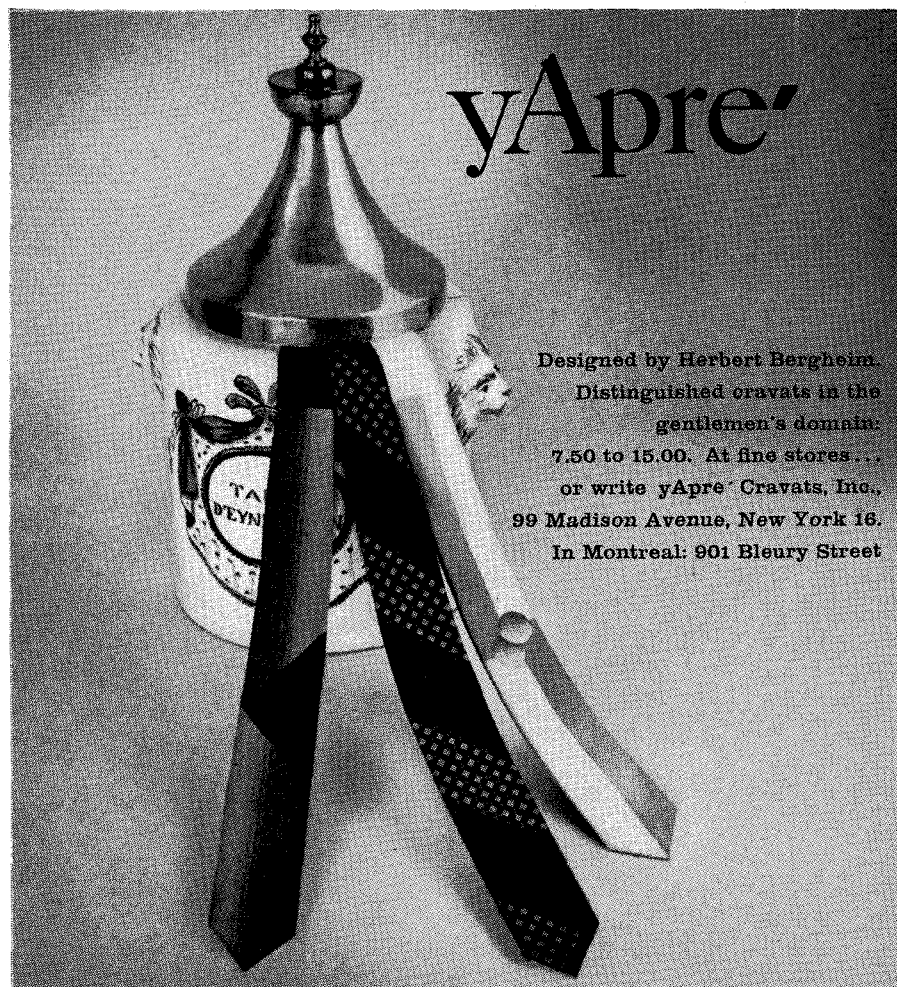


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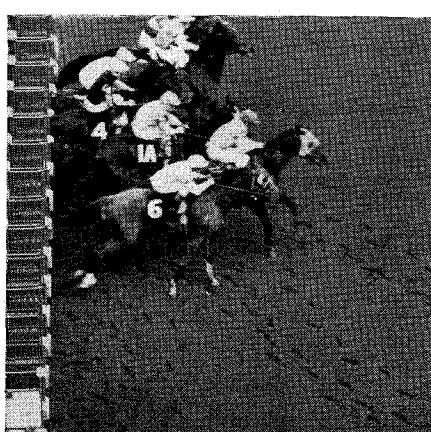
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one despairs—as who has not?—of human love, God's love alone is left. But God—and I felt this even then, so long ago, on that tremendous floor, unwillingly—is white. And if His love was so great, and if He loved all His children, why were we, the blacks, cast down so far? Why? In spite of all I said thereafter, I found no answer on the floor—not *that* answer, anyway—and I was on the floor all night. Over me, to bring me “through,” the saints sang and rejoiced and prayed. And in the morning, when they raised me, they told me that I was “saved.”

Well, indeed I was, in a way, for I was utterly drained and exhausted, and released, for the first time, from all my guilty torment. I was aware then only of my relief. For many years, I could not ask myself why human relief had to be achieved in a fashion at once so pagan and so desperate—in a fashion at once so unspeakably old and so unutterably new. And by the time I was able to ask myself this question, I was also able to see that the principles governing the rites and customs of the churches in which I grew up did not differ from the principles governing the rites and customs of other churches, white. The principles were Blindness, Loneliness, and Terror, the first principle necessarily and actively cultivated in order to deny the two others. I would love to believe that the principles were Faith, Hope, and Charity, but this is clearly not so for most Christians, or for what we call the Christian world.

I was saved. But at the same time, out of a deep, adolescent cunning I do not pretend to understand, I realized immediately that I could not remain in the church merely as another worshipper. I would have to give myself something to do, in order not to be too bored and find myself among all the wretched unsaved of the Avenue. And I don't doubt that I also intended to best my father on his own ground. Anyway, very shortly after I joined the church, I became a preacher—a Young Minister—and I remained in the pulpit for more than three years. My youth quickly made me a much bigger drawing card than my father. I pushed this advantage ruthlessly, for it was the most effective means I had found of breaking his hold over me. That was the most frightening time of my life, and quite the most dishonest, and the resulting hysteria lent great passion to my sermons—for a while. I relished the attention and the relative immunity from punishment that my new status gave me, and I relished, above all, the sudden right to privacy. It had to be



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recognized, after all, that I was still a schoolboy, with my schoolwork to do, and I was also expected to prepare at least one sermon a week. During what we may call my heyday, I preached much more often than that. This meant that there were hours and even whole days when I could not be interrupted—not even by my father. I had immobilized him. It took rather more time for me to realize that I had also immobilized myself, and had escaped from nothing whatever.

The church was very exciting. It took a long time for me to disengage myself from this excitement, and on the blindest, most visceral level, I never really have, and never will. There is no music like that music, no drama like the drama of the saints rejoicing, the sinners moaning, the tambourines racing, and all those voices coming together and crying holy unto the Lord. There is still, for me, no pathos quite like the pathos of those multicolored, worn, somehow triumphant and transfigured faces, speaking from the depths of a visible, tangible, continuing despair of the goodness of the Lord. I have never seen anything to equal the fire and excitement that sometimes, without warning, fill a church, causing the church, as Leadbelly and so many others have testified, to "rock." Nothing that has happened to me since equals the power and the glory that I sometimes felt when, in the middle of a sermon, I knew that I was somehow, by some miracle, really carrying, as they said, "the Word"—when the church and I were one. Their pain and their joy were mine, and mine were theirs—they surrendered their pain and joy to me, I surrendered mine to them—and their cries of "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" and "Yes, Lord!" and "Praise His name!" and "Preach it, brother!" sustained and whipped on my solos until we all became equal, wringing wet, singing

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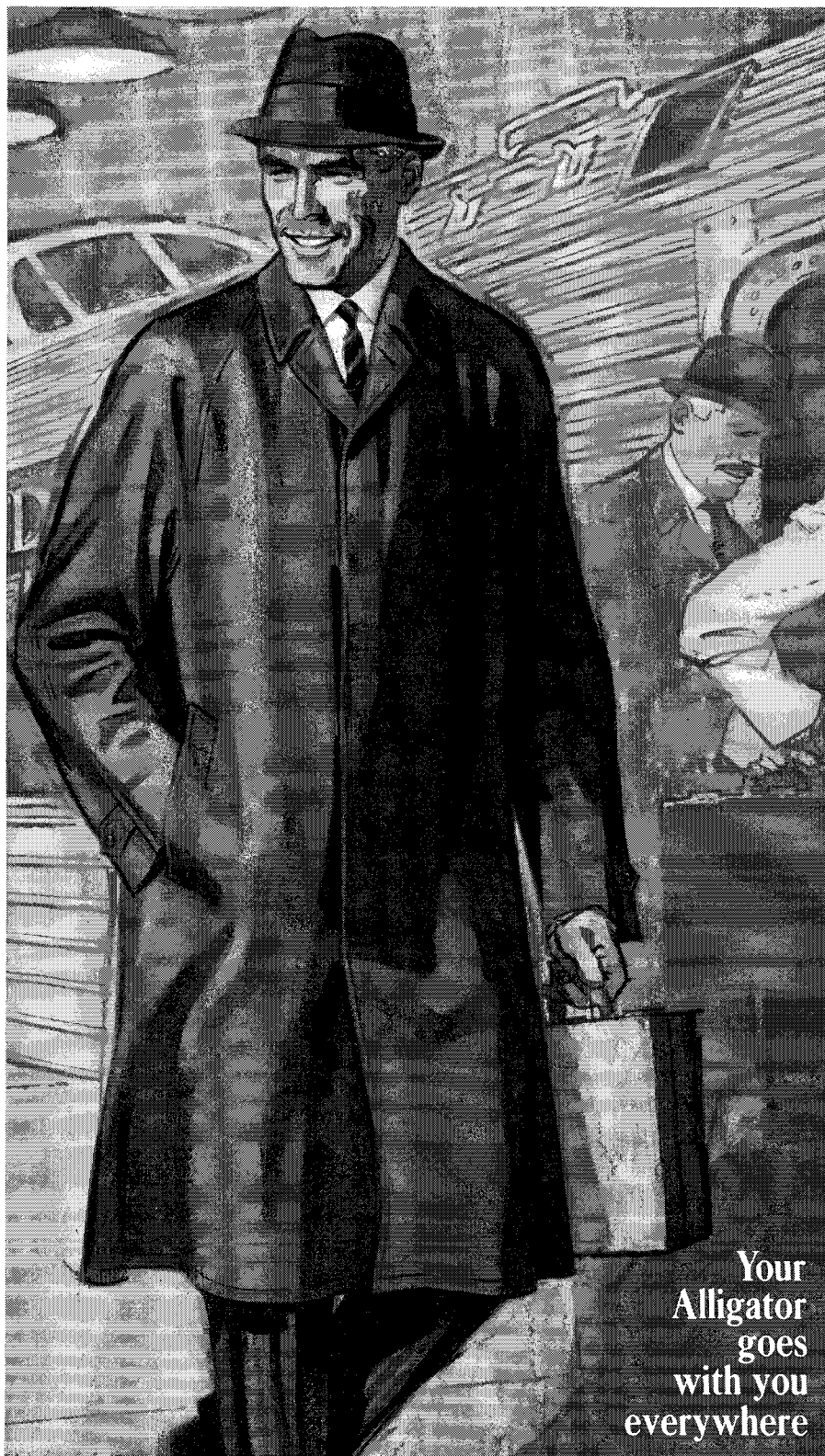
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and dancing, in anguish and rejoicing, at the foot of the altar. It was, for a long time, in spite of—or, not inconceivably, because of—the shabbiness of my motives, my only sustenance, my meat and drink. I rushed home from school, to the church, to the altar, to be alone there, to commune with Jesus, my dearest Friend, who would never fail me, who knew all the secrets of my heart. Perhaps He did, but I didn't, and the bargain we struck, actually, down there at the foot of the cross, was that He would never let me find out.

He failed his bargain. He was a much better Man than I took Him for. It happened, as things do, imperceptibly, in many ways at once. I date it—the slow crumbling of my faith, the pulverization of my fortress—from the time, about a year after I had begun to preach, when I began to read again. I justified this desire by the fact that I was still in school, and I began, fatally, with Dostoevski. By this time, I was in a high school that was predominantly Jewish. This meant that I was surrounded by people who were, by definition, beyond any hope of salvation, who laughed at the tracts and leaflets I brought to school, and who pointed out that the Gospels had been written long after the death of Christ. This might not have been so distressing if it had not forced me to read the tracts and leaflets myself, for they were indeed, unless one believed their message already, impossible to believe. I remember feeling dimly that there was a kind of blackmail in it. People, I felt, ought to love the Lord *because* they loved Him, and not because they were afraid of going to Hell. I was forced, reluctantly, to realize that the Bible itself had been written by men, and translated by men out of languages I could not read, and I was already, without quite admitting it to myself, terribly involved with the effort of putting words on paper. Of course, I had the rebuttal ready: These men had all been operating under divine inspiration. *Had* they? *All* of them? And I also knew by now, alas, far more about divine inspiration than I dared admit, for I knew how I worked myself up into my own visions, and how frequently—indeed, incessantly—the visions God granted to me differed from the visions He granted to my father. I did not understand the dreams I had at night, but I knew that they were not holy. For that matter, I knew that my waking hours were far from holy. I spent most of my time in a state of repentance for things I had vividly desired to do but had not done. The fact that



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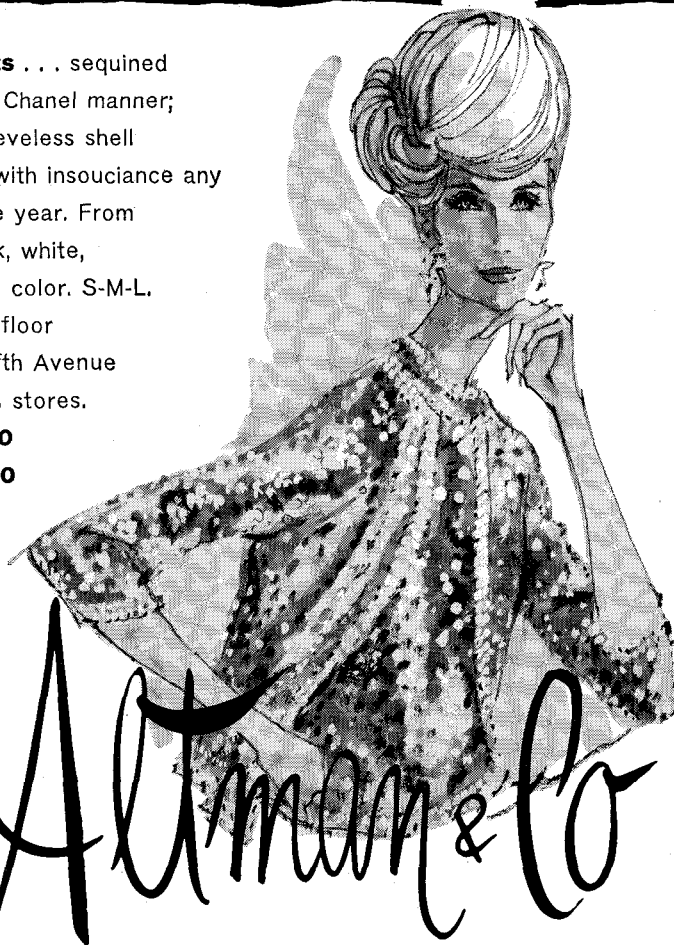
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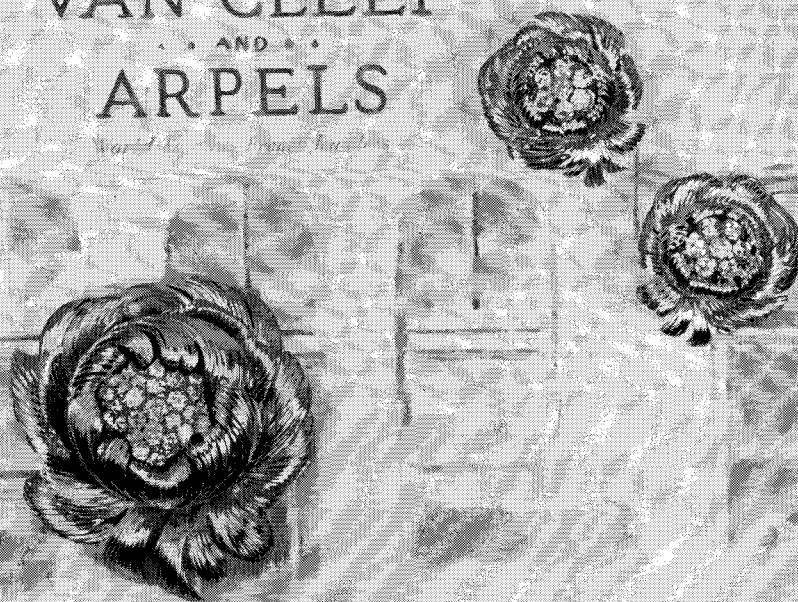
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I was dealing with Jews brought the whole question of color, which I had been desperately avoiding, into the terrified center of my mind. I realized that the Bible had been written by white men. I knew that, according to many Christians, I was a descendant of Ham, who had been cursed, and that I was therefore predestined to be a slave. This had nothing to do with anything I was, or contained; or could become; my fate had been sealed forever, from the beginning of time. And it seemed, indeed, when one looked out over Christendom, that this was what Christendom effectively believed. It was certainly the way it behaved. I remembered the Italian priests and bishops blessing Italian boys who were on their way to Ethiopia.

Again, the Jewish boys in high school were troubling because I could find no point of connection between them and the Jewish pawnbrokers and landlords and grocery-store owners in Harlem. I knew that these people were Jews—God knows I was told it often enough—but I thought of them only as white. Jews, as such, until I got to high school, were all incarcerated in the Old Testament, and their names were Abraham, Moses, Daniel, Ezekiel, and Job, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. It was bewildering to find them so many miles and centuries out of Egypt, and so far from the fiery furnace. My best friend in high school was a Jew. He came to our house once, and afterward my father asked, as he asked about everyone, "Is he a Christian?"—by which he meant "Is he saved?" I really do not know whether my answer came out of innocence or venom, but I said, coldly, "No. He's Jewish." My father slammed me across the face with his great palm, and in that moment everything flooded back—all the hatred and all the fear, and the depth of a merciless resolve to kill my father rather than allow my father to kill me—and I knew that all those sermons and tears and all that repentance and rejoicing had changed nothing. I wondered if I was expected to be glad that a friend of mine, or anyone, was to be tormented forever in Hell, and I also thought, suddenly, of the Jews in another Christian nation, Germany. They were not so far from the fiery furnace after all, and my best friend might have been one of them. I told my father, "He's a better Christian than you are," and walked out of the house. The battle between us was in the open, but that was all right; it was almost a relief. A more deadly struggle had begun.

Being in the pulpit was like being in

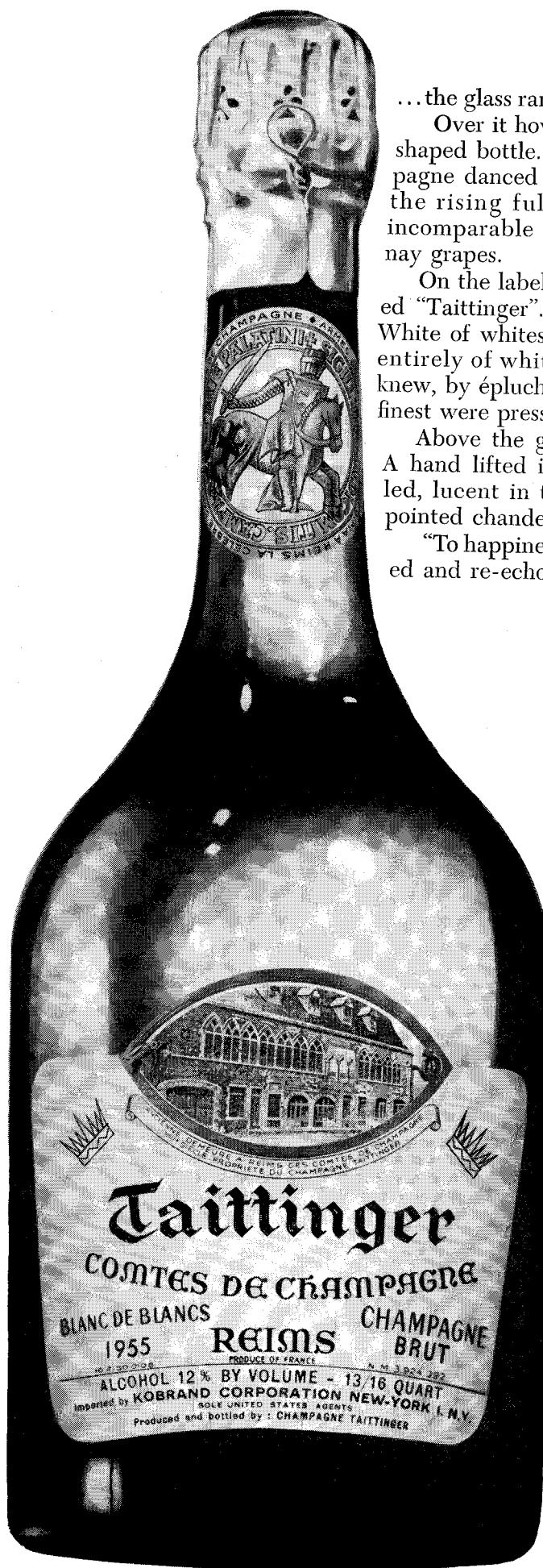
...the glass rang expectantly.

Over it hovered the neck of the antique-shaped bottle. A pale golden flow of champagne danced from one to the other. With the rising fullness came a whiff of the incomparable lightness of white Chardonnay grapes.

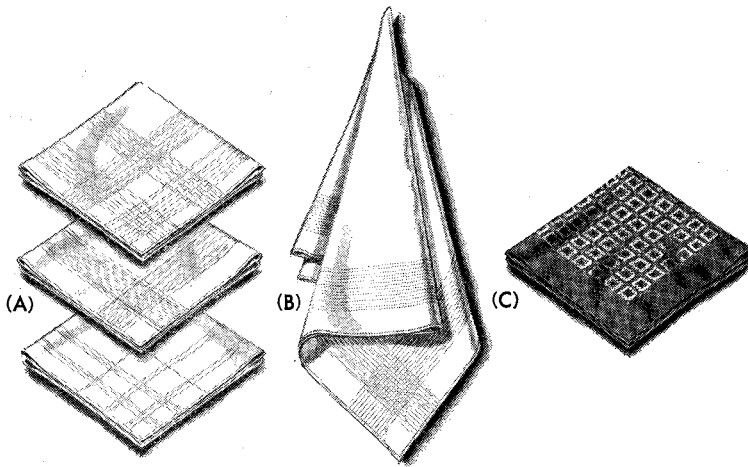
On the label, black-letter characters spelled "Taittinger". In gold, "Blanc de Blancs". White of whites. The champagne was made entirely of white Chardonnay. Chosen, he knew, by *épluchage*. Assurance that only the finest were pressed. Rare achievement.

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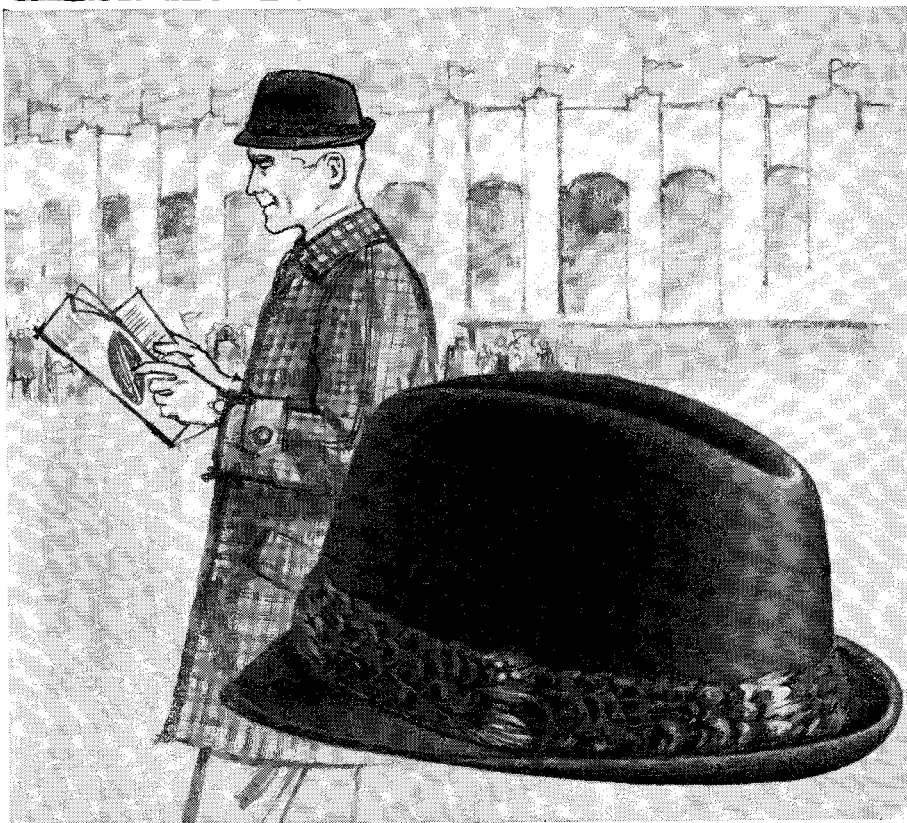
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the theatre; I was behind the scenes and knew how the illusion was worked. I knew the other ministers and knew the quality of their lives. And I don't mean to suggest by this the "Elmer Gantry" sort of hypocrisy concerning sensuality; it was a deeper, deadlier, and more subtle hypocrisy than that, and a little honest sensuality, or a lot, would have been like water in an extremely bitter desert. I knew how to work on a congregation until the last dime was surrendered—it was not very hard to do—and I knew where the money for "the Lord's work" went. I knew, though I did not wish to know it, that I had no respect for the people with whom I worked. I could not have said it then, but I also knew that if I continued I would soon have no respect for myself. And the fact that I was "the young Brother Baldwin" increased my value with those same pimps and racketeers who had helped to stampede me into the church in the first place. They still saw the little boy they intended to take over. They were waiting for me to come to my senses and realize that I was in a very lucrative business. They knew that I did not yet realize this, and also that I had not yet begun to suspect where my own needs, *coming up* (they were very patient), could drive me. They themselves did know the score, and they knew that the odds were in their favor. And, really, I knew it, too. I was even lonelier and more vulnerable than I had been before. And the blood of the Lamb had not cleansed me in any way whatever. I was just as black as I had been the day that I was born. Therefore, when I faced a congregation, it began to take all the strength I had not to stammer, not to curse, not to tell them to throw away their Bibles and get off their knees and go home and organize, for example, a rent strike. When I watched all the children, their copper, brown, and beige faces staring up at me as I taught Sunday school, I felt that I was committing a crime in talking about the gentle Jesus, in telling them to reconcile themselves to their misery on earth in order to gain the crown of eternal life. Were only Negroes to gain this crown? Was Heaven, then, to be merely another ghetto? Perhaps I might have been able to reconcile myself even to this if I had been able to believe that there was any loving-kindness to be found in the haven I represented. But I had been in the pulpit too long and I had seen too many monstrous things. I don't refer merely to the glaring fact that

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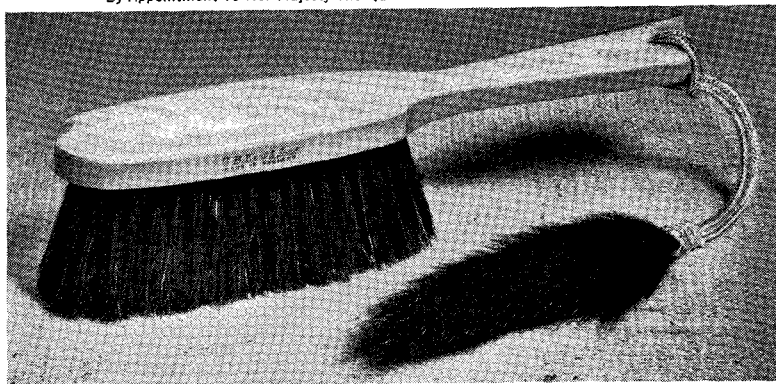
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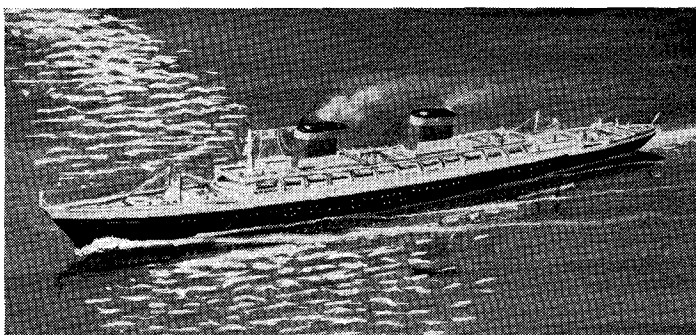
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the minister eventually acquires houses and Cadillacs while the faithful continue to scrub floors and drop their dimes and quarters and dollars into the plate. I really mean that there was no love in the church. It was a mask for hatred and self-hatred and despair. The transfiguring power of the Holy Ghost ended when the service ended, and salvation stopped at the church door. When we were told to love everybody, I had thought that that meant *everybody*. But no. It applied only to those who believed as we did, and it did not apply to white people at all. I was told by a minister, for example, that I should never, on any public conveyance, under any circumstances, rise and give my seat to a white woman. White men never rose for Negro women. Well, that was true enough, in the main—I saw his point. But what was the point, the purpose, of *my* salvation if it did not permit me to behave with love toward others, no matter how they behaved toward me? What others did was their responsibility, for which they would answer when the judgment trumpet sounded. But what *I* did was *my* responsibility, and I would have to answer, too—unless, of course, there was also in Heaven a special dispensation for the benighted black, who was not to be judged in the same way as other human beings, or angels. It probably occurred to me around this time that the vision people hold of the world to come is but a reflection, with predictable wishful distortions, of the world in which they live. And this did not apply only to Negroes, who were no more "simple" or "spontaneous" or "Christian" than anybody else—who were merely more oppressed. In the same way that we, for white people, were the descendants of Ham, and were cursed forever, white people were, for us, the descendants of Cain. And the passion with which we loved the Lord was a measure of how deeply we feared and distrusted and, in the end, hated almost all strangers, always, and avoided and despised ourselves.

But I cannot leave it at that; there is more to it than that. In spite of everything, there was in the life I fled a zest and a joy and a capacity for facing and surviving disaster that are very moving and very rare. Perhaps we were, all of us—pimps, whores, racketeers, church members, and children—bound together by the nature of our oppression, the specific and peculiar complex of risks we had to run; if so, within these limits we sometimes achieved with each other a freedom

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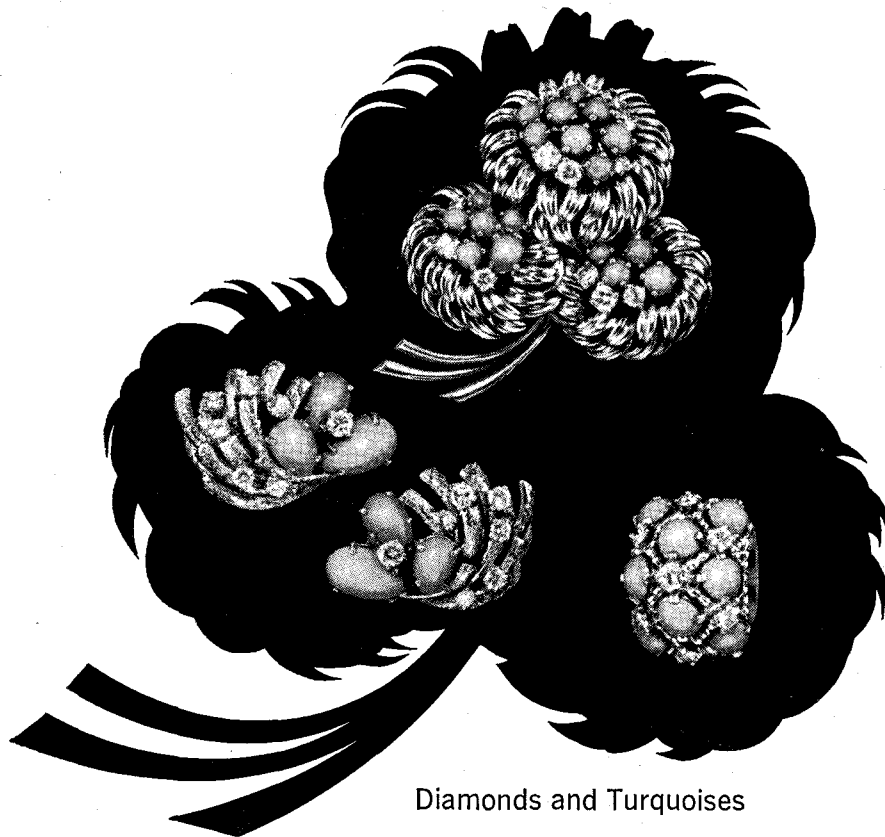


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that was close to love. I remember, anyway, church suppers and outings, and, later, after I left the church, rent and waistline parties where rage and sorrow sat in the darkness and did not stir, and we ate and drank and talked and laughed and danced and forgot all about "the man." We had the liquor, the chicken, the music, and each other, and had no need to pretend to be what we were not. This is the freedom that one hears in some gospel songs, for example, and in jazz. In all jazz, and especially in the blues, there is something tart and ironic, authoritative and double-edged. White Americans seem to feel that happy songs are *happy* and sad songs are *sad*, and that, God help us, is exactly the way most white Americans sing them—sounding, in both cases, so helplessly, defenselessly fatuous that one dare not speculate on the temperature of the deep freeze from which issue their brave and sexless little voices. Only people who have been "down the line," as the song puts it, know what this music is about. I think it was Big Bill Broonzy who used to sing "I Feel So Good," a really joyful song about a man who is on his way to the railroad station to meet his girl. She's coming home. It is the singer's incredibly moving exuberance that makes one realize how leaden the time must have been while she was gone. There is no guarantee that she will stay this time, either, as the singer clearly knows, and, in fact, she has not yet actually arrived. Tonight, or tomorrow, or within the next five minutes, he may very well be singing "Lonesome in My Bedroom," or insisting, "Ain't we, ain't we, going to make it all right? Well, if we don't today, we will tomorrow night." White Americans do not understand the depths out of which such an ironic tenacity comes, but they suspect that the force is sensual, and



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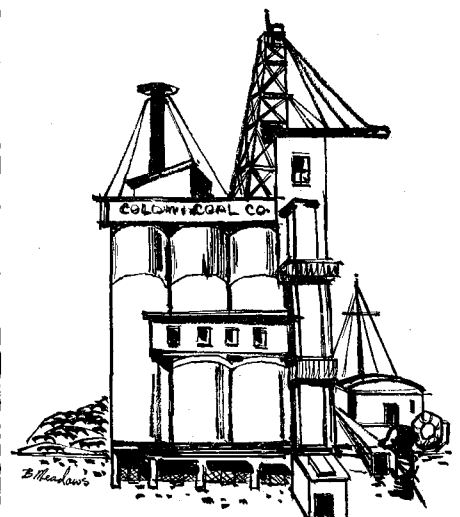
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they are terrified of sensuality and do not any longer understand it. The word "sensual" is not intended to bring to mind quivering dusky maidens or priapic black studs. I am referring to something much simpler and much less fanciful. To be sensual, I think, is to respect and rejoice in the force of life, of life itself, and to be *present* in all that one does, from the effort of loving to the breaking of bread. It will be a great day for America, incidentally, when we begin to eat bread again, instead of the blasphemous and tasteless foam rubber that we have substituted for it. And I am not being frivolous now, either. Something very sinister happens to the people of a country when they begin to distrust their own reactions as deeply as they do here, and become as joyless as they have become. It is this individual uncertainty on the part of white American men and women, this inability to renew themselves at the fountain of their own lives, that makes the discussion, let alone elucidation, of any conundrum—that is, any reality—so supremely difficult. The person who distrusts himself has no touchstone for reality—for this touchstone can be only oneself. Such a person interposes between himself and reality nothing less than a labyrinth of attitudes. And these attitudes, furthermore, though the person is usually unaware of it (is unaware of so much!), are historical and public attitudes. They do not relate to the present any more than they relate to the person. Therefore, whatever white people do not know about Negroes reveals, precisely and inexorably, what they do not know about themselves.

White Christians have also forgotten several elementary historical details. They have forgotten that the religion that is now identified with their virtue and their power—"God is on our side," says Dr. Verwoerd—came out of a rocky piece of ground in what is now known as the Middle East before color was invented, and that in order for the Christian church to be established, Christ had to be put to death, by Rome, and that the real architect of the Christian church was not the disreputable, sun-baked Hebrew who gave it his name but the mercilessly fanatical and self-righteous St. Paul. The energy that was buried with the rise of the Christian nations must come back into the world; nothing can prevent it. Many of us, I think, both long to see this happen and are terrified of it, for though this transformation contains the hope of liberation, it also im-

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Good things from the garden



Gourmet Cooking with Vegetables

By James A. Beard

See what elegant dishes you can whip up with a bit of imagination, a can opener, and those fine Green Giant vegetables. Fifty-two more recipes like these are in the *Easy Gourmet Vegetable Cook Booklet*, which you can get free by sending your name and address to: Gourmet Recipes, Green Giant Company, Le Sueur, Minn.

Mexican Langouste Stew



- 1 12-oz. can Green Giant Brand Mexicorn®
- 1 6½-oz. can lobster meat or ½ lb. lobster in pieces
- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1 cup cream
- Salt, pepper

Combine Mexicorn®, lobster and butter; heat over low heat. Add cream. Salt and pepper to taste. Heat thoroughly. Serves 4.

Asparagus and Cognac Soup



- 2 10½-oz. cans Green Giant Brand cut asparagus
- Salt, pepper
- 1 tbsp. grated onion
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 2 oz. cognac
- 4 slices bread, diced
- 6 tbsp. butter
- 1 clove garlic

Put asparagus, together with liquid, through a blender or fine sieve. Pour asparagus mixture into saucepan; season with salt and pepper. Heat to boiling point. Blend in cream which has been heated to boiling point. Add cognac and heat through. Make croutons with bread, butter, garlic. Serve with croutons sprinkled over soup. Serves 4-6.

Green Giant®

Good things from the garden



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poses a necessity for great change. But in order to deal with the untapped and dormant force of the previously subjugated, in order to survive as a human, moving, moral weight in the world, America and all the Western nations will be forced to reexamine themselves and release themselves from many things that are now taken to be sacred, and to discard nearly all the assumptions that have been used to justify their lives and their anguish and their crimes so long.

"The white man's Heaven," sings a Black Muslim minister, "is the black man's Hell." One may object—possibly—that this puts the matter somewhat too simply, but the song is true, and it has been true for as long as white men have ruled the world. The Africans put it another way: When the white man came to Africa, the white man had the Bible and the African had the land, but now it is the white man who is being, reluctantly and bloodily, separated from the land, and the African who is still attempting to digest or to vomit up the Bible. The struggle, therefore, that now begins in the world is extremely complex, involving the historical role of Christianity in the realm of power—that is, politics—and in the realm of morals. In the realm of power, Christianity has operated with an unmitigated arrogance and cruelty—necessarily, since a religion ordinarily imposes on those who have discovered the true faith the spiritual duty of liberating the infidels. This particular true faith, moreover, is more deeply concerned about the soul than it is about the body, to which fact the flesh (and the corpses) of countless infidels bears witness. It goes without saying, then, that whoever questions the authority of the true faith also contests the right of the nations that hold this faith to rule over him—contests, in short, their title to his land. The spreading of the Gospel, regardless of the motives or the integrity or the heroism of some of the missionaries, was an absolutely indispensable justification for the planting of the flag. Priests and nuns and schoolteachers helped to protect and sanctify the power that was so ruthlessly being used by people who were indeed seeking a city, but not one in the heavens, and one to be made, very definitely, by captive hands. The Christian church itself—again, as distinguished from some of its ministers—sanctified and rejoiced in the conquests of the flag, and encouraged, if it did not formulate, the belief that conquest, with the resulting relative well-being of the Western popu-

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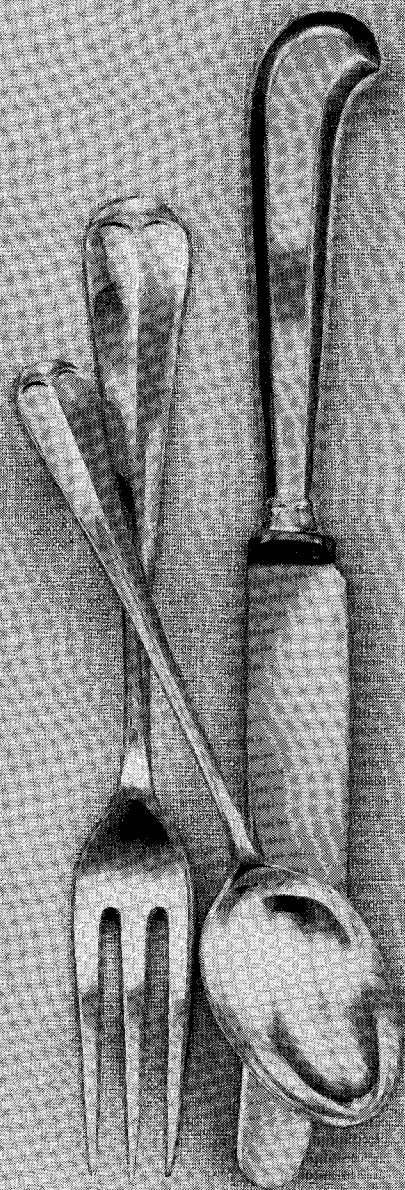


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lations, was proof of the favor of God. God had come a long way from the desert—but then so had Allah, though in a very different direction. God, going north, and rising on the wings of power, had become white, and Allah, out of power, and on the dark side of Heaven, had become—for all practical purposes, anyway—black. Thus, in the realm of morals the role of Christianity has been, at best, ambivalent. Even leaving out of account the remarkable arrogance that assumed that the ways and morals of others were inferior to those of Christians, and that they therefore had every right, and could use any means, to change them, the collision between cultures—and the schizophrenia in the mind of Christendom—had rendered the domain of morals as chartless as the sea once was, and as treacherous as the sea still is. It is not too much to say that whoever wishes to become a truly moral human being (and let us not ask whether or not this is possible; I think we must *believe* that it is possible) must first divorce himself from all the prohibitions, crimes, and hypocrisies of the Christian church. If the concept of God has any validity or any use, it can only be to make us larger, freer, and more loving. If God cannot do this, then it is time we got rid of Him.

I HAD heard a great deal, long before I finally met him, of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, and of the Nation of Islam movement, of which he is the leader. I paid very little attention to what I heard, because the burden of his message did not strike me as being very original; I had been hearing variations of it all my life. I sometimes found myself in Harlem on Saturday nights, and I stood in the crowds, at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue, and listened to the Muslim speakers. But I had heard hundreds of such speeches—or so it seemed to me at first. Anyway, I have long had a very definite tendency to tune out the moment I come anywhere near either a pulpit or a soapbox. What these men were saying about white people I had often heard before. And I dismissed the Nation of Islam's demand for a separate black economy in America, which I had also heard before, as willful, and even mischievous, nonsense. Then two things caused me to begin to listen to the speeches, and one was the behavior of the police. After all, I had seen men dragged from their platforms on this very corner for saying less virulent things, and I had seen many crowds dispersed by policemen, with clubs or

Alan Paine

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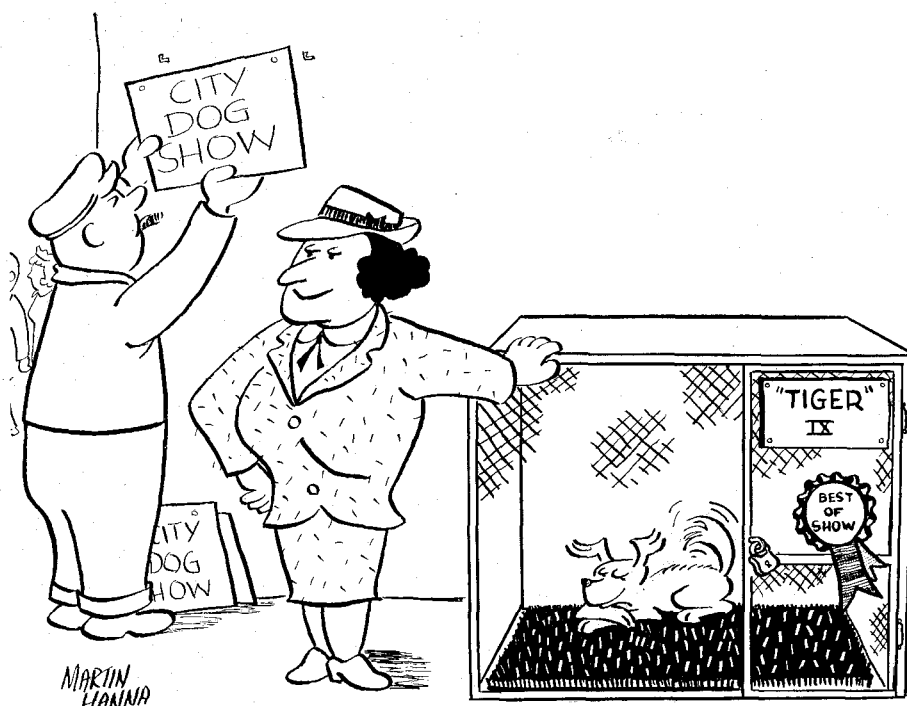
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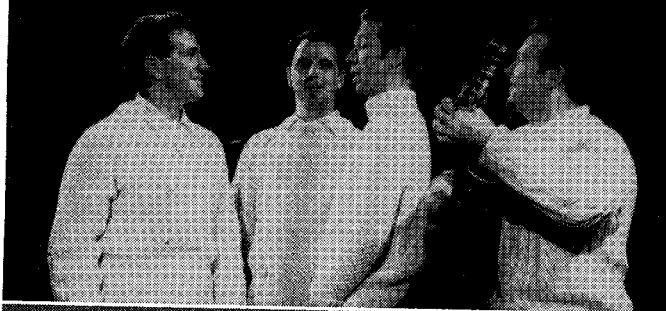


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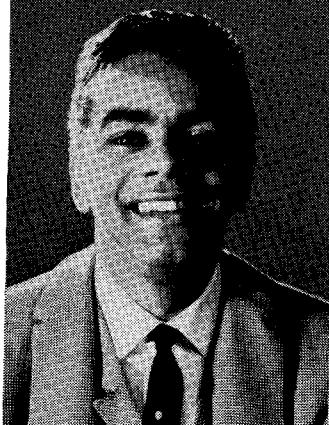
on horseback. But the policemen were doing nothing now. Obviously, this was not because they had become more human but because they were under orders and because they were afraid. And indeed they were, and I was delighted to see it. There they stood, in twos and threes and fours, in their Cub Scout uniforms and with their Cub Scout faces, totally unprepared, as is the way with American he-men, for anything that could not be settled with a club or a fist or a gun. I might have pitied them if I had not found myself in their hands so often and discovered, through ugly experience, what they were like when *they* held the power and what they were like when *you* held the power. The behavior of the crowd, its silent intensity, was the other thing that forced me to reassess the speakers and their message. I sometimes think, with despair, that Americans will swallow whole any political speech whatever—we've been doing very little else, these last, bad years—so it may not mean anything to say that this sense of integrity, after what Harlem, especially, has been through in the way of demagogues, was a very startling change. Still, the speakers had an air of utter dedication, and the people looked toward them with a kind of intelligence of hope on their faces—not as though they were being consoled or drugged but as though they were being jolted.

Power was the subject of the speeches I heard. We were offered, as Nation of Islam doctrine, historical and divine proof that all white people are cursed, and are devils, and are about to be brought down. This has been revealed by Allah Himself to His prophet, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. The white man's rule will be ended forever in ten or fifteen years (and it must be conceded that all present signs would seem to bear witness to the accuracy of the prophet's statement). The crowd seemed to swallow this theology with no effort—all crowds do swallow theology this way, I gather, in both sides of Jerusalem, in Istanbul, and in Rome—and, as theology goes, it was no more indigestible than the more familiar brand asserting that there is a curse on the sons of Ham. No more, and no less, and it had been designed for the same purpose; namely, the sanctification of power. But very little time was spent on theology, for one did not need to prove to a Harlem audience that all white men were devils. They were merely glad to have, at last, divine corroboration of their experience, to hear—and it was a tremendous thing to hear—that they

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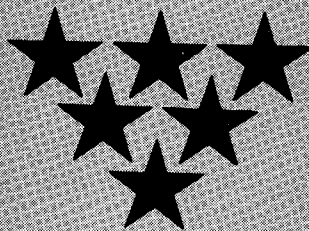


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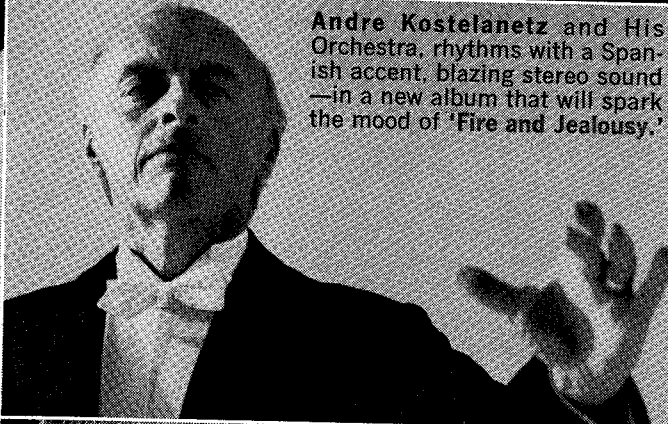


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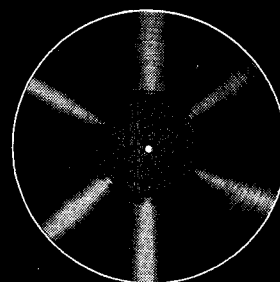
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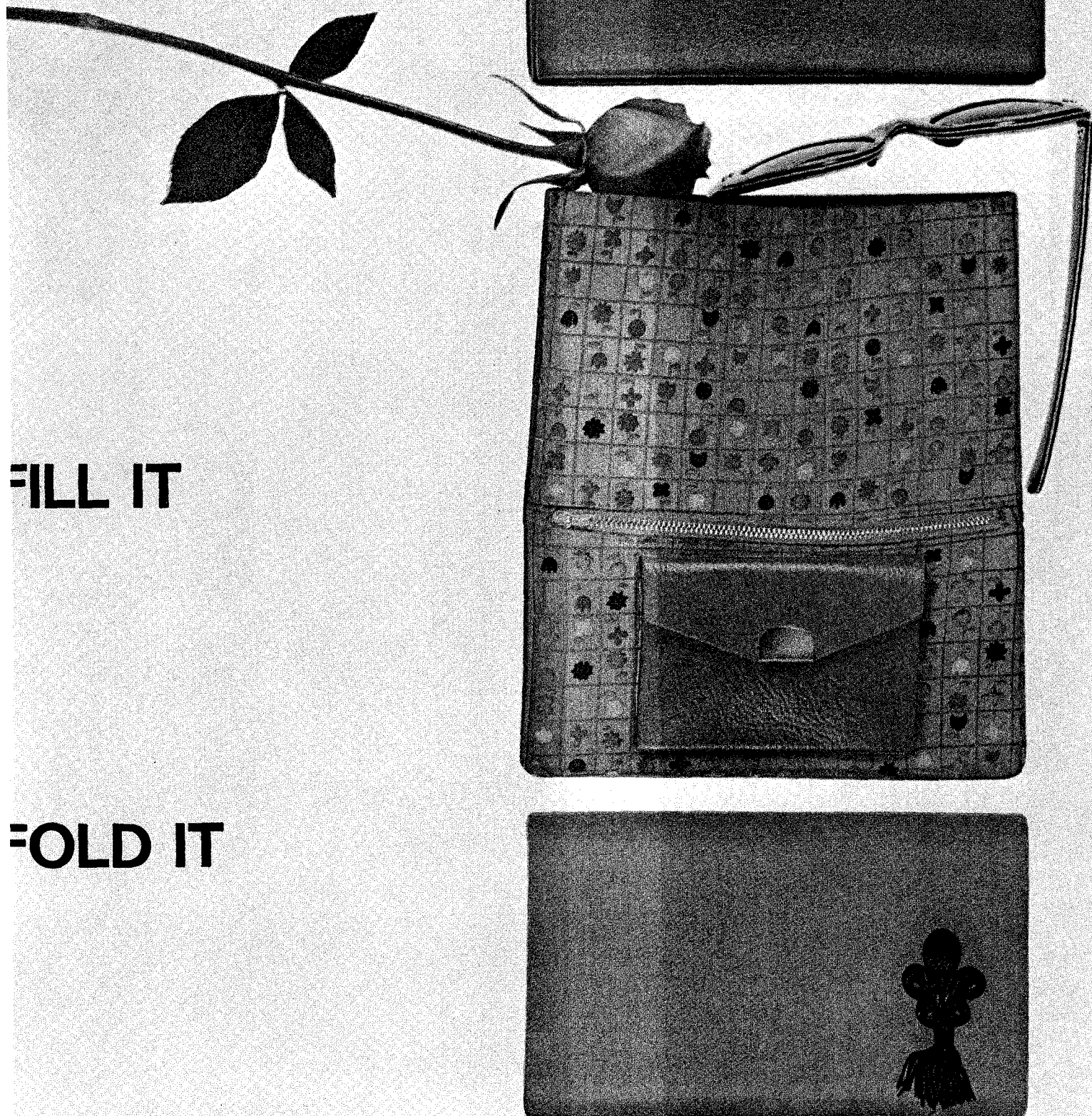
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had been lied to for all these years and generations, and that their captivity was ending, for God was black. Why were they *hearing* it now, since this was not the first time it had been said? I had heard it many times, from various prophets, during all the years that I was growing up. Elijah Muhammad himself has now been carrying the same message for more than thirty years; he is not an overnight sensation, and we owe his ministry, I am told, to the fact that when he was a child of six or so, his father was lynched before his eyes. (So much for states' rights.) And now, suddenly, people who have never before been able to hear this message hear it, and believe it, and are changed. Elijah Muhammad has been able to do what generations of welfare workers and committees and resolutions and reports and housing projects and playgrounds have failed to do: to heal and redeem drunkards and junkies, to convert people who have come out of prison and to keep them out, to make men chaste and women virtuous, and to invest both the male and the female with a pride and a serenity that hang about them like an unflinching light. He has done all these things, which our Christian church has spectacularly failed to do. How has Elijah managed it?

Well, in a way—and I have no wish to minimize his peculiar role and his peculiar achievement—it is not he who has done it but time. Time catches up with kingdoms and crushes them, gets its teeth into doctrines and rends them; time reveals the foundations on which any kingdom rests, and eats at those foundations, and it destroys doctrines by proving them to be untrue. In those days, not so very long ago, when the priests of that church which stands in Rome gave God's blessing to Italian boys being sent out to ravage a defenseless black country—which until that event, incidentally, had not considered itself to be black—it was not possible to believe in a black God. To entertain such a belief would have been to entertain madness. But time has passed, and in that time the Christian world has revealed itself as morally bankrupt and politically unstable. The Tunisians were quite right in 1956—and it was a very significant moment in Western (and African) history—when they countered the French justification for remaining in North Africa with the question "Are the French ready for self-government?" Again, the terms "civilized" and "Christian" begin to have a very strange ring, particularly in the ears of those who have been judged to be neither

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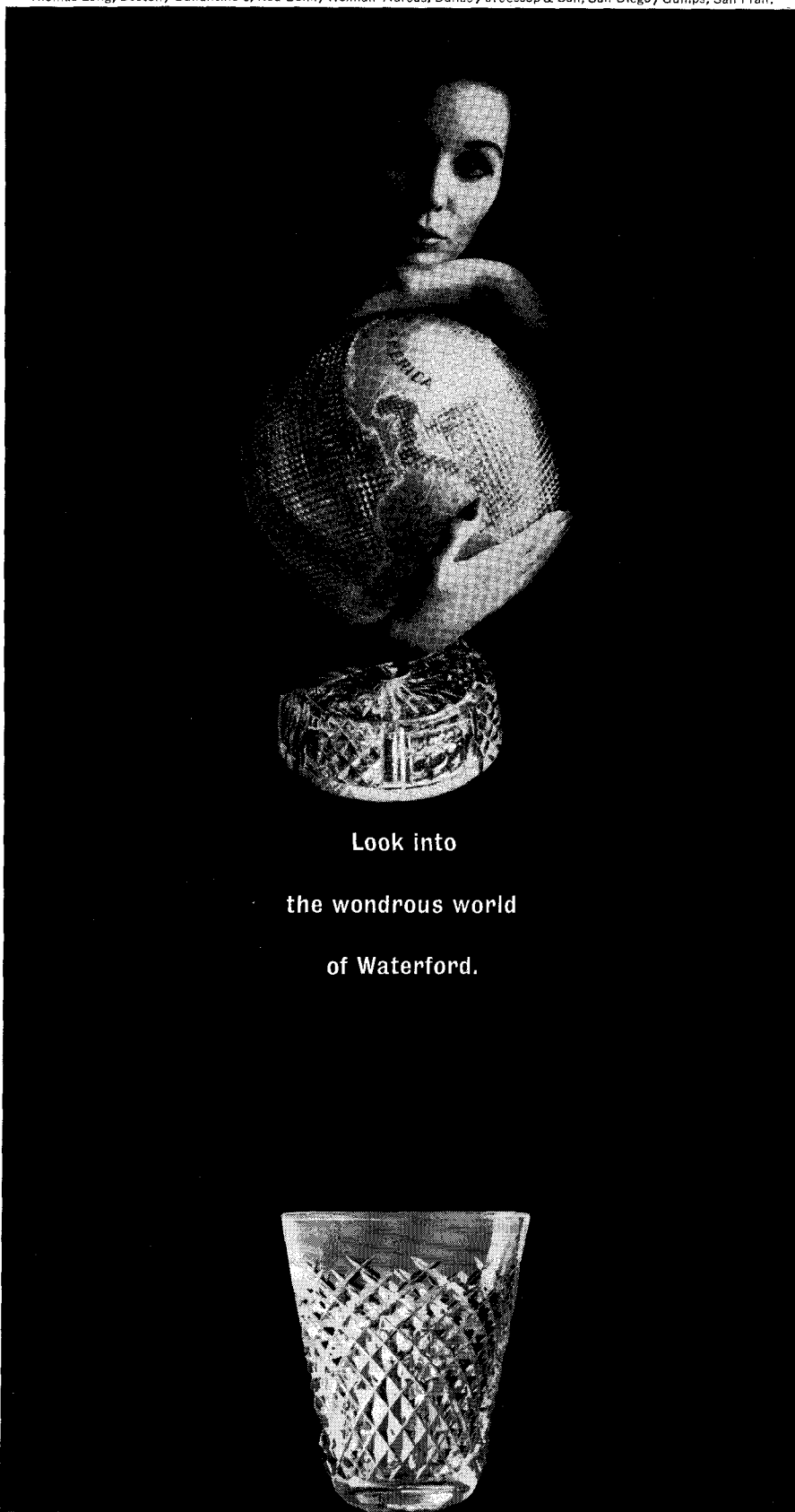
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civilized nor Christian, when a Christian nation surrenders to a foul and violent orgy, as Germany did during the Third Reich. For the crime of their ancestry, millions of people in the middle of the twentieth century, and in the heart of Europe—God's citadel—were sent to a death so calculated, so hideous, and so prolonged that no age before this enlightened one had been able to imagine it, much less achieve and record it. Furthermore, those beneath the Western heel, unlike those within the West, are aware that Germany's current role in Europe is to act as a bulwark against the "uncivilized" hordes, and since power is what the powerless want, they understand very well what we of the West want to keep, and are not deluded by our talk of a freedom that we have never been willing to share with them. From my own point of view, the fact of the Third Reich alone makes obsolete forever any question of Christian superiority, except in technological terms. White people were, and are, astounded by the holocaust in Germany. They did not know that they could act that way. But I very much doubt whether black people were astounded—at least, in the same way. For my part, the fate of the Jews, and the world's indifference to it, frightened me very much. I could not but feel, in those sorrowful years, that this human indifference, concerning which I knew so much already, would be my portion on the day that the United States decided to murder its Negroes systematically instead of little by little and catch-as-catch-can. I was, of course, authoritatively assured that what had happened to the Jews in Germany could not happen to the Negroes in America, but I thought, bleakly, that the German Jews had probably believed similar counsellors, and, again, I could not share the white man's vision of himself for the very good reason that white men in America do not behave toward black men the way they behave toward each other. When a white man faces a black man, especially if the black man is helpless, terrible things are revealed. I know. I have been carried into precinct basements often enough, and I have seen and heard and endured the secrets of desperate white men and women, which they knew were safe with me, because even if I should speak, no one would believe me. And they would not believe me precisely because they would know that what I said was true.

The treatment accorded the Negro during the Second World War marks, for me, a turning point in the Negro's relation to America. To put it briefly,

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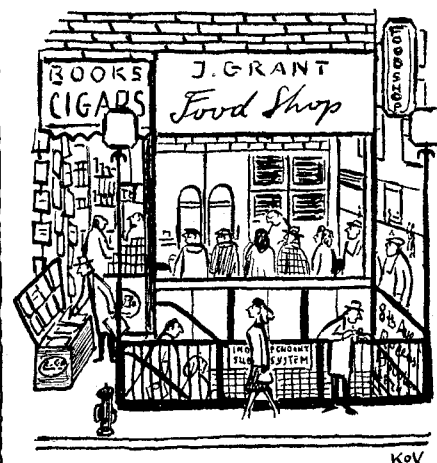
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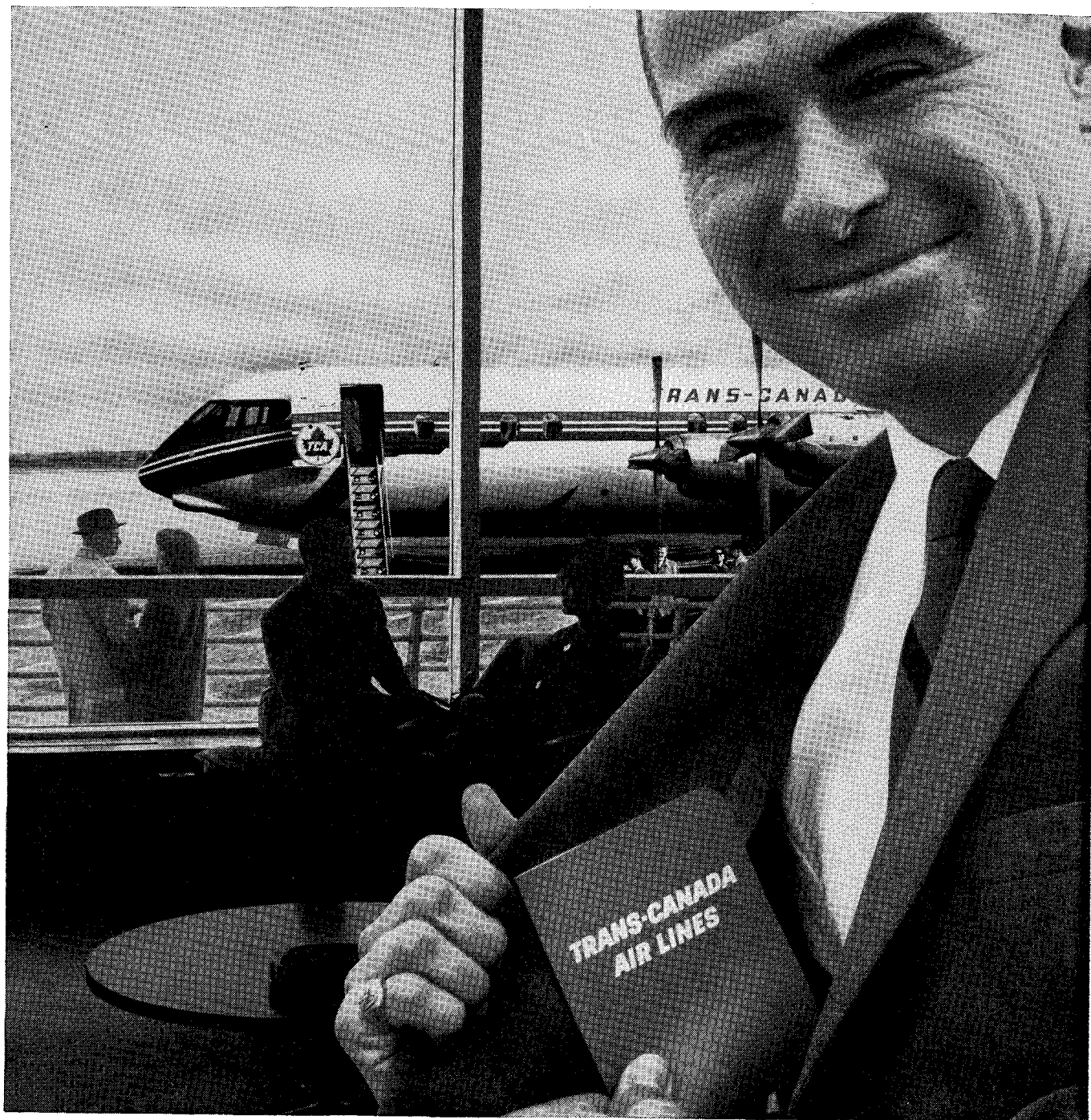
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and somewhat too simply, a certain hope died, a certain respect for white Americans faded. One began to pity them, or to hate them. You must put yourself in the skin of a man who is wearing the uniform of his country, is a candidate for death in its defense, and who is called a "nigger" by his comrades-in-arms and his officers; who is almost always given the hardest, ugliest, most menial work to do; who knows that the white G.I. has informed the Europeans that he is subhuman (so much for the American male's sexual security); who does not dance at the U.S.O. the night white soldiers dance there, and does not drink in the same bars white soldiers drink in; and who watches German prisoners of war being treated by Americans with more human dignity than he has ever received at their hands. And who, at the same time, as a human being, is far freer in a strange land than he has ever been at home. *Home!* The very word begins to have a despairing and diabolical ring. You must consider what happens to this citizen, after all he has endured, when he returns—home: search, in his shoes, for a job, for a place to live; ride, in his skin, on segregated buses; see, with his eyes, the signs saying "White" and "Colored," and especially the signs that say "White Ladies" and "Colored Women;" look into the eyes of his wife; look into the eyes of his son; listen, with his ears, to political speeches, North and South; imagine yourself being told to "wait." And all this is happening in the richest and freest country in the world, and in the middle of the twentieth century. The subtle and deadly change of heart that might occur in you would be involved with the realization that a civilization is not destroyed by wicked people; it is not necessary that people be wicked but only that they be spineless. I and two Negro acquaintances, all of us well past thirty, and looking it, were in the bar of Chicago's O'Hare Airport



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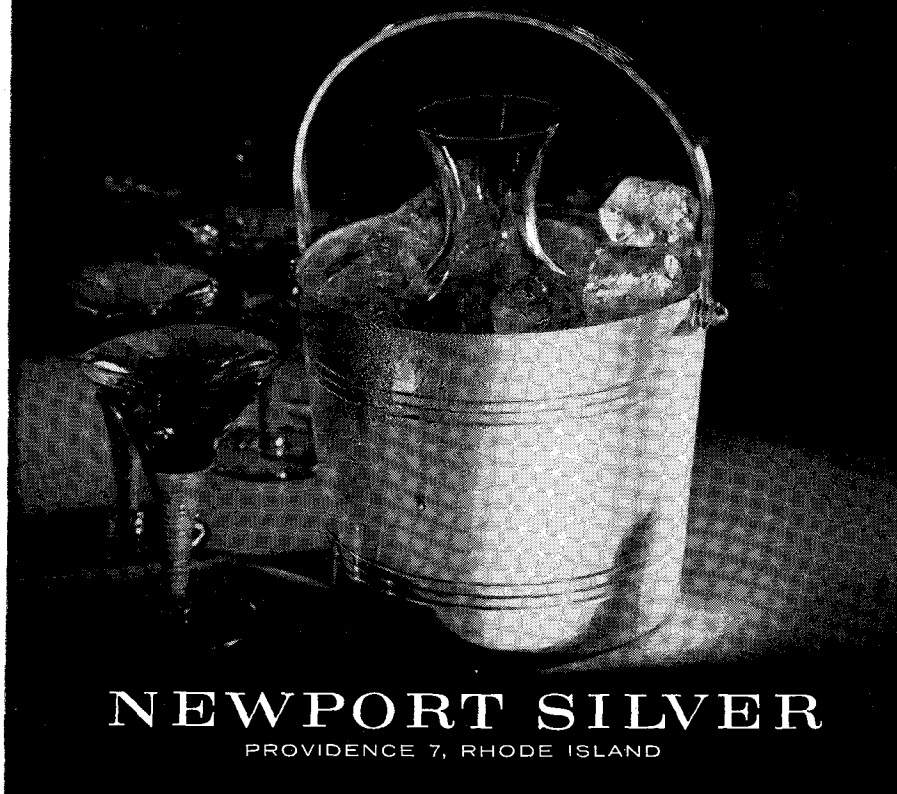
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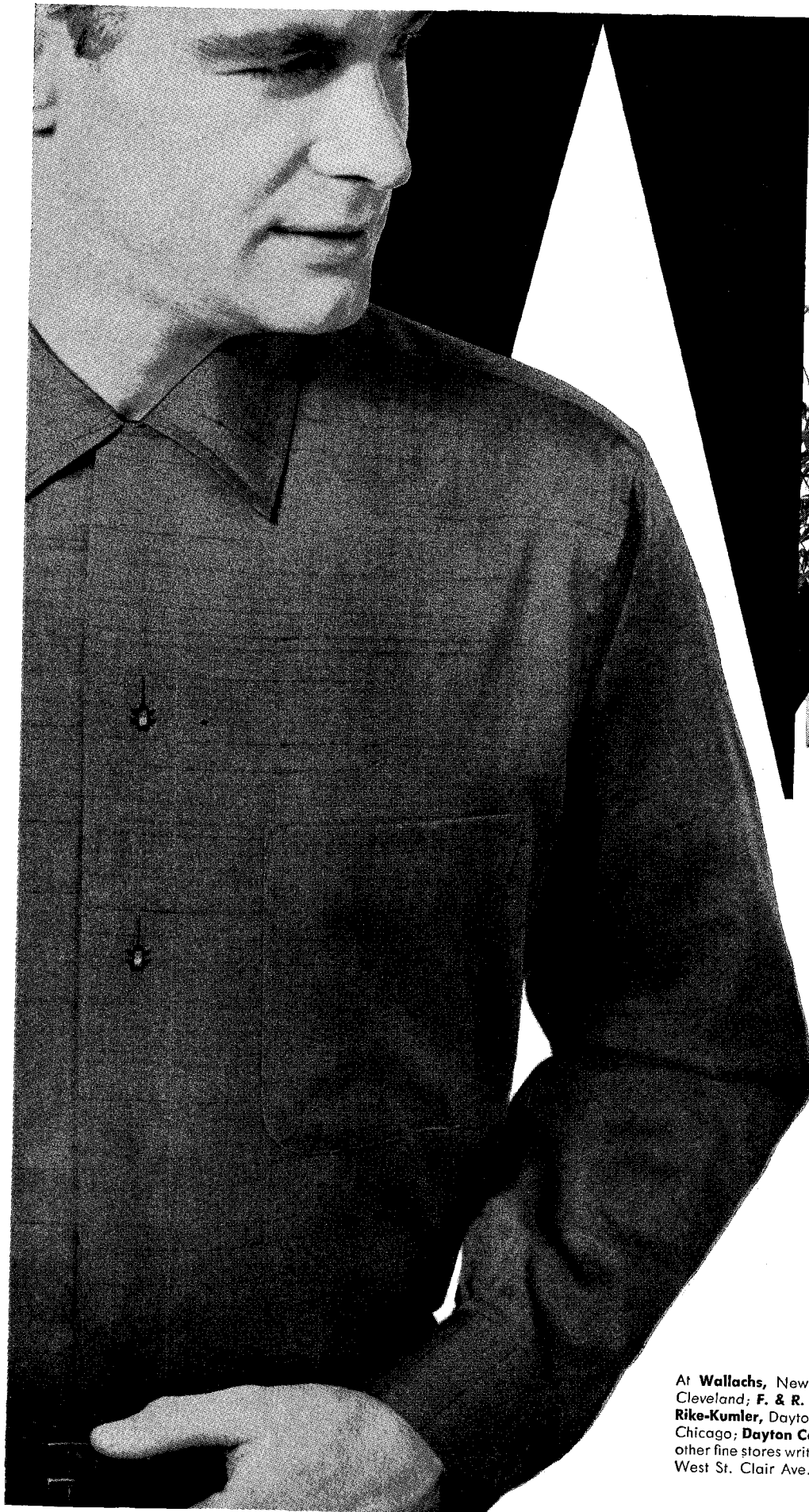


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several months ago, and the bartender refused to serve us, because, he said, we looked too young. It took a vast amount of patience not to strangle him, and great insistence and some luck to get the manager, who defended his bartender on the ground that he was "new" and had not yet, presumably, learned how to distinguish between a Negro boy of twenty and a Negro "boy" of thirty-seven. Well, we were served, finally, of course, but by this time no amount of Scotch would have helped us. The bar was very crowded, and our altercation had been extremely noisy; not one customer in the bar had done anything to help us. When it was over, and the three of us stood at the bar trembling with rage and frustration, and drinking—and trapped, now, in the airport, for we had deliberately come early in order to have a few drinks and to eat—a young white man standing near us asked if we were students. I suppose he thought that this was the only possible explanation for our putting up a fight. I told him that he hadn't wanted to talk to us earlier and we didn't want to talk to him now. The reply visibly hurt his feelings, and this, in turn, caused me to despise him. But when one of us, a Korean War veteran, told this young man that the fight we had been having in the bar had been his fight, too, the young man said, "I lost my conscience a long time ago," and turned and walked out. I know that one would rather not think so, but this young man is typical. So, on the basis of the evidence, had everyone else in the bar lost *his* conscience. A few years ago, I would have hated these people with all my heart. Now I pitied them, pitied them in order not to despise them. And this is not the happiest way to feel toward one's countrymen.

But, in the end, it is the threat of universal extinction hanging over all the world today that changes, totally and forever, the nature of reality and brings into devastating question the true meaning of man's history. We human beings now have the power to exterminate ourselves; this seems to be the entire sum of our achievement. We have taken this journey and arrived at this place in God's name. This, then, is the best that God (the white God) can do. If that is so, then it is time to replace Him—replace Him with what? And this void, this despair, this torment is felt everywhere in the West, from the streets of Stockholm to the churches of New Orleans and the sidewalks of Harlem.

God is black. All black men belong to Islam; they have been chosen. And Islam shall rule the world. The dream,



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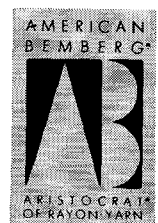
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the sentiment is old; only the color is new. And it is this dream, this sweet possibility, that thousands of oppressed black men and women in this country now carry away with them after the Muslim minister has spoken, through the dark, noisome ghetto streets, into the hovels where so many have perished. The white God has not delivered them; perhaps the black God will.

While I was in Chicago last summer, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad invited me to have dinner at his home. This is a stately mansion on Chicago's South Side, and it is the headquarters of the Nation of Islam movement. I had not gone to Chicago to meet Elijah Muhammad—he was not in my thoughts at all—but the moment I received the invitation, it occurred to me that I ought to have expected it. In a way, I owe the invitation to the incredible, abysmal, and really cowardly obtuseness of white liberals. Whether in private debate or in public, any attempt I made to explain how the Black Muslim movement came about, and how it has achieved such force, was met with a blankness that revealed the little connection that the liberals' attitudes have with their perceptions or their lives, or even their knowledge—revealed, in fact, that they could deal with the Negro as a symbol or a victim but had no sense of him as a man. When Malcolm X, who is considered the movement's second-in-command, and he, apparent, points out that the cry of "violence" was not raised, for example, when the Israelis fought to regain Israel, and, indeed, is raised only when black men indicate that they will fight for *their* rights, he is speaking the truth. The conquests of England, every single one of them bloody, are part of what Americans have in mind when they speak of England's glory. In the United States, violence and heroism have been made synonymous except when it comes to blacks, and the only way to defeat Malcolm's point is to concede it and then ask oneself why this is so. Malcolm's statement is *not* answered by references to the triumphs of the N.A.A.C.P., the more particularly since very few liberals have any notion of how long, how costly, and how heartbreaking a task it is to gather the evidence that one can carry into court, or how long such court battles take. Neither is it answered by references to the student sit-in movement, if only because not all Negroes are students and not all of them live in the South. I, in any case, certainly refuse to be put in the position of denying the truth of Malcolm's statements simply because I disagree with his conclusions,

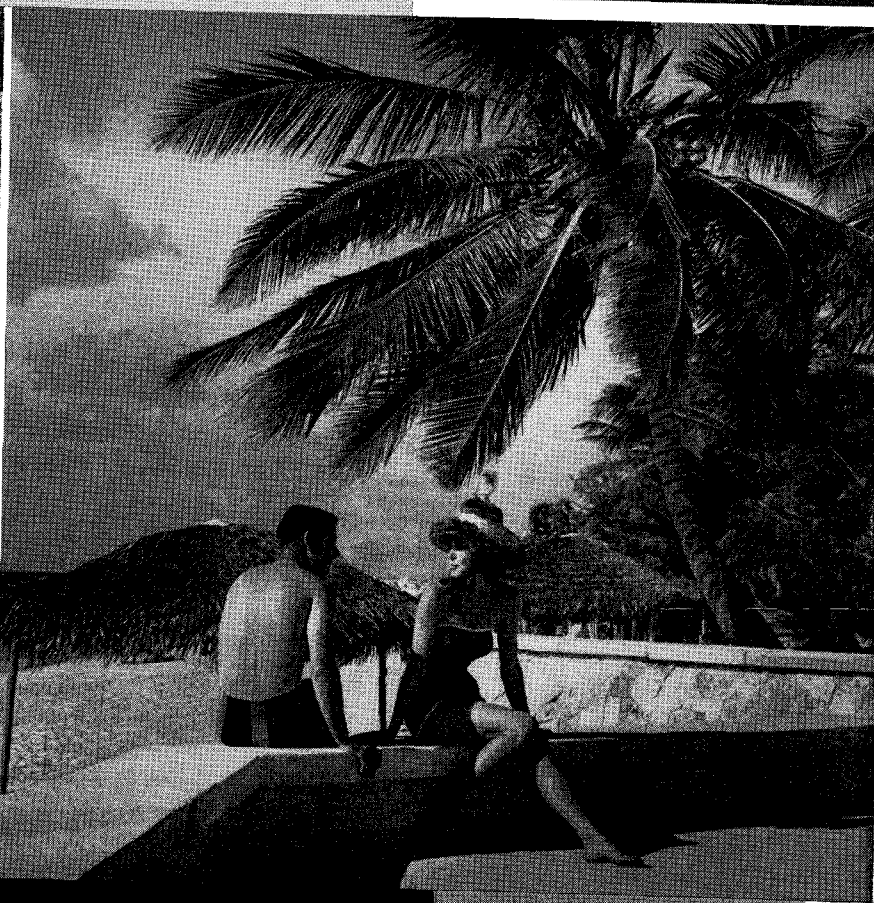
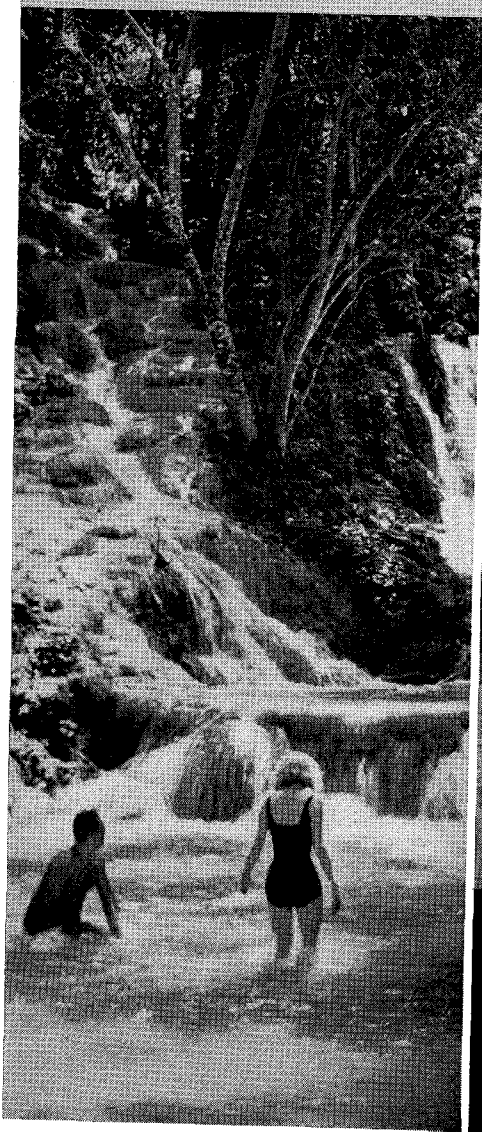
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or in order to pacify the liberal conscience. Things are as bad as the Muslims say they are—in fact, they are worse, and the Muslims do not help matters—but there *is* no reason that black men should be expected to be more patient, more forbearing, more farseeing than whites; indeed, quite the contrary. The real reason that non-violence is considered to be a virtue in Negroes—I am not speaking now of its tactical value, another matter altogether—is that white men do not want their lives, their self-image, or their property threatened. One wishes they would say so more often. At the end of a television program on which Malcolm X and I both appeared, Malcolm was stopped by a white member of the audience who said, "I have a thousand dollars and an acre of land. What's going to happen to me?" I admired the directness of the man's question, but I didn't hear Malcolm's reply, because I was trying to explain to someone else that the situation of the Irish a hundred years ago and the situation of the Negro today cannot very usefully be compared. Negroes were brought here in chains long before the Irish ever thought of leaving Ireland; what manner of consolation is it to be told that emigrants arriving here—voluntarily—long after you did have risen far above you? In the hall, as I was waiting for the elevator, someone shook my hand and said, "Goodbye, Mr. James Baldwin. We'll soon be addressing you as Mr. James X." And I thought, for an awful moment, My God, if this goes on much longer, you probably will. Elijah Muhammad had seen this show, I think, or another one, and he had been told about me. Therefore, late on a hot Sunday afternoon, I presented myself at his door.

I was frightened, because I had, in effect, been summoned into a royal presence. I was frightened for another reason, too. I knew the tension in me between love and power, between pain and rage, and the curious, the grinding way I remained extended between these poles—perpetually attempting to choose the better rather than the worse. But this choice was a choice in terms of a personal, a private better (I was, after all, a writer); what was its relevance in terms of a social worse? Here was the South Side—a million in captivity—stretching from this doorstep as far as the eye could see. And they didn't even read; depressed populations don't have the time or energy to spare. The affluent populations, which should have been their help, didn't, as far as could be discovered, read, either—they merely bought books and de-

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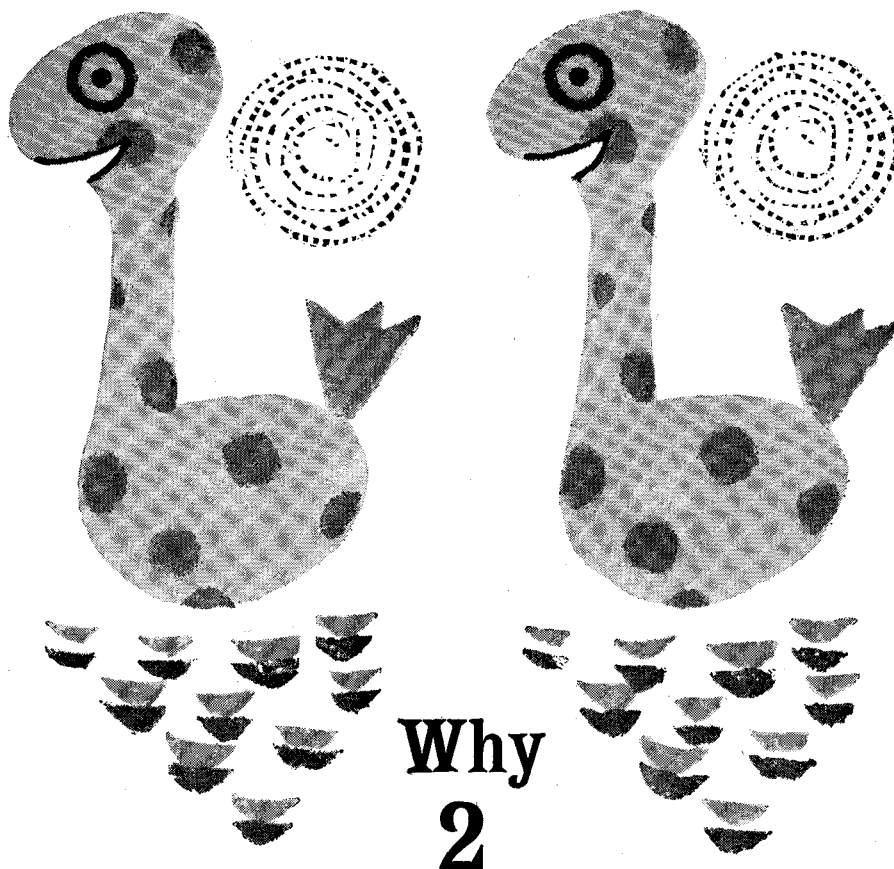
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voured them, but not in order to learn: in order to learn new attitudes. Also, I knew that once I had entered the house, I couldn't smoke or drink, and I felt guilty about the cigarettes in my pocket, as I had felt years ago when my friend first took me into his church. I was half an hour late, having got lost on the way here, and I felt as deserving of a scolding as a schoolboy.

The young man who came to the door—he was about thirty, perhaps, with a handsome, smiling face—didn't seem to find my lateness offensive, and led me into a large room. On one side of the room sat half a dozen women, all in white; they were much occupied with a beautiful baby, who seemed to belong to the youngest of the women. On the other side of the room sat seven or eight men, young, dressed in dark suits, very much at ease, and very imposing. The sunlight came into the room with the peacefulness one remembers from rooms in one's early childhood—a sunlight encountered later only in one's dreams. I remember being astounded by the quietness, the ease, the peace, the taste. I was introduced, they greeted me with a genuine cordiality and respect—and the respect increased my fright, for it meant that they expected something of me that I knew in my heart, for their sakes, I could not give—and we sat down. Elijah Muhammad was not in the room. Conversation was slow, but not as stiff as I had feared it would be. They kept it going, for I simply did not know which subjects I could acceptably bring up. They knew more about me, and had read more of what I had written, than I had expected, and I wondered what they made of it all, what they took my usefulness to be. The women were carrying on their own conversation, in low tones; I gathered that they were not expected to take part in male conversations. A few women kept coming in and out of the room, apparently making preparations for dinner. We, the men, did not plunge deeply into any subject, for, clearly, we were all waiting for the appearance of Elijah. Presently, the men, one by one, left the room and returned. Then I was asked if I would like to wash, and I, too, walked down the hall to the bathroom. Shortly after I came back, we stood up, and Elijah entered.

I do not know what I had expected to see. I had read some of his speeches, and had heard fragments of others on the radio and on television, so I associated him with ferocity. But, no—the man who came into the room was small and slender, really very delicately put



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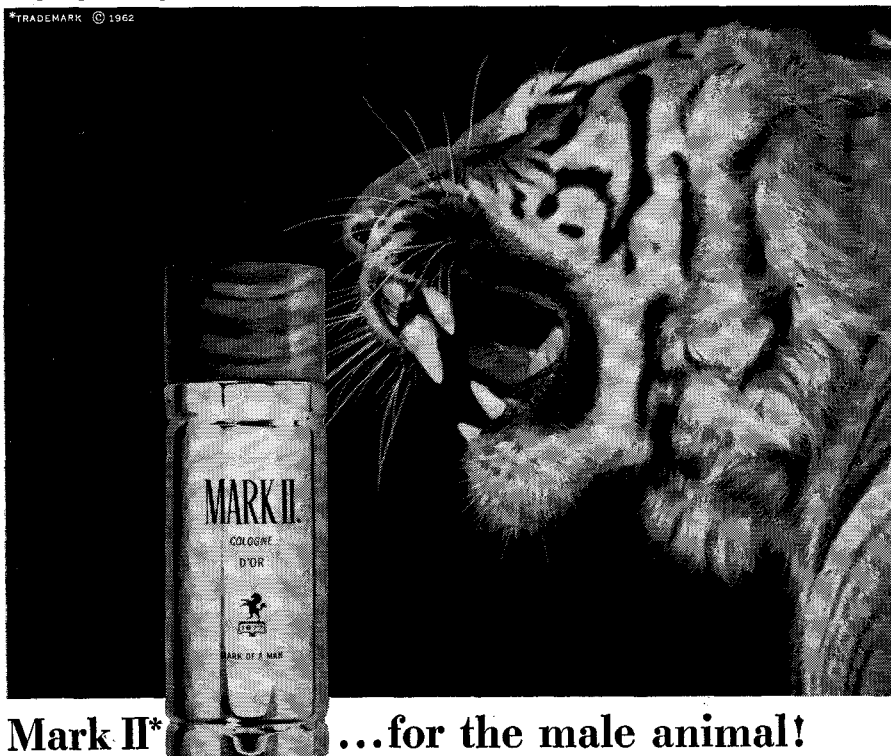


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together, with a thin face, large, warm eyes, and a most winning smile. Something came into the room with him—his disciples' joy at seeing him, his joy at seeing them. It was the kind of encounter one watches with a smile simply because it is so rare that people enjoy one another. He teased the women, like a father, with no hint of that ugly and unctuous flirtatiousness I knew so well from other churches, and they responded like that, with great freedom and yet from a great and loving distance. He had seen me when he came into the room, I knew, though he had not looked my way. I had the feeling, as he talked and laughed with the others, whom I could only think of as his children, that he was sizing me up, deciding something. Now he turned toward me, to welcome me, with that marvellous smile, and carried me back nearly twenty-four years, to that moment when the pastor had smiled at me and said, "Whose little boy are you?" I did not respond now as I had responded then, because there are some things (not many, alas!) that one cannot do twice. But I knew what he made me feel, how I was drawn toward his peculiar authority, how his smile promised to take the burden of my life off my shoulders. *Take your burdens to the Lord and leave them there.* The central quality in Elijah's face is pain, and his smile is a witness to it—pain so old and deep and black that it becomes personal and particular only when he smiles. One wonders what he would sound like if he could sing. He turned to me, with that smile, and said something like "I've got a lot to say to *you*, but we'll wait until we sit *down*." And I laughed. He made me think of my father and me as we might have been if we had been friends.

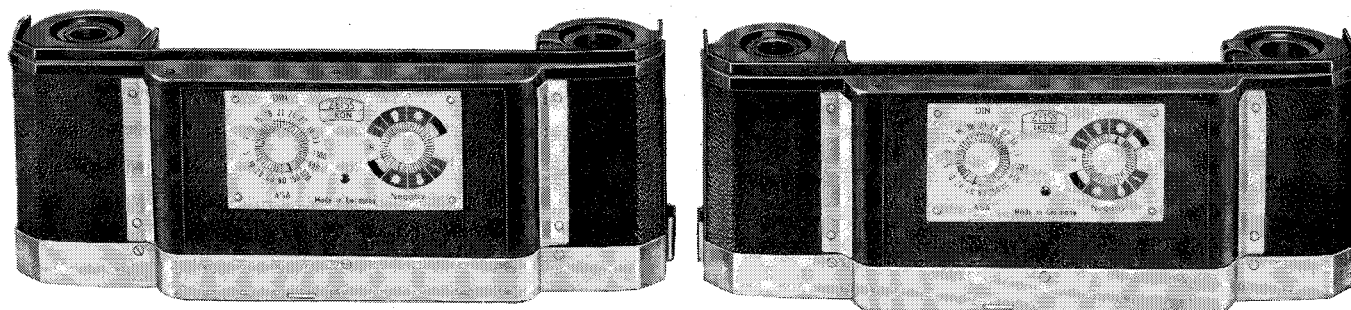
In the dining room, there were two long tables; the men sat at one and the women at the other. Elijah was at the head of our table, and I was seated at his left. I can scarcely remember what we ate, except that it was plentiful, sane, and simple—so sane and simple that it made me feel extremely decadent, and I think that I drank, therefore, two glasses of milk. Elijah mentioned having seen me on television and said that it seemed to him that I was not yet brainwashed and was trying to become myself. He said this in a curiously unnerving way, his eyes looking into mine and one hand half hiding his lips, as though he were trying to conceal bad teeth. But his teeth were not bad. Then I remembered hearing that he had spent time in prison. I suppose that I *would* like to become myself, whatever that



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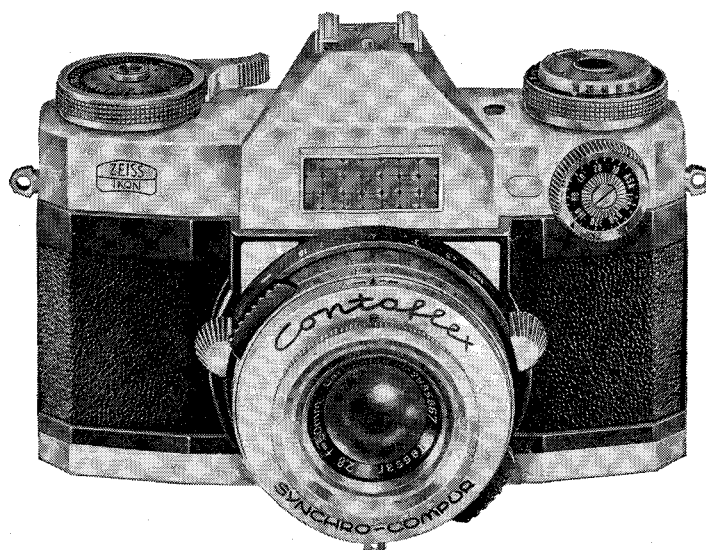
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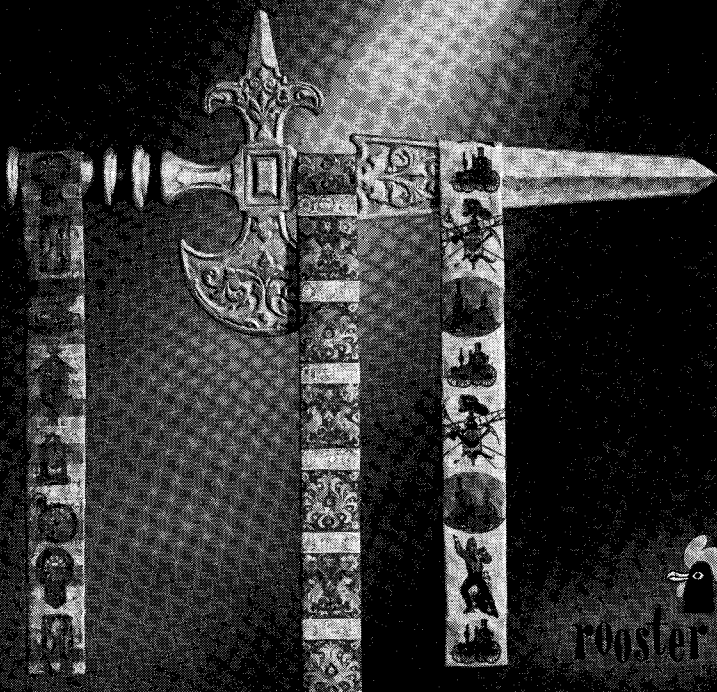
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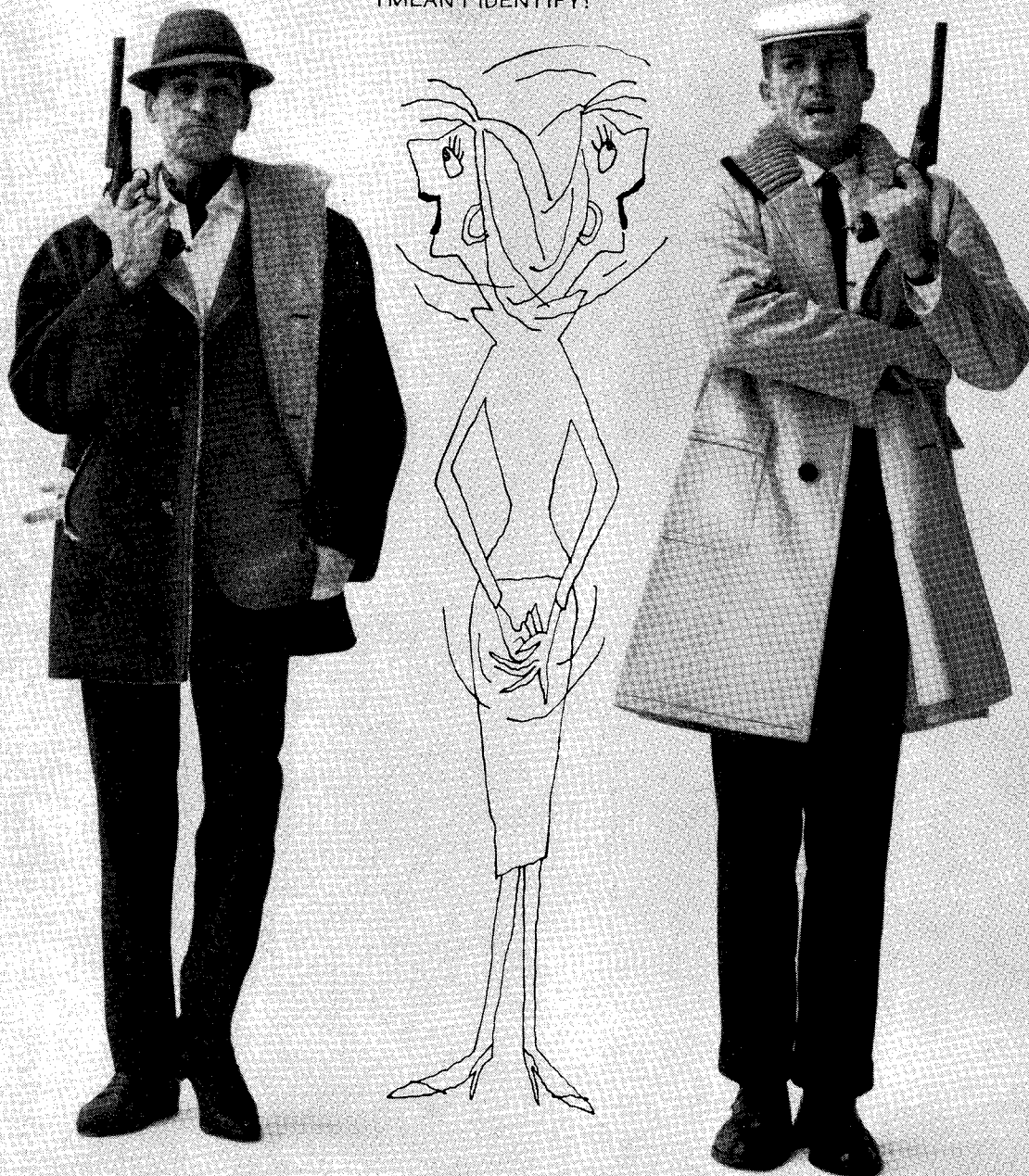
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may mean, but I knew that Elijah's meaning and mine were not the same. I said yes, I was trying to be me, but I did not know how to say more than that, and so I waited.

Whenever Elijah spoke, a kind of chorus arose from the table, saying "Yes, that's right." This began to set my teeth on edge. And Elijah himself had a further, unnerving habit, which was to ricochet his questions and comments off someone else on their way to you. Now, turning to the man on his right, he began to speak of the white devils with whom I had last appeared on TV: What had they made *him* (me) feel? I could not answer this and was not absolutely certain that I was expected to. The people referred to had certainly made me feel exasperated and useless, but I did not think of them as devils. Elijah went on about the crimes of white people, to this endless chorus of "Yes, that's right." Someone at the table said, "The white man sure *is* a devil. He proves that by his own actions." I looked around. It was a very young man who had said this, scarcely more than a boy—very dark and sober, very bitter. Elijah began to speak of the Christian religion, of Christians, in this same soft, joking way. I began to see that Elijah's power came from his single-mindedness. There is nothing calculated about him; he means every word he says. The real reason, according to Elijah, that I failed to realize that the white man was a devil was that I had been too long exposed to white teaching and had never received true instruction. "The so-called American Negro" is the only reason Allah has permitted the United States to endure so long; the white man's time was up in 1913, but it is the will of Allah that this lost black nation, the black men of this country, be redeemed from their white masters and returned to the true faith, which is Islam. Until this is done—and it will be accomplished very soon—the total destruction of the white man is being delayed. Elijah's mission is to return "the so-called Negro" to



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 REALLY I GO FOR YOU BOTH.
 DEEP DOWN INSIDE,
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Islam, to separate the chosen of Allah from this doomed nation. Furthermore, the white man knows his history, knows himself to be a devil, and knows that his time is running out, and all his technology, psychology, science, and "trick-nology" are being expended in the effort to prevent black men from hearing the truth. This truth is that at the very beginning of time there was not one white face to be found in all the universe. Black men ruled the earth and the black man was perfect. This is the truth concerning the era that white men now refer to as prehistoric. They want black men to believe that they, like white men, once lived in caves and swung from trees and ate their meat raw and did not have the power of speech. But this is not true. Black men were never in such a condition. Allah allowed the Devil, through his scientists, to carry on infernal experiments, which resulted, finally, in the creation of the devil known as the white man, and later, even more disastrously, in the creation of the white woman. And it was decreed that these monstrous creatures should rule the earth for a certain number of years—I forget how many thousand, but, in any case, their rule now is ending, and Allah, who had never approved of the creation of the white man in the first place (who knows him, in fact, to be not a man at all but a devil), is anxious to restore the rule of peace that the rise of the white man totally destroyed. There is thus, by definition, no virtue in white people, and since they are another creation entirely and can no more, by breeding, become black than a cat, by breeding, can become a horse, there is no hope for them.

There is nothing new in this merciless formulation except the explicitness of its symbols and the candor of its hatred. Its emotional tone is as familiar to me as my own skin; it is but another way of saying that *sinners shall be bound in Hell a thousand years*. That sinners have always, for American Negroes, been white is a truth we needn't labor, and every American Negro, therefore, risks having the gates of paranoia close on him. In a society that is entirely hostile, and, by its nature, seems determined to cut you down—that has cut down so many in the past and cuts down so many every day—it begins to be almost impossible to distinguish a real from a fancied injury. One can very quickly cease to attempt this distinction, and, what is worse, one usually ceases to attempt it without realizing that one has done so. All door-

men, for example, and all policemen have by now, for me, become exactly the same, and my style with them is designed simply to intimidate them before they can intimidate me. No doubt I am guilty of some injustice here, but it is irreducible, since I cannot risk assuming that the humanity of these people is more real to them than their uniforms. Most Negroes cannot risk assuming that the humanity of white people is more real to them than their color. And this leads, imperceptibly but inevitably, to a state of mind in which, having long ago learned to expect the worst, one finds it very easy to believe the worst. The brutality with which Negroes are treated in this country simply cannot be overstated, however unwilling white men may be to hear it. In the beginning—and neither can this be overstated—a Negro just cannot *believe* that white people are treating him as they do; he does not know what he has done to merit it. And when he realizes that the treatment accorded him has nothing to do with anything he has done, that the attempt of white people to destroy him—for that is what it is—is utterly gratuitous, it is not hard for him to think of white people as devils. For the horrors of the American Negro's life there has been almost no language. The privacy of his experience, which is only beginning to be recognized in language, and which is denied or ignored in official and popular speech—hence the Negro idiom—lends credibility to any system that pretends to clarify it. And, in fact, the truth about the black man, as a historical entity and as a human being, *has* been hidden from him, deliberately and cruelly; the power of the white world is threatened whenever a black man refuses to accept the white world's definitions. So every attempt is made to cut that black man down—not only was made yesterday but is made today. Who, then, is to say with authority where the root of so much anguish and evil lies? Why, then, is it not possible that all things began with the black man and that he was perfect—especially since this is precisely the claim that white people have put forward for themselves all these years? Furthermore, it is now absolutely clear that white people are a minority in the world—so severe a minority that they now look rather more like an invention—and that they cannot possibly hope to rule it any longer. If this is so, why is it not also possible that they achieved their original dominance by stealth and cunning and bloodshed and in opposition to the will



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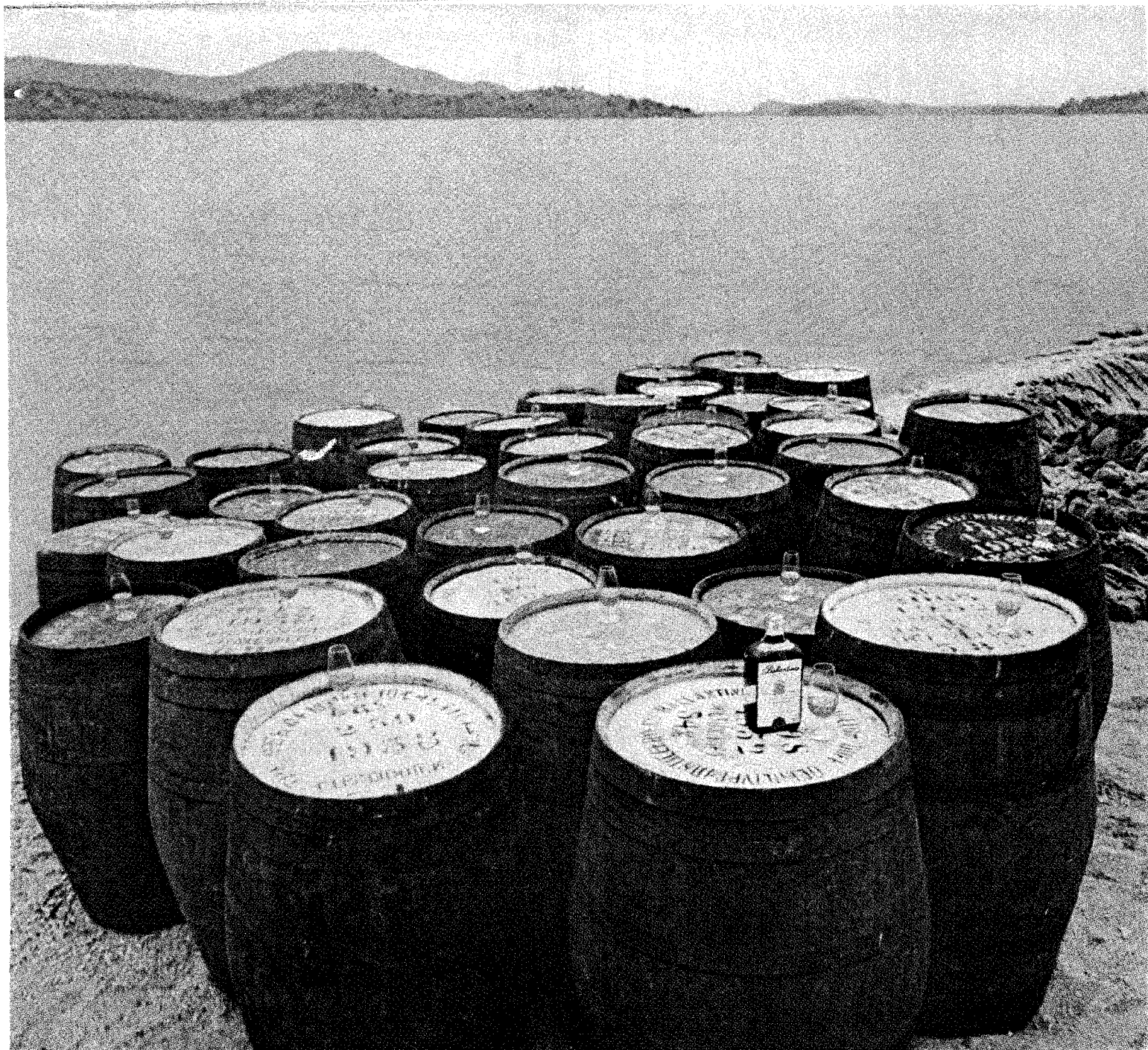
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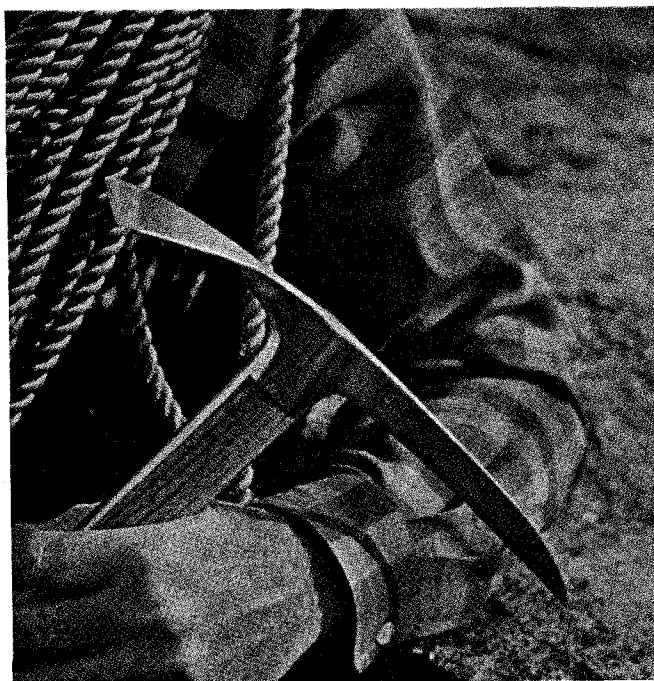
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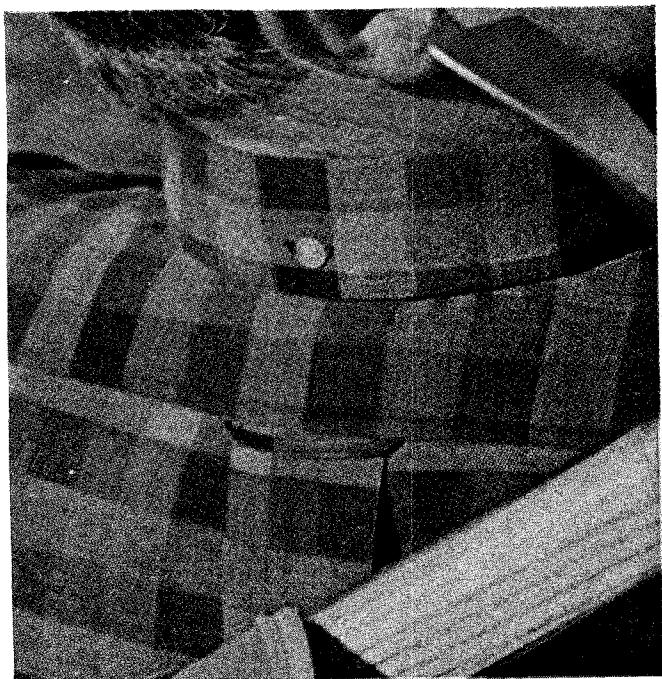
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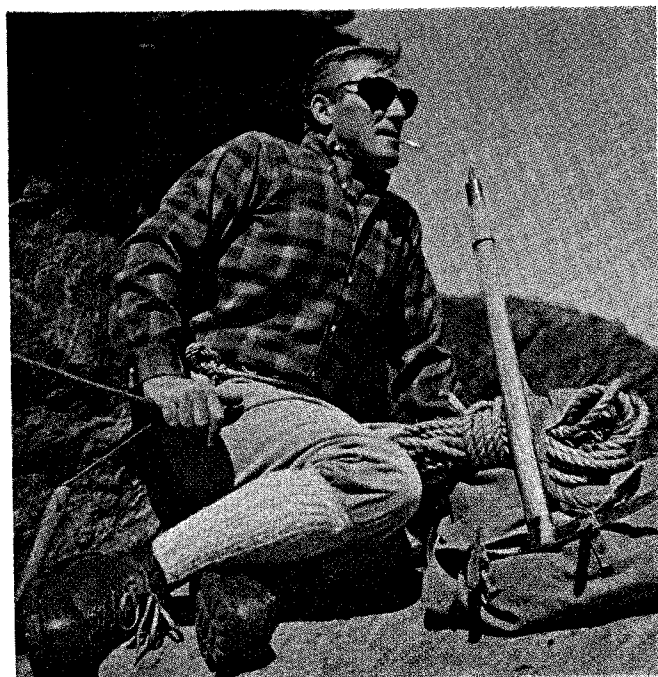
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tainly had no evidence to give them that would outweigh Elijah's authority or the evidence of their own lives or the reality of the streets outside. Yes, I knew two or three people, white, whom I would trust with my life, and I knew a few others, white, who were struggling as hard as they knew how, and with great effort and sweat and risk, to make the world more human. But how could I say this? One cannot argue with anyone's experience or decision or belief. All my evidence would be thrown out of court as irrelevant to the main body of the case, for I could cite only exceptions. The South Side proved the justice of the indictment; the state of the world proved the justice of the indictment. Everything else, stretching back throughout recorded time, was merely a history of those exceptions who had tried to change the world and had failed. Was this true? *Had* they failed? How much depended on the point of view! For it would seem that a certain category of exceptions never failed to make the world worse—that category, precisely, for whom power is more real than love. And yet power *is* real, and many things, including, very often, love, cannot be achieved without it. In the eeriest way possible, I suddenly had a glimpse of what white people must go through at a dinner table when they are trying to prove that Negroes are not subhuman. I had almost said, after all, "Well, take my friend Mary," and very nearly descended to a catalogue of those virtues that gave Mary the right to be alive. And in what hope? That Elijah and the others would nod their heads solemnly and say, at last, "Well, *she's* all right—but the *others!*"

And I looked again at the young faces around the table, and looked back at Elijah, who was saying that no people in history had ever been respected who had



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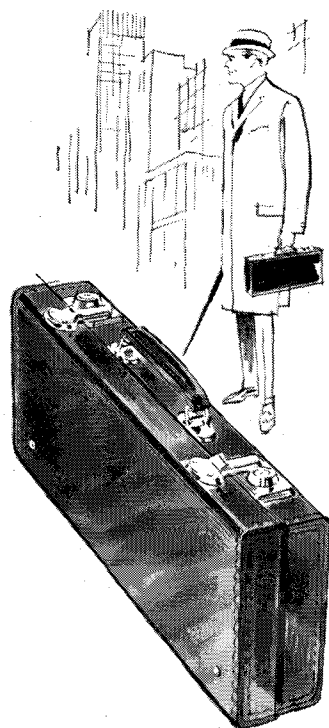
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not owned their land. And the table said, "Yes, that's right." I could not deny the truth of this statement. For everyone else has, *is*, a nation, with a specific location and a flag—even, these days, the Jew. It is only "the so-called American Negro" who remains trapped, disinherited, and despised, in a nation that has kept him in bondage for nearly four hundred years and is still unable to recognize him as a human being. And the Black Muslims, along with many people who are not Muslims, no longer wish for a recognition so grudging and (should it ever be achieved) so tardy. Again, it cannot be denied that this point of view is abundantly justified by American Negro history. It is galling indeed to have stood so long, hat in hand, waiting for Americans to grow up enough to realize that you do not threaten them. On the other hand, how is the American Negro now to form himself into a separate nation? For this—and not only from the Muslim point of view—would seem to be his only hope of not perishing in the American backwater and being entirely and forever forgotten, as though he had never existed at all and his travail had been for nothing.

Elijah's intensity and the bitter isolation and disaffection of these young men and the despair of the streets outside had caused me to glimpse dimly what may now seem to be a fantasy, although, in an age so fantastical, I would hesitate to say precisely what a fantasy is. Let us say that the Muslims were to achieve the possession of the six or seven states that they claim are owed to Negroes by the United States as "back payment" for slave labor. Clearly, the United States would never surrender this territory, on any terms whatever, unless it found it impossible, for whatever reason, to hold it—unless, that is, the United States were to be reduced as a world power, exactly the way, and at the same degree of speed, that England has been forced to relinquish her Empire. (It is simply not true—and the state of her ex-colonies proves this—that England "always meant to go.") If the states were Southern states—and the Muslims seem to favor this—then the borders of a hostile Latin America would be raised, in effect, to, say, Maryland. Of the American borders on the sea, one would face toward a powerless Europe and the other toward an untrustworthy and non-white East, and on the North, after Canada, there would be only Alaska, which is a Russian border. The effect of this would be that the white people of the United States and Canada would find themselves marooned on a hostile



Striped Oxford

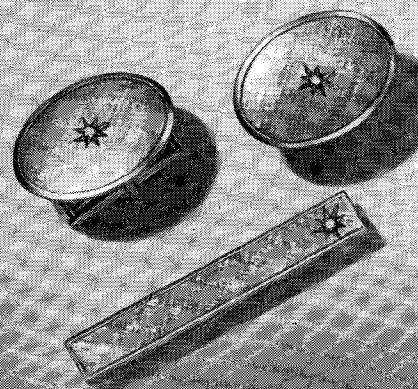
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Well, I...



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Yes Jayne, South America is fun. Sorry, I can't go with you. Don't cry, I am going before you on February 12th and everyone's invited with me, too. (Besides, my name Jose, not Bill.)

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Now for the summary. You'll find the countries we mentioned are spectacular — in history, scenery, wonders, wonderful people, resorts, food, shopping, night-life, beaches etc. Miss Meadows, born in China, has traveled all over the world. We cannot conceive of a more perfect tour guide. (The qualifications of Sr. Jimenez-Dana need hardly be elaborated.) Of South America, Miss Meadows says: "Marvelous place! Can't wait to go." Of Braniff and Eastern, Sr. Jimenez says: "They are *him* dandy."

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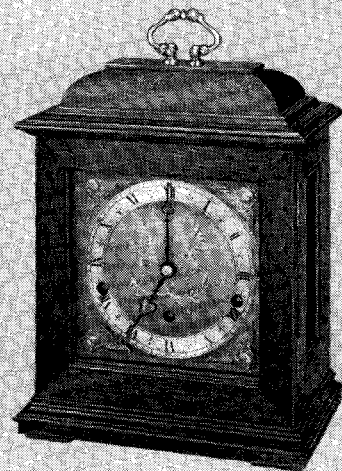
continent, with the rest of the white world probably unwilling and certainly unable to come to their aid. All this is not, to my mind, the most imminent of possibilities, but if I were a Muslim, this is the possibility that I would find myself holding in the center of my mind, and driving toward. And if I were a Muslim, I would not hesitate to utilize—or, indeed, to exacerbate—the social and spiritual discontent that reigns here, for, at the very worst, I would merely have contributed to the destruction of a house I hated, and it would not matter if I perished, too. One has been perishing here so long!

And what were they thinking around the table? "I've come," said Elijah, "to give you something which can never be taken away from you." How solemn the table became then, and how great a light rose in the dark faces! This is the message that has spread through streets and tenements and prisons, through the narcotics wards, and past the filth and sadism of mental hospitals to a people from whom everything has been taken away, including, most crucially, their sense of their own worth. People cannot live without this sense; they will do anything whatever to regain it. This is why the most dangerous creation of any society is that man who has nothing to lose. You do not need ten such men—one will do. And Elijah, I should imagine, has had nothing to lose since the day he saw his father's blood rush out—rush down, and splash, so the legend has it, down through the leaves of a tree, on him. But neither did the other men around the table have anything to lose. "Return to your true religion," Elijah has written. "Throw off the chains of the slavemaster, the devil, and return to the fold. Stop drinking his alcohol, using his dope—protect your women—and forsake the filthy swine." I remembered my buddies of years ago, in the hallways, with their wine and their whiskey and their tears; in hallways still, frozen on the needle; and my brother saying to me once, "If Harlem didn't have so many churches and junkies, there'd be blood flowing in the streets." *Protect your women:* a difficult thing to do in a civilization sexually so pathetic that the white man's masculinity depends on a denial of the masculinity of the blacks. *Protect your women:* in a civilization that emasculates the male and abuses the female, and in which, moreover, the male is forced to depend on the female's bread-winning power. *Protect your women:* in the teeth of the white man's boast "We figure we're doing you folks a fa-

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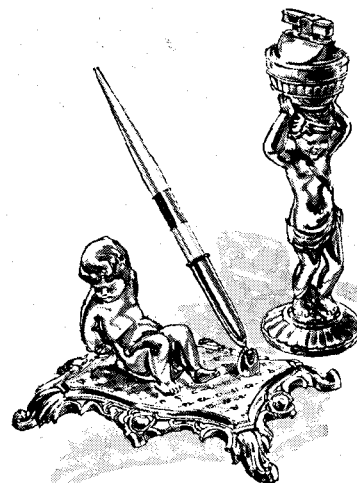
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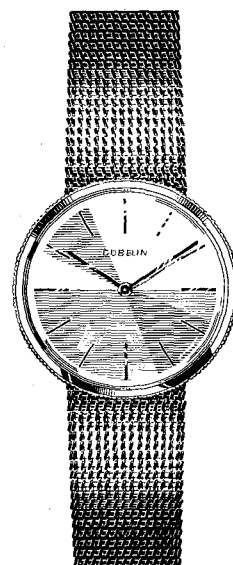
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vor by pumping some white blood into your kids," and while facing the Southern shotgun and the Northern billy. Years ago, we used to say, "Yes, I'm black, goddammit, and I'm beautiful!"—in defiance, into the void. But now—now—African kings and heroes have come into the world, out of the past, the past that can now be put to the uses of power. And black has *become* a beautiful color—not because it is loved but because it is feared. And this urgency on the part of American Negroes is *not to be forgotten!* As they watch black men elsewhere rise, the promise held out, at last, that they may walk the earth with the authority with which white men walk, protected by the power that white men shall have no longer, is enough, and more than enough, to empty prisons and pull God down from Heaven. It has happened before, many times, before color was invented, and the hope of Heaven has always been a metaphor for the achievement of this particular state of grace. The song says, "I know my robe's going to fit me well. I tried it on at the gates of Hell."

It was time to leave, and we stood in the large living room, saying good night, with everything curiously and heavily unresolved. I could not help feeling that I had failed a test, in their eyes and in my own, or that I had failed to heed a warning. Elijah and I shook hands, and he asked me where I was going. Wherever it was, I would be driven there—"because, when we invite someone here," he said, "we take the responsibility of protecting him from the white devils until he gets wherever it is he's going." I was, in fact, going to have a drink with several white devils on the other side of town. I confess that for a fraction of a second I hesitated to give the address—the kind of address that in Chicago, as in all American cities, identified itself as a white address by virtue of its location. But I did give it, and Elijah and I walked out onto the steps, and one of the young men vanished to get the car. It was very strange to stand with Elijah for those few moments, facing those vivid, violent, so problematical streets. I felt very close to him, and really wished to be able to love and honor him as a witness, an ally, and a father. I felt that I knew something of his pain and his fury, and, yes, even his beauty. Yet precisely because of the reality and the nature of those streets—because of what he conceived as his responsibility and what I took to be mine—we would always be strangers, and possibly, one day, enemies. The car arrived—a gleaming, metallic, grossly



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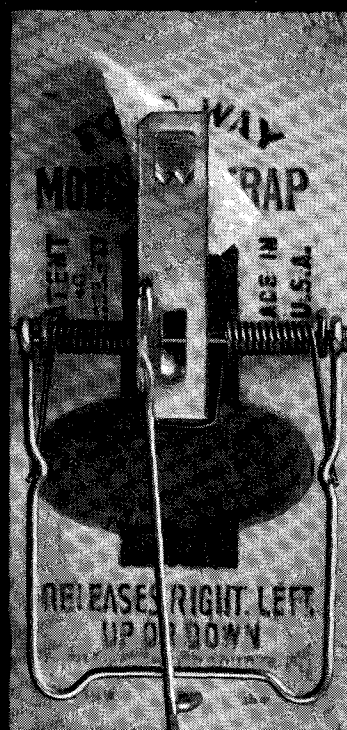
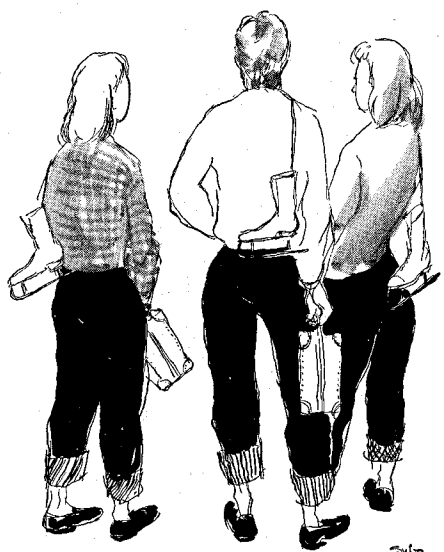
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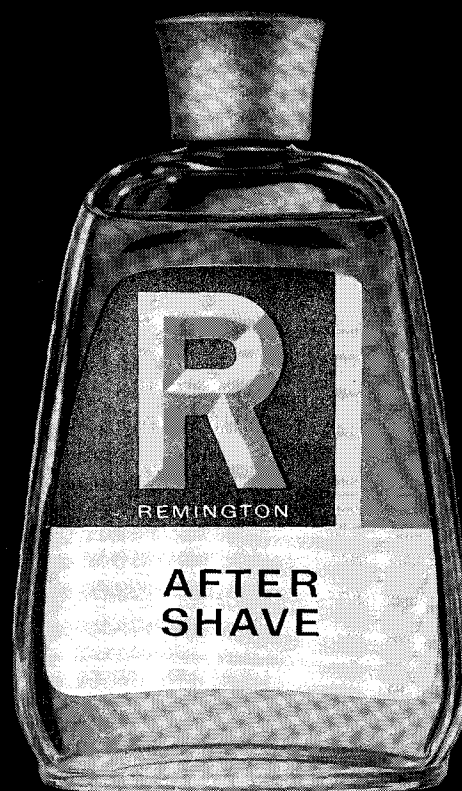
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American blue—and Elijah and I shook hands and said good night once more. He walked into his mansion and shut the door.

The driver and I started on our way through dark, murmuring—and, at this hour, strangely beautiful—Chicago, along the lake. We returned to the discussion of the land. How were we—Negroes—to get this land? I asked this of the dark boy who had said earlier, at the table, that the white man's actions proved him to be a devil. He spoke to me first of the Muslim temples that were being built, or were about to be built, in various parts of the United States, of the strength of the Muslim following, and of the amount of money that is annually at the disposal of Negroes—something like twenty billion dollars. "That alone shows you how strong we are," he said. But, I persisted, cautiously, and in somewhat different terms, this twenty billion dollars, or whatever it is, depends on the total economy of the United States. What happens when the Negro is no longer a part of this economy? Leaving aside the fact that in order for this to happen the economy of the United States will itself have had to undergo radical and certainly disastrous changes, the American Negro's spending power will obviously no longer be the same. On what, then, will the economy of this separate nation be based? The boy gave me a rather strange look. I said hurriedly, "I'm not saying it *can't* be done—I just want to know *how* it's to be done." I was thinking, In order for this to happen, your entire frame of reference will have to change, and you will be forced to surrender many things that you now scarcely know you have. I didn't feel that the things I had in mind, such as the pseudo-elegant heap of tin in which we were riding, had any very great



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value. But life would be very different without them, and I wondered if he had thought of this.

How can one, however, dream of power in any other terms than in the symbols of power? The boy could see that freedom depended on the possession of land; he was persuaded that, in one way or another, Negroes must achieve this possession. In the meantime, he could walk the streets and fear nothing, because there were millions like him, coming soon, now, to power. He was held together, in short, by a dream—though it is just as well to remember that some dreams come true—and was united with his "brothers" on the basis of their color. Perhaps one cannot ask for more. People always seem to band together according to a principle that has nothing to do with love, a principle that releases them from personal responsibility.

Yet I could have hoped that the Muslim movement had been able to inculcate in the demoralized Negro population a truer and more individual sense of its own worth, so that Negroes in the Northern ghettos could begin, in concrete terms, and at whatever price, to change their situation. But in order to change a situation one has first to see it for what it is: in the present case, to accept the fact, whatever one does with it thereafter, that the Negro has been formed by this nation, for better or for worse, and does not belong to any other—not to Africa, and certainly not to Islam. The paradox—and a fearful paradox it is—is that the American Negro can have no future anywhere, on any continent, as long as he is unwilling to accept his past. To accept one's past—one's history—is not the same thing as drowning in it; it is learning how to use it. An invented past can never be used; it cracks and crumbles under the pressures of life like clay in a season of drought. How can the American Negro's past be used? The unprecedented price demanded—and at this embattled hour of the world's history—is the transcendence of the realities of color, of nations, and of altars.

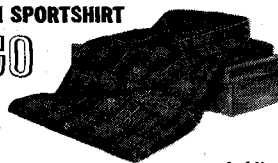
"Anyway," the boy said suddenly, after a very long silence, "things won't ever again be the way they used to be. I know that."

And so we arrived in enemy territory, and they set me down at the enemy's door.

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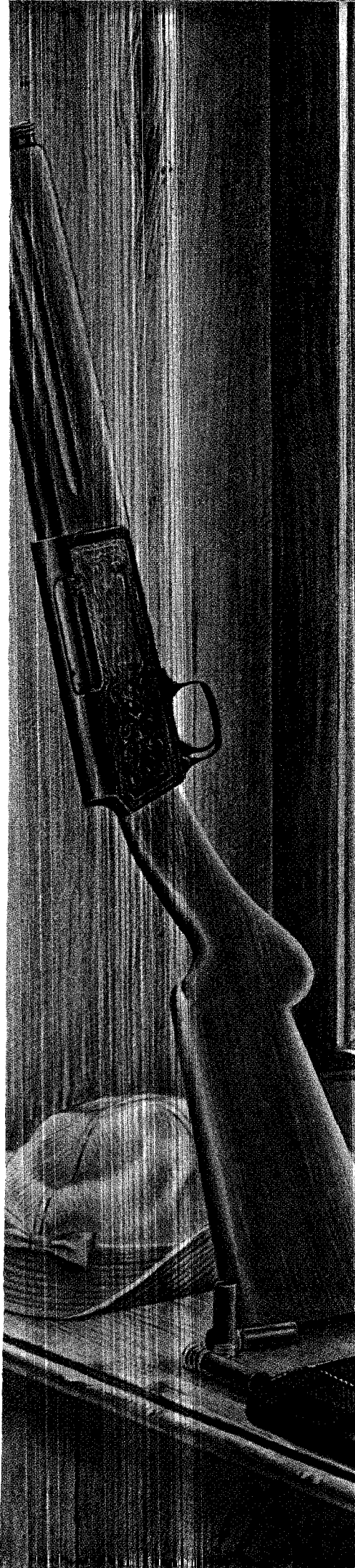
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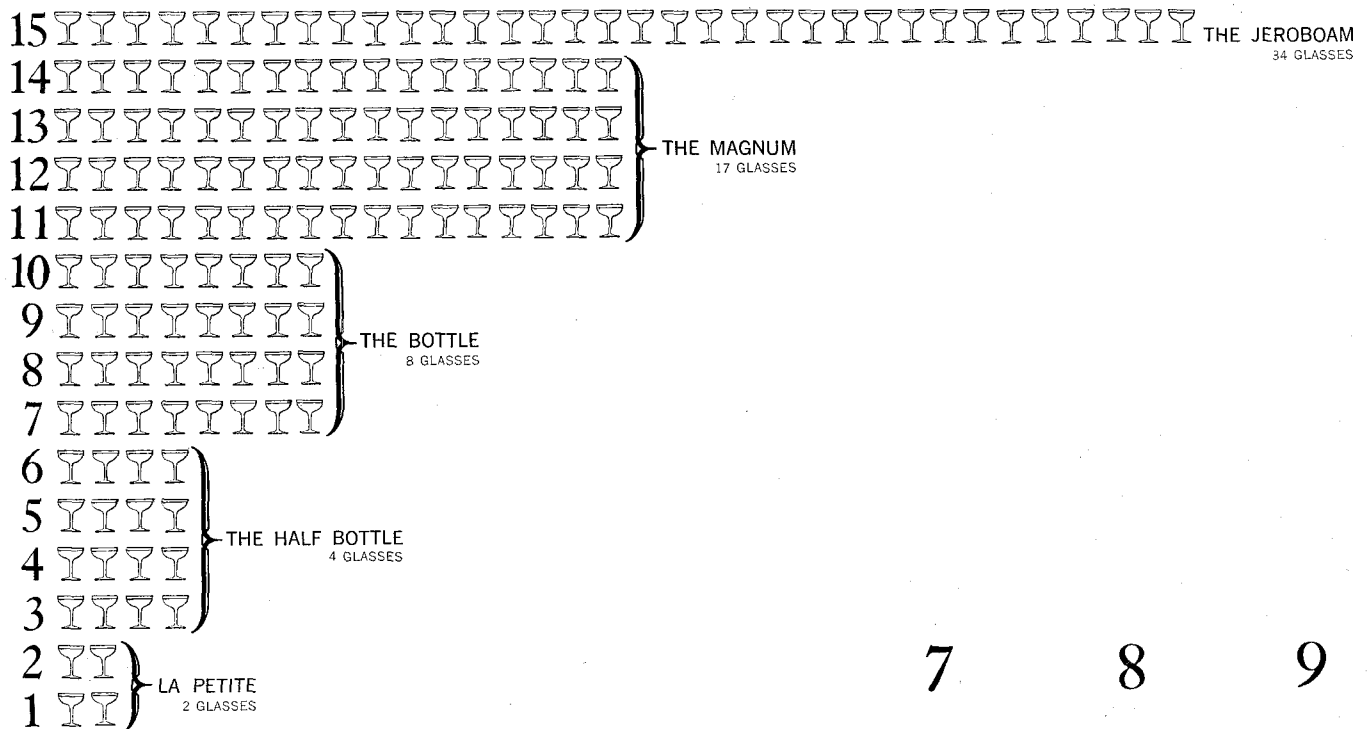
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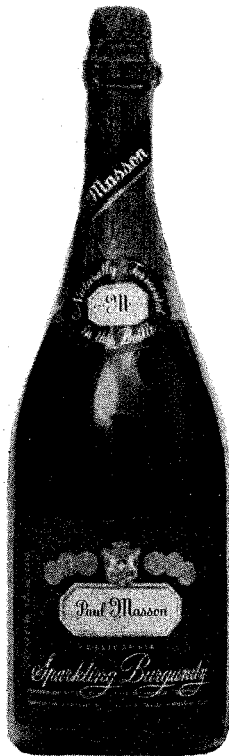
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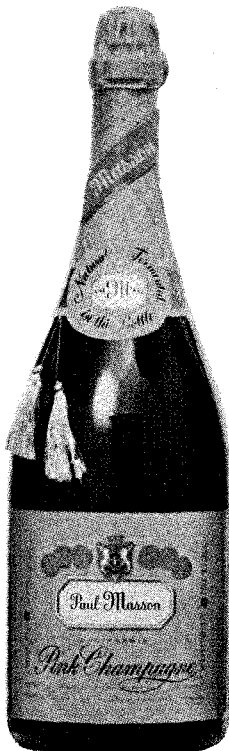
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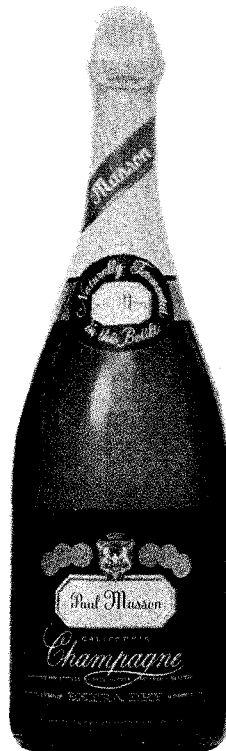
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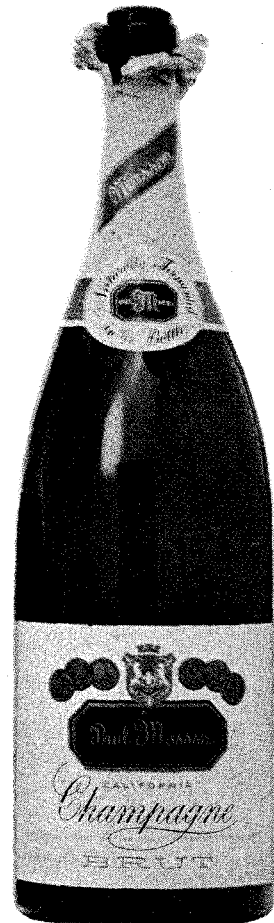
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13



14



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effect that people like the Birchites and certain Texas oil millionaires look with favor on the movement. I have no way of knowing whether there is any truth to the rumors, though since these people make such a point of keeping the races separate, I wouldn't be surprised if for this smoke there was some fire. In any case, during a recent Muslim rally, George Lincoln Rockwell, the chief of the American Nazi party, made a point of contributing about twenty dollars to the cause, and he and Malcolm X decided that, racially speaking, anyway, they were in complete agreement. The glorification of one race and the consequent debasement of another—or others—always has been and always will be a recipe for murder. There is no way around this. If one is permitted to treat any group of people with special disfavor because of their race or the color of their skin, there is no limit to what one will force them to endure, and, since the entire race has been mysteriously indicted, no reason not to attempt to destroy it root and branch. This is precisely what the Nazis attempted. Their only originality lay in the means they used. It is scarcely worthwhile to attempt remembering how many times the sun has looked down on the slaughter of the innocents. I am very much concerned that American Negroes achieve their freedom here in the United States. But I am also concerned for their dignity, for the health of their souls, and must oppose any attempt that Negroes may make to do to others what has been done to them. I think I know—we see it around us every day—the spiritual wasteland to which that road leads. It is so simple a fact and one that is so hard, apparently, to grasp: *Whoever debases others is debasing himself*. That is not a mystical statement but a most realistic one, which is proved by the eyes of any Alabama sheriff—and I would not like to see Negroes ever arrive at so wretched a condition.

Now, it is extremely unlikely that Negroes will ever rise to power in the United States, because they are only approximately a ninth of this nation. They are not in the position of the Africans, who are attempting to reclaim their land and break the colonial yoke and recover from the colonial experience. The Negro situation is dangerous in a different way, both for the Negro qua Negro and for the country of which he forms so troubled and troubling a part. The American Negro is a unique creation; he has no counterpart anywhere, and no predecessors. The

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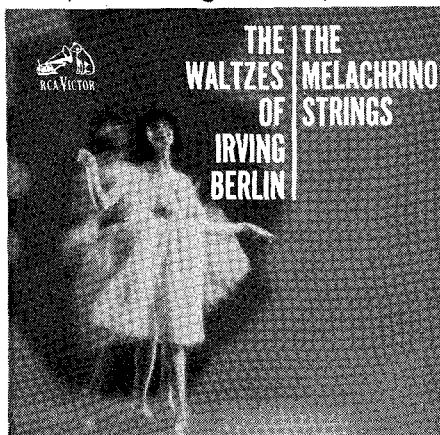
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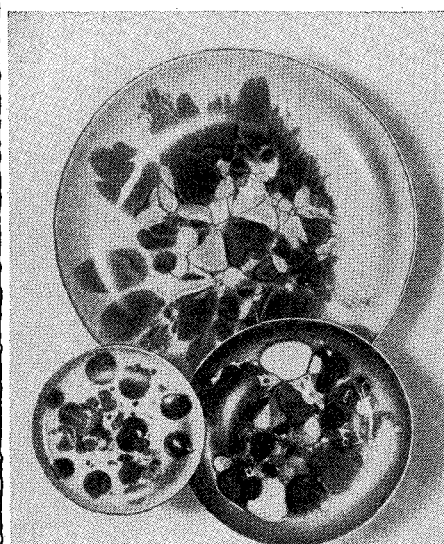
Muslims react to this fact by referring to the Negro as "the so-called American Negro" and substituting for the names inherited from slavery the letter "X." It is a fact that every American Negro bears a name that originally belonged to the white man whose chattel he was. I am called Baldwin because I was either sold by my African tribe or kidnapped out of it into the hands of a white Christian named Baldwin, who forced me to kneel at the foot of the cross. I am, then, both visibly and legally the descendant of slaves in a white, Protestant country, and this is what it means to be an American Negro, this is who he is—a kidnapped pagan, who was sold like an animal and treated like one, who was once defined by the American Constitution as "three-fifths" of a man, and who, according to the Dred Scott decision, had no rights that a white man was bound to respect. And today, a hundred years after his technical emancipation, he remains—with the possible exception of the American Indian—the most despised creature in his country. Now, there is simply no possibility of a real change in the Negro's situation without the most radical and far-reaching changes in the American political and social structure. And it is clear that white Americans are not simply unwilling to effect these changes; they are, in the main, so slothful have they become, unable even to envision them. It must be added that the Negro himself no longer believes in the good faith of white Americans—if, indeed, he ever could have. What the Negro has discovered, and on an international level, is that power to intimidate which he has always had privately but hitherto could manipulate only privately—for private ends often, for limited ends always. And therefore when the country speaks of a "new" Negro, which it has been doing every hour on the hour for decades, it is not really referring to a change in the Negro, which, in any case, it is quite incapable of assessing, but only to a new difficulty in keeping him in his place, to the fact that it encounters him (again! again!) barring yet another door to its spiritual and social ease. This is probably, hard and odd as it may sound, the most important thing that one human being can do for another—it is certainly *one* of the most important things; hence the torment and necessity of love—and this is the enormous contribution that the Negro has made to this otherwise shapeless and undiscovered country. Consequently, white Americans are in nothing more



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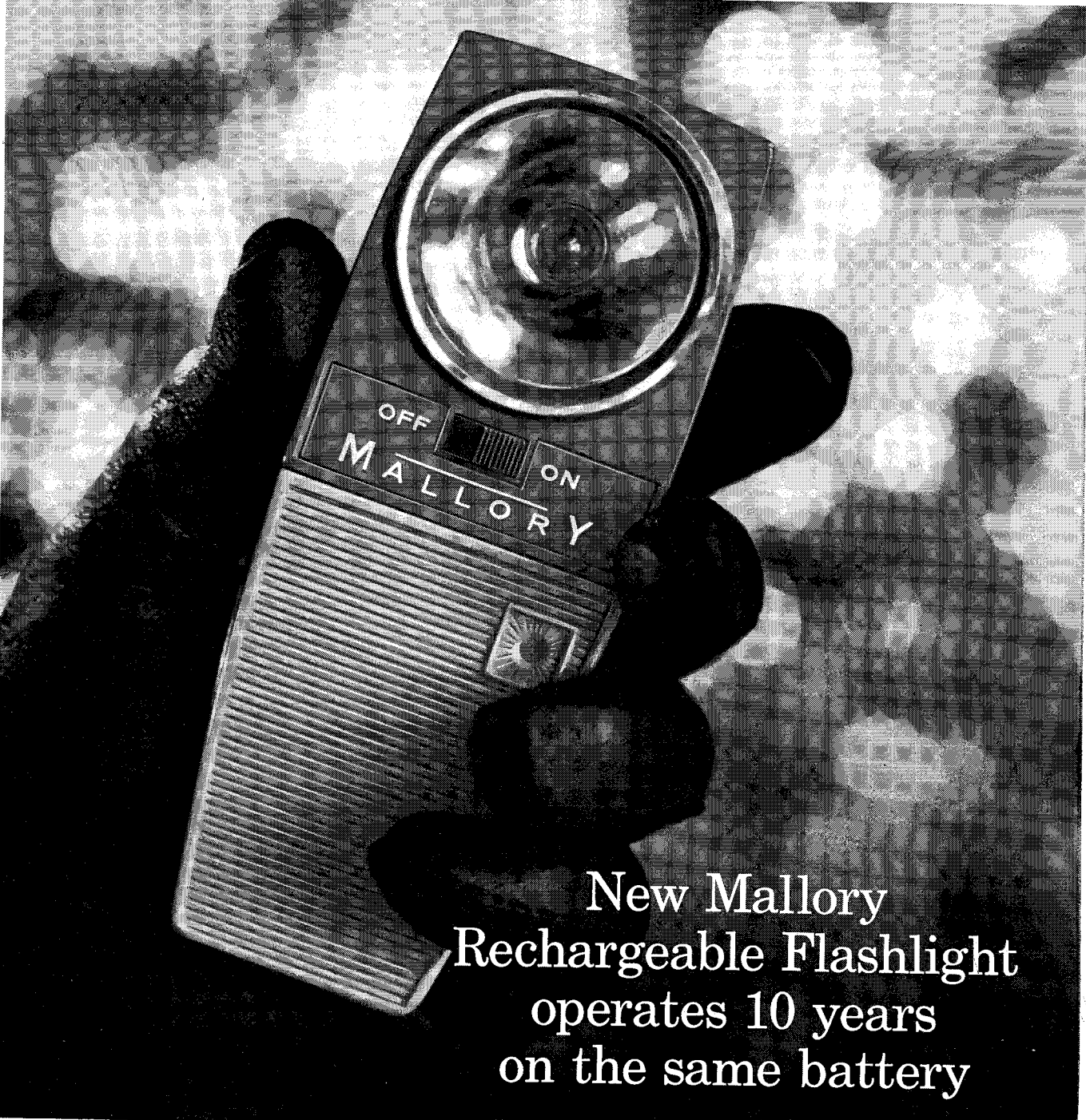
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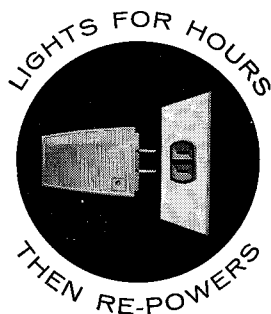


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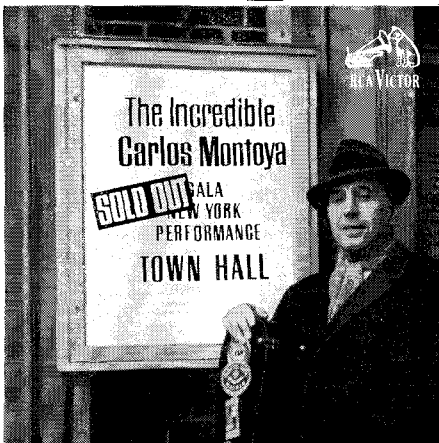


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deluded than in supposing that Negroes could ever have imagined that white people would "give" them anything. It is rare indeed that people give. Most people guard and keep; they suppose that it is they themselves and what they identify with themselves that they are guarding and keeping, whereas what they are actually guarding and keeping is their system of reality and what they assume themselves to be. One can give nothing whatever without giving oneself—that is to say, risking oneself. If one cannot risk oneself, then one is simply incapable of giving. And, after all, one can give freedom only by setting someone free. This, in the case of the Negro, the American republic has never become sufficiently mature to do. White Americans have contented themselves with gestures that are now described as "tokenism." For hard example, white Americans congratulate themselves on the 1954 Supreme Court decision outlawing segregation in the schools; they suppose, in spite of the mountain of evidence that has since accumulated to the contrary, that this was proof of a change of heart—or, as they like to say, progress. Perhaps. It all depends on how one reads the word "progress." Most of the Negroes I know do not believe that this immense concession would ever have been made if it had not been for the competition of the Cold War, and the fact that Africa was clearly liberating herself and therefore had, for political reasons, to be wooed by the descendants of her former masters. Had it been a matter of love or justice, the 1954 decision would surely have occurred sooner; were it not for the realities of power in this difficult era, it might very well not have occurred yet. This seems an extremely harsh way of stating the case—ungrateful, as it were—but the evidence that supports this way of stating it is not easily refuted. I myself do not think that it can be refuted at all. In any event, the sloppy and fatuous nature of American good will can never be relied upon to deal with hard problems. These have been dealt with, when they have been dealt with at all, out of necessity—and in political terms, anyway, necessity means concessions made in order to stay on top. I think this is a fact, which it serves no purpose to deny, *but, whether it is a fact or not, this is what the black populations of the world, including black Americans, really believe.* The word "independence" in Africa and the word "integration" here are almost equally meaningless; that is, Europe has not yet left Africa, and black



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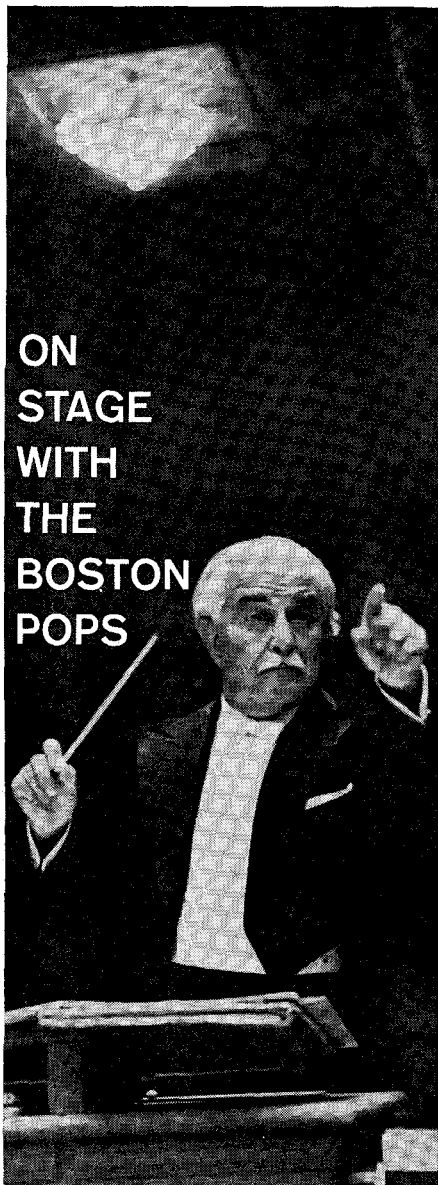
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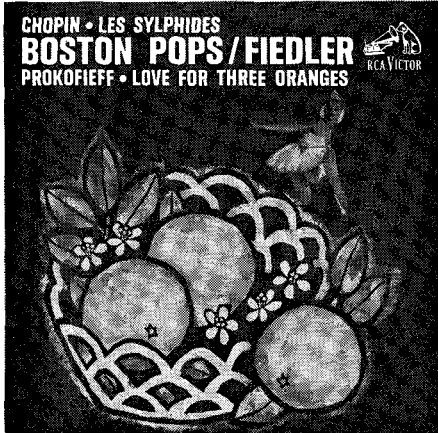
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men here are not yet free. And both of these last statements are undeniable facts, related facts, containing the gravest implications for us all. The Negroes of this country may never be able to rise to power, but they are very well placed indeed to precipitate chaos and ring down the curtain on the American dream.

This has everything to do, of course, with the nature of that dream and with the fact that we Americans, of whatever color, do not dare examine it and are far from having made it a reality. There are too many things we do not wish to know about ourselves. People are not, for example, terribly anxious to be equal (equal, after all, to what and to whom?) but they love the idea of being superior. And this human truth has an especially grinding force here, where identity is almost impossible to achieve and people are perpetually attempting to find their feet on the shifting sands of status. (Consider the history of labor in a country in which, spiritually speaking, there are no workers, only candidates for the hand of the boss's daughter.) Furthermore, I have met only a very few people—and most of these were not Americans—who had any real desire to be free. Freedom is hard to bear. It can be objected that I am speaking of political freedom in spiritual terms, but the political institutions of any nation are always menaced and are ultimately controlled by the spiritual state of that nation. We are controlled here by our confusion, far more than we know, and the American dream has therefore become something much more closely resembling a nightmare, on the private, domestic, and international levels. Privately, we cannot stand our lives and dare not examine them; domestically, we take no responsibility for (and no pride in) what goes on in our country; and, internationally, for many millions of people, we are an unmitigated disaster. Whoever doubts this last statement has only to open his ears, his heart, his mind, to the testimony of—for example—any Cuban peasant or any Spanish poet, and ask himself what *he* would feel about us if *he* were the victim of our performance in pre-Castro Cuba or in Spain. We defend our curious role in Spain by referring to the Russian menace and the necessity of protecting the free world. It has not occurred to us that we have simply been mesmerized by Russia, and that the only real advantage Russia has in what we think of as a struggle between the East and the West is the moral history of the Western world. Russia's secret weapon is the be-

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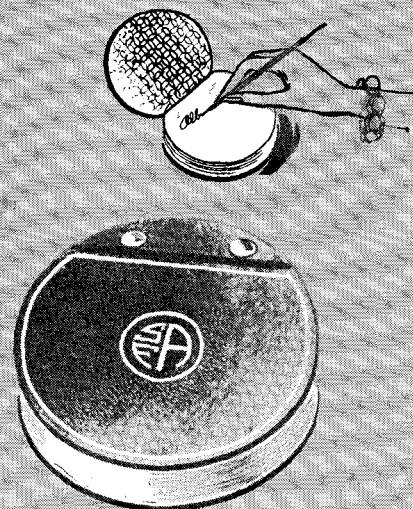
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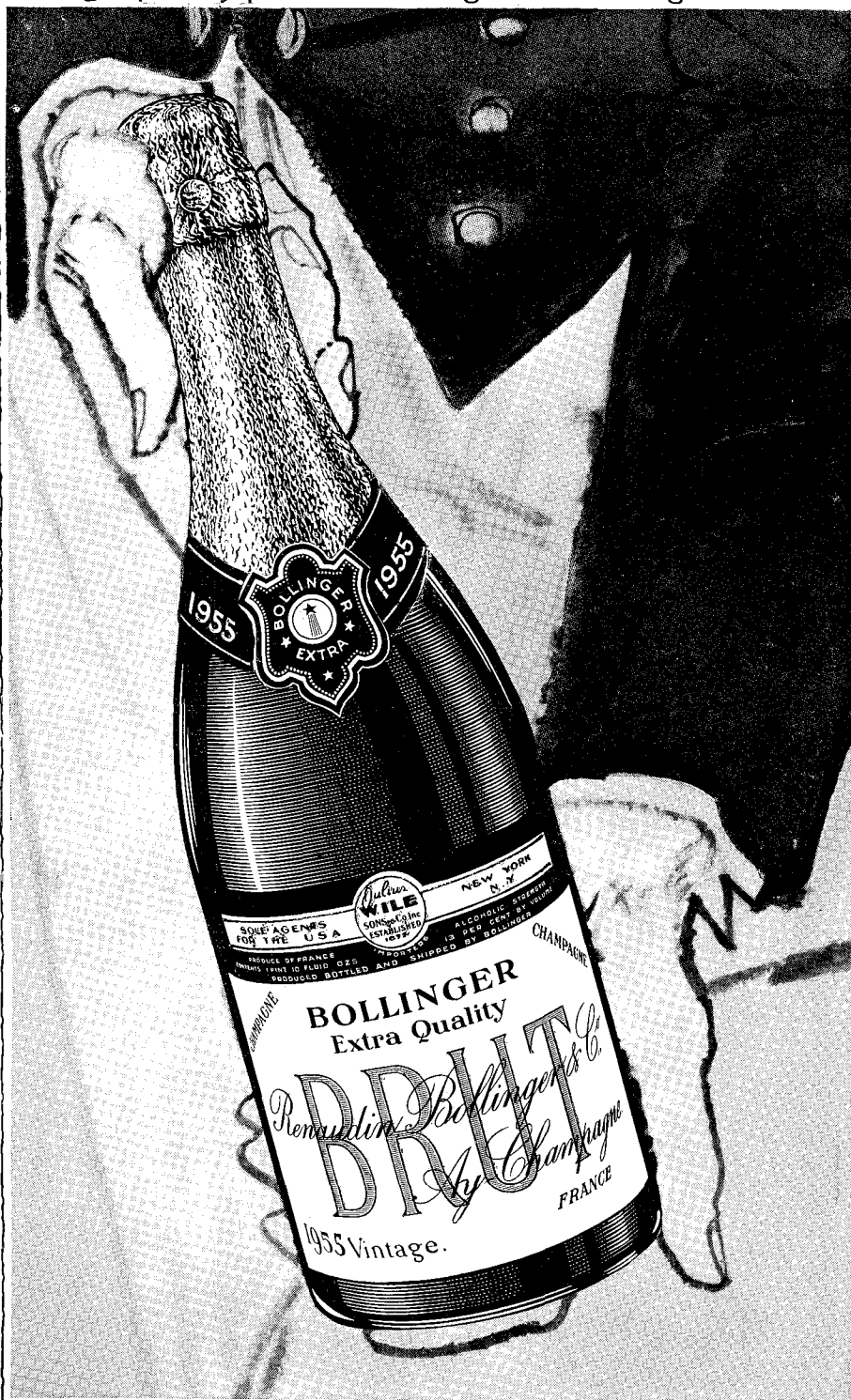
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wilderness and despair and hunger of millions of people of whose existence we are scarcely aware. The Russian Communists are not in the least concerned about these people. But our ignorance and indecision have had the effect, if not of delivering them into Russian hands, of plunging them very deeply in the Russian shadow, for which effect—and it is hard to blame them—the most articulate among them, and the most oppressed as well, distrust us all the more. Our power and our fear of change help bind these people to their misery and bewilderment, and insofar as they find this state intolerable we are intolerably menaced. For if they find their state intolerable, but are too heavily oppressed to change it, they are simply pawns in the hands of larger powers, which, in such a context, are always unscrupulous, and when, eventually, they do change their situation—as in Cuba—we are menaced more than ever, by the vacuum that succeeds all violent upheavals. We should certainly know by now that it is one thing to overthrow a dictator or repel an invader and quite another thing really to achieve a revolution. Time and time and time again, the people discover that they have merely betrayed themselves into the hands of yet another Pharaoh, who, since he was necessary to put the broken country together, will not let them go. Perhaps, people being the conundrums that they are, and having so little desire to shoulder the burden of their lives, this is what will always happen. But at the bottom of my heart I do not believe this. I think that people can be better than that, and I know that people can be better than they are. We are capable of bearing a great burden, once we discover that the burden is reality and arrive where reality is. Anyway, the point here is that we are living in an age of revolution, whether we will or no, and that America is the only Western nation with both the power and, as

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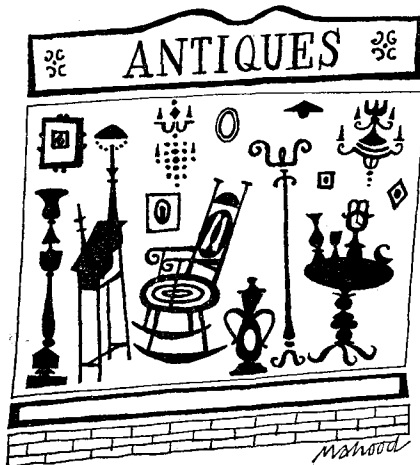


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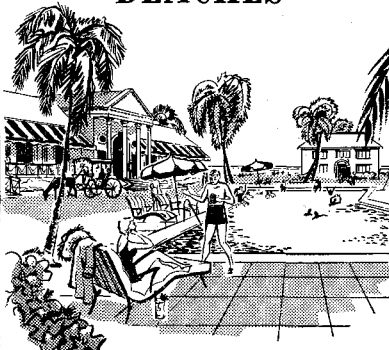
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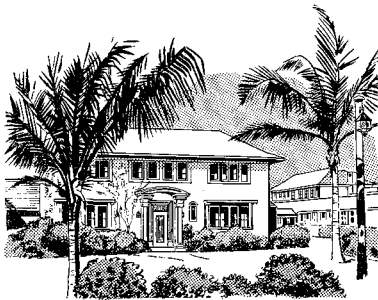
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I hope to suggest, the experience that may help to make these revolutions real and minimize the human damage. Any attempt we make to oppose these outbursts of energy is tantamount to signing our death warrant.

Behind what we think of as the Russian menace lies what we do not wish to face, and what white Americans do not face when they regard a Negro: reality—the fact that life is tragic. Life is tragic simply because the earth turns and the sun inexorably rises and sets, and one day, for each of us, the sun will go down for the last, last time. Perhaps the whole root of our trouble, the human trouble, is that we will sacrifice all the beauty of our lives, will imprison ourselves in totems, taboos, crosses, blood sacrifices, steeples, mosques, races, armies, flags, nations, in order to deny the fact of death, which is the only fact we have. It seems to me that one ought to rejoice in the fact of death—ought to decide, indeed, to *earn* one's death by confronting with passion the conundrum of life. One is responsible to life: It is the small beacon in that terrifying darkness from which we come and to which we shall return. One must negotiate this passage as nobly as possible, for the sake of those who are coming after us. But white Americans do not believe in death, and this is why the darkness of my skin so intimidates them. And this is also why the presence of the Negro in this country can bring about its destruction. It is the responsibility of free men to trust and to celebrate what is constant—birth, struggle, and death are constant, and so is love, though we may not always think so—and to apprehend the nature of change, to be able and willing to change. I speak of change not on the surface but in the depths—change in the sense of renewal. But renewal becomes impossible if one supposes things to be constant that are not—safety, for example, or money, or power. One clings then to chimeras, by which one can only be betrayed, and the entire hope—the entire possibility—of freedom disappears. And by destruction I mean precisely the abdication by Americans of any effort really to be free. The Negro can precipitate this abdication because white Americans have never, in all their long history, been able to look on him as a man like themselves. This point need not be labored; it is proved over and over again by the Negro's continuing position here, and his indescribable struggle to defeat the stratagems that white Americans have used, and use, to deny him his humanity. America could have used in

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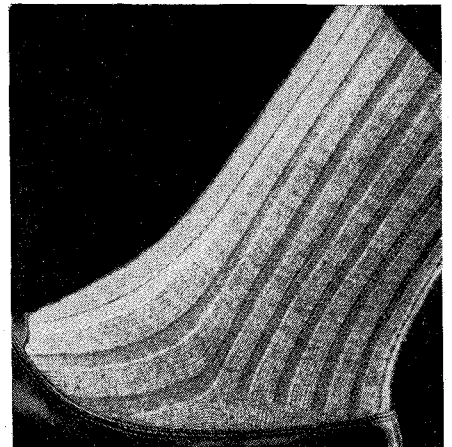
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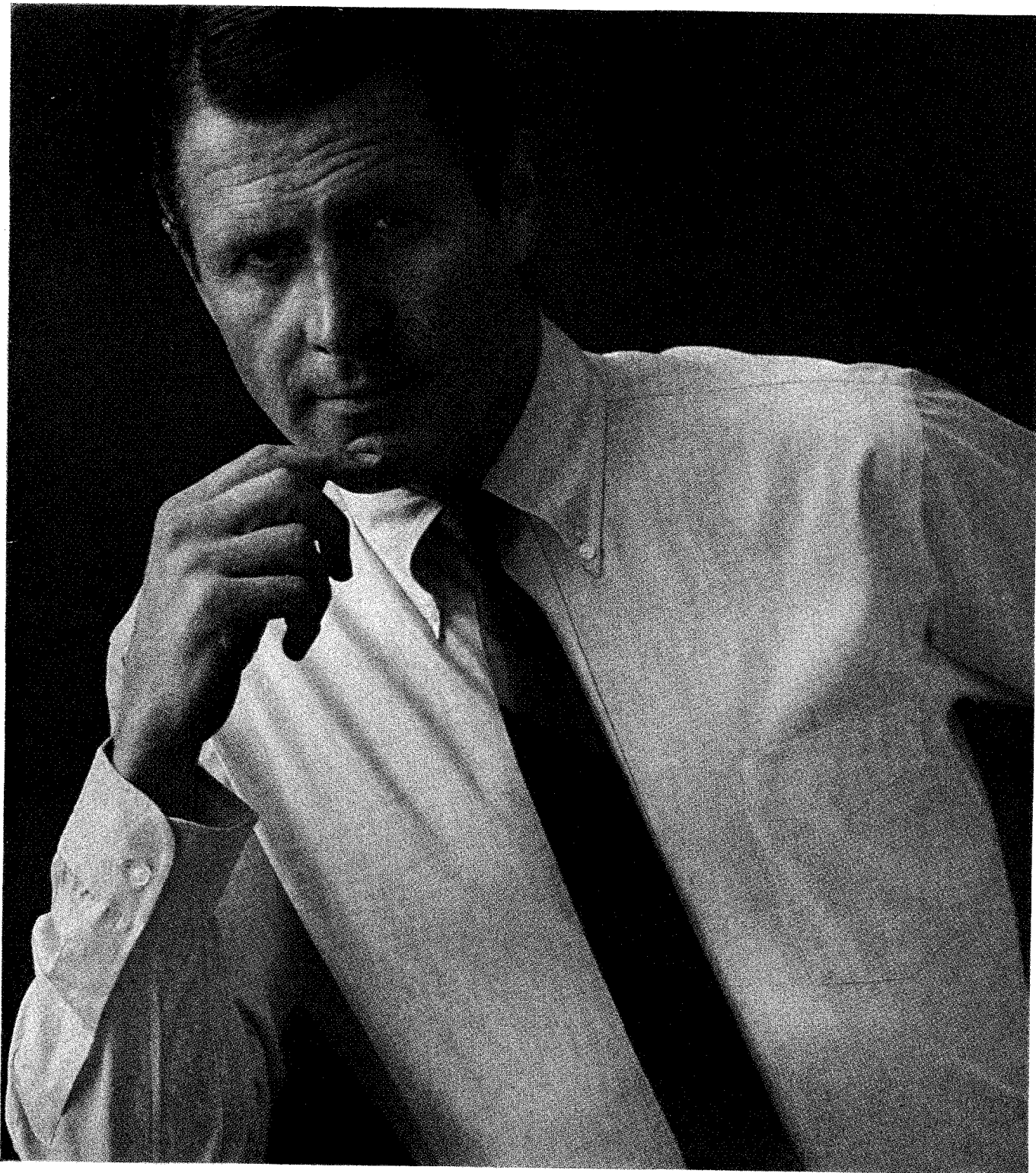


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other ways the energy that both groups have expended in this conflict. America, of all the Western nations, has been best placed to prove the uselessness and the obsolescence of the concept of color. But it has not dared to accept this opportunity, or even to conceive of it as an opportunity. White Americans have thought of it as their shame, and have envied those more civilized and elegant European nations that were untroubled by the presence of black men on their shores. This is because white Americans have supposed "Europe" and "civilization" to be synonyms—which they are not—and have been distrustful of other standards and other sources of vitality, especially those produced in America itself, and have attempted to behave in all matters as though what was east for Europe was also east for them. What it comes to is that if we, who can scarcely be considered a white nation, persist in thinking of ourselves as one, we condemn ourselves, with the truly white nations, to sterility and decay, whereas if we could accept ourselves *as we are*, we might bring new life to the Western achievements, and transform them. The price of this transformation is the unconditional freedom of the Negro; it is not too much to say that he, who has been so long rejected, must now be embraced, and at no matter what psychic or social risk. He is *the* key figure in his country, and the American future is precisely as bright or as dark as his. And the Negro recognizes this, in a negative way. Hence the question: Do I really *want* to be integrated into a burning house?

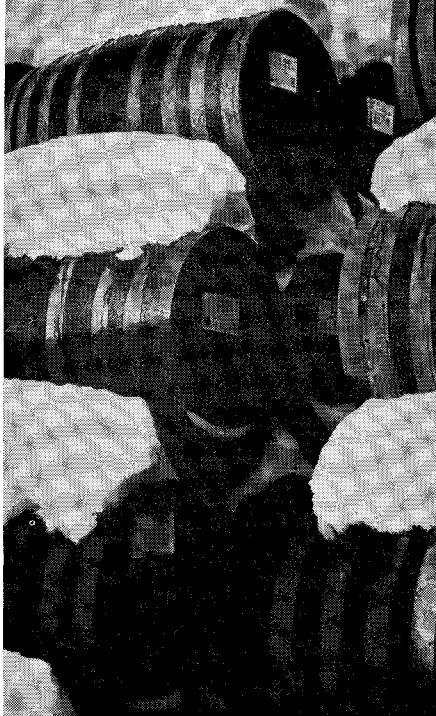
White Americans find it as difficult as white people elsewhere do to divest themselves of the notion that they are in possession of some intrinsic value that black people need, or want. And this assumption—which, for example, makes the solution to the Negro problem depend on the speed with which Negroes accept and adopt white standards—is revealed in all kinds of striking ways, from Bobby Kennedy's assurance that a Negro can become President in forty years to the unfortunate tone of warm congratulation with which so many liberals address their Negro equals. It is the Negro, of course, who is presumed to have become equal—an achievement that not only proves the comforting fact that perseverance has no color but also overwhelmingly corroborates the white man's sense of his own value. Alas, this value can scarcely be corroborated in any other way; there is certainly little enough in the white man's public or private life that one should desire to imitate. White men,



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at the bottom of their hearts, know this. Therefore, a vast amount of the energy that goes into what we call the Negro problem is produced by the white man's profound desire not to be judged by those who are not white, not to be seen as he is, and at the same time a vast amount of the white anguish is rooted in the white man's equally profound need to be seen as he is, to be released from the tyranny of his mirror. All of us know, whether or not we are able to admit it, that mirrors can only lie, that death by drowning is all that awaits one there. It is for this reason that love is so desperately sought and so cunningly avoided. Love takes off the masks that we fear we cannot live without and know we cannot live within. I use the word "love" here not merely in the personal sense but as a state of being, or a state of grace—not in the infantile American sense of being made happy but in the tough and universal sense of quest and daring and growth. And I submit, then, that the racial tensions that menace Americans today have little to do with real antipathy—on the contrary, indeed—and are involved only symbolically with color. These tensions are rooted in the very same depths as those from which love springs, or murder. The white man's unadmitted—and apparently, to him, unspeakable—private fears and longings are projected onto the Negro. The only way he can be released from the Negro's tyrannical power over him is to consent, in effect, to become black himself, to become a part of that suffering and dancing country that he now watches wistfully from the heights of his lonely power and, armed with spiritual traveller's checks, visits surreptitiously after dark. How can one respect, let alone adopt, the values of a people who do not, on any level whatever, live the way they say they do, or the way they say they should? I cannot accept the proposition that the four-hundred-year travail of the American Negro should result merely in his attainment of the present level of the American civilization. I am far from convinced that being released from the African witch doctor was worthwhile if I am now—in order to support the moral contradictions and the spiritual aridity of my life—expected to become dependent on the American psychiatrist. It is a bargain I refuse. The only thing white people have that black people need, or should want, is power—and no one holds power forever. White people cannot, in the generality, be taken as models of how to live. Rather, the white man is himself in sore need of new standards,

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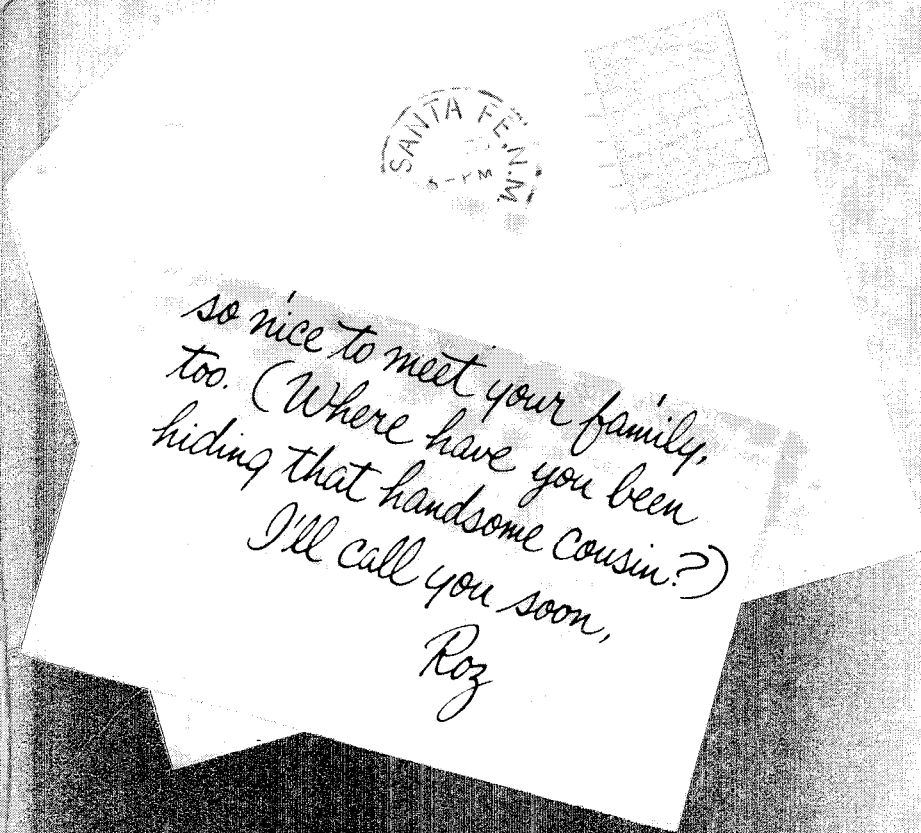
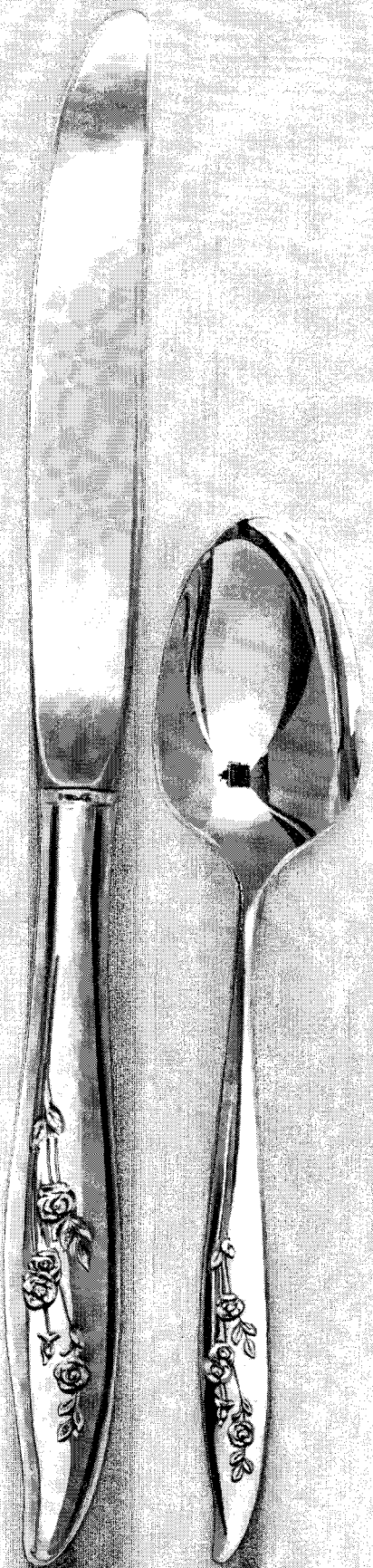
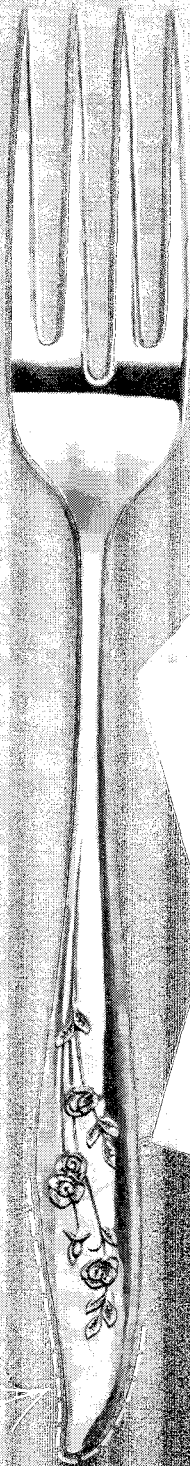
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which will release him from his confusion and place him once again in fruitful communion with the depths of his own being. And I repeat: The price of the liberation of the white people is the liberation of the blacks—the total liberation, in the cities, in the towns, before the law, and in the mind. Why, for example—especially knowing the family as I do—I should *want* to marry your sister is a great mystery to me. But your sister and I have every right to marry if we wish to, and no one has the right to stop us. If she cannot raise me to her level, perhaps I can raise her to mine.

In short, we, the black and the white, deeply need each other here if we are really to become a nation—if we are really, that is, to achieve our identity, our maturity, as men and women. To create one nation has proved to be a hideously difficult task; there is certainly no need now to create two, one black and one white. But white men with far more political power than that possessed by the Nation of Islam movement have been advocating exactly this, in effect, for generations. If this sentiment is honored when it falls from the lips of Senator Byrd, then there is no reason it should not be honored when it falls from the lips of Malcolm X. And any Congressional committee wishing to investigate the latter must also be willing to investigate the former. They are expressing exactly the same sentiments and represent exactly the same danger. There is absolutely no reason to suppose that white people are better equipped to frame the laws by which I am to be governed than I am. It is entirely unacceptable that I should have no voice in the political affairs of my own country, for I am not a ward of America; I am one of the first Americans to arrive on these shores.

This past, the Negro's past, of rope, fire, torture, castration, infanticide, rape; death and humiliation; fear by day and night, fear as deep as the marrow of the bone; doubt that he was worthy of life, since everyone around him denied it; sorrow for his women, for his kinfolk, for his children, who needed his protection, and whom he could not protect; rage, hatred, and murder, hatred for white men so deep that it often turned against him and his own, and made all love, all trust, all joy impossible—this past, this endless struggle to achieve and reveal and confirm a human identity, human authority, yet contains, for all its horror, something very beautiful. I do not mean to be sentimental about suffering—enough is certainly as good as a feast—but people who cannot suffer can



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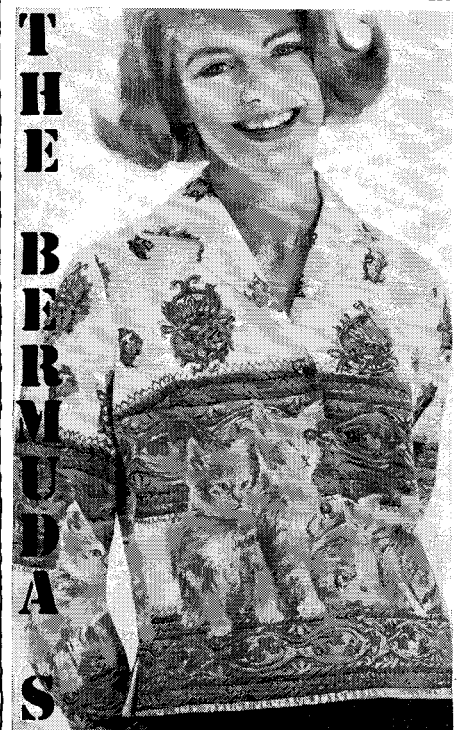
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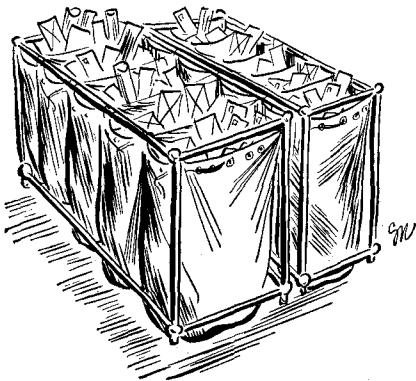
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never grow up, can never discover who they are. That man who is forced each day to snatch his manhood, his identity, out of the fire of human cruelty that rages to destroy it knows, if he survives his effort, and even if he does not survive it, something about himself and human life that no school on earth—and, indeed, no church—can teach. He achieves his own authority, and that is unshakable. This is because, in order to save his life, he is forced to look beneath appearances, to take nothing for granted, to hear the meaning behind the words. If one is continually surviving the worst that life can bring, one eventually ceases to be controlled by a fear of what life can bring; whatever it brings must be borne. And at this level of experience one's bitterness begins to be palatable, and hatred becomes too heavy a sack to carry. The apprehension of life here so briefly and inadequately sketched has been the experience of generations of Negroes, and it helps to explain how they have endured and how they have been able to produce children of kindergarten age who can walk through mobs to get to school. It demands great force and great cunning continually to assault the mighty and indifferent fortress of white supremacy, as Negroes in this country have done so long. It demands great spiritual resilience not to hate the hater whose foot is on your neck, and an even greater miracle of perception and charity not to teach your child to hate. The Negro boys and girls who are facing mobs today come out of a long line of improbable aristocrats—the only genuine aristocrats this country has produced. I say "this country" because their frame of reference was totally American. They were hewing out of the mountain of white supremacy the stone of their individuality. I have great respect for that unsung army of black men and women who trudged down back lanes and entered back doors, saying "Yes, sir" and "No, Ma'am" in order to acquire a new roof for the schoolhouse, new books, a new chemistry lab, more



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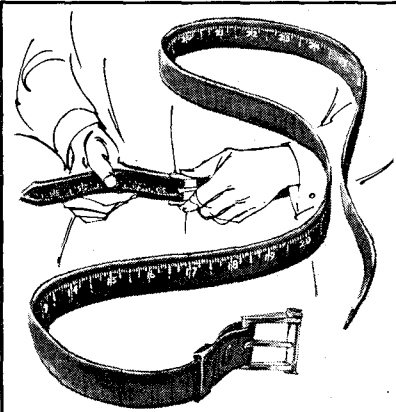
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beds for the dormitories, more dormitories. They did not like saying "Yes, sir" and "No, Ma'am," but the country was in no hurry to educate Negroes, these black men and women knew that the job had to be done, and they put their pride in their pockets in order to do it. It is very hard to believe that they were in any way inferior to the white men and women who opened those back doors. It is very hard to believe that those men and women, raising their children, eating their greens, crying their curses, weeping their tears, singing their songs, making their love, as the sun rose, as the sun set, were in any way inferior to the white men and women who crept over to share these splendors after the sun went down. But we must avoid the European error; we must not suppose that, because the situation, the ways, the perceptions of black people so radically differed from those of whites, they were racially superior. I am proud of these people not because of their color but because of their intelligence and their spiritual force and their beauty. The country should be proud of them, too, but, alas, not many people in this country even know of their existence. And the reason for this ignorance is that a knowledge of the role these people played—and play—in American life would reveal more about America to Americans than Americans wish to know.

The American Negro has the great advantage of having never believed that collection of myths to which white Americans cling: that their ancestors were all freedom-loving heroes, that they were born in the greatest country the world has ever seen, or that Americans are invincible in battle and wise in peace, that Americans have always dealt honorably with Mexicans and Indians and all other neighbors or inferiors, that American men are the world's most direct and virile, that American women are pure. Negroes know far more about white Americans than that; it can almost be said, in fact, that they know about white Americans what parents—or, anyway, mothers—know about their children, and that they very often regard white Americans that way. And perhaps this attitude, held in spite of what they know and have endured, helps to explain why Negroes, on the whole, and until lately, have allowed themselves to feel so little hatred. The tendency has really been, insofar as this was possible, to dismiss white people as the slightly mad victims of their own brainwashing. One watched the lives they led. One could not be fooled about



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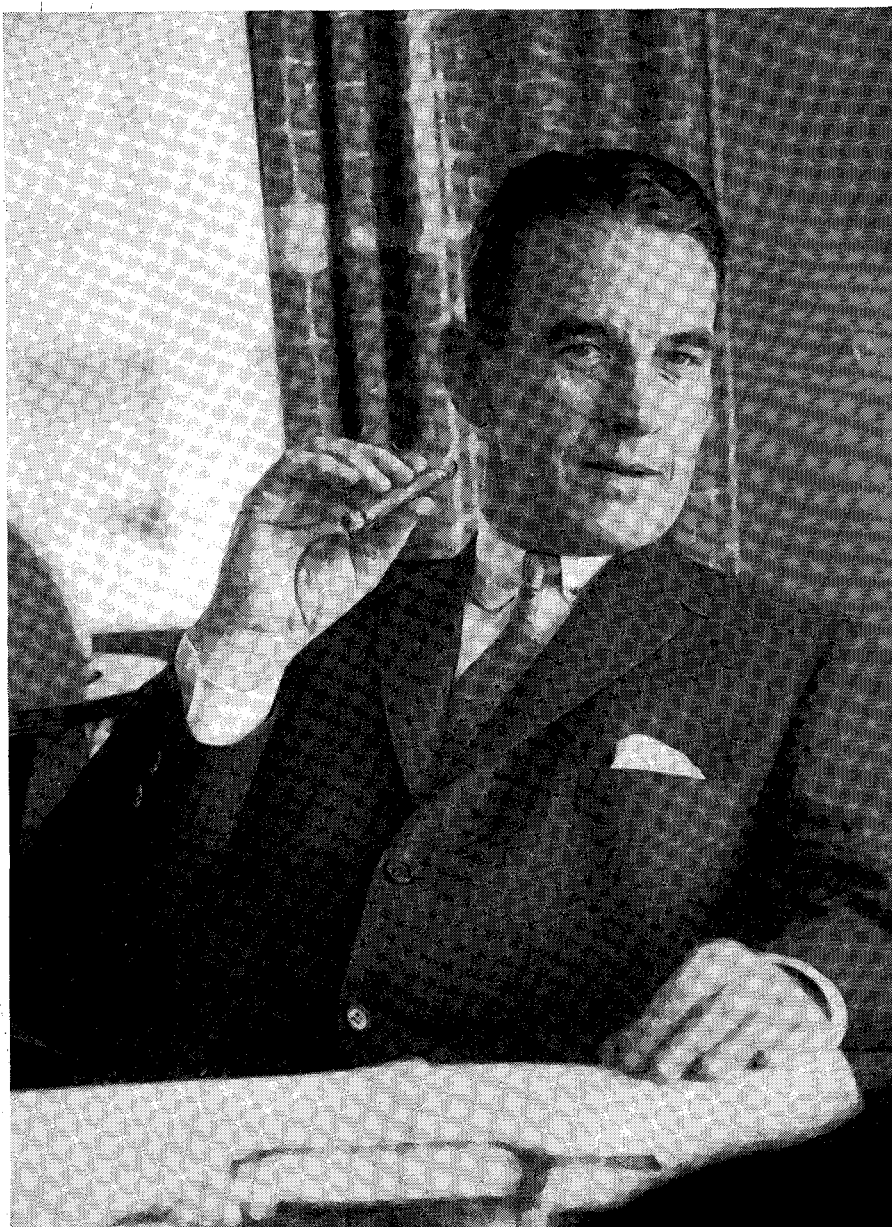
that; one watched the things they did and the excuses that they gave themselves, and if a white man was really in trouble, deep trouble, it was to the Negro's door that he came. And one felt that if one had had that white man's worldly advantages, one would never have become as bewildered and as joyless and as thoughtlessly cruel as he. The Negro came to the white man for a roof or for five dollars or for a letter to the judge; the white man came to the Negro for love. But he was not often able to give what he came seeking. The price was too high; he had too much to lose. And the Negro knew this, too. When one knows this about a man, it is impossible for one to hate him, but unless he becomes a man—becomes equal—it is also impossible for one to love him. Ultimately, one tends to avoid him, for the universal characteristic of children is to assume that they have a monopoly on trouble, and therefore a monopoly on *you*. (Ask any Negro what he knows about the white people with whom he works. And then ask the white people with whom he works what they know about *him*.)

How can the American Negro past be used? It is entirely possible that this dishonored past will rise up soon to smite all of us. There are some wars, for example (if anyone on the globe is still mad enough to go to war) that the American Negro will not support, however many of his people may be coerced—and there is a limit to the number of people any government can put in prison, and a rigid limit indeed to the practicality of such a course. A bill is coming in that I fear America is not prepared to pay. "The problem of the twentieth century," wrote W. E. B. Du Bois around sixty years ago, "is the problem of the color line." A fearful and delicate problem, which compromises, when it does not corrupt, all the American efforts to build a better world—here, there, or anywhere. It is for this reason that everything white Americans think they believe in must now be reexamined. What one would not like to see again is the consolidation of peoples on the basis of their color. But as long as we in the West place on color the value that we do, we make it impossible for the great unwashed to consolidate themselves according to any other principle. Color is not a human or a personal reality; it is a political reality. But this is a distinction so extremely hard to make that the West has not been able to make it yet. And at the center of this dreadful storm, this vast confusion, stand the black people of this na-

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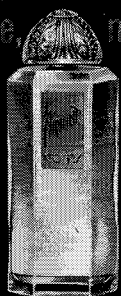
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tion, who must now share the fate of a nation that has never accepted them, to which they were brought in chains. Well, if this is so, one has no choice but to do all in one's power to change that fate, and at no matter what risk—eviction, imprisonment, torture, death. For the sake of one's children, in order to minimize the bill that *they* must pay, one must be careful not to take refuge in any delusion—and the value placed on the color of the skin is always and everywhere and forever a delusion. I know that what I am asking is impossible. But in our time, as in every time, the impossible is the least that one can demand—and one is, after all, emboldened by the spectacle of human history in general, and American Negro history in particular, for it testifies to nothing less than the perpetual achievement of the impossible.

When I was very young, and was dealing with my buddies in those wine- and urine-stained hallways, something in me wondered, *What will happen to all that beauty?* For black people, though I am aware that some of us, black and white, do not know it yet, are very beautiful. And when I sat at Elijah's table and watched the baby, the women, and the men, and we talked about God's—or Allah's—vengeance, I wondered, when that vengeance was achieved, *What will happen to all that beauty then?* I could also see that the intransigence and ignorance of the white world might make that vengeance inevitable—a vengeance that does not really depend on, and cannot really be executed by, any person or organization, and that cannot be prevented by any police force or army: historical vengeance, a cosmic vengeance, based on the law that we recognize when we say, "Whatever goes up must come down."

And here we are, at the center of the arc, trapped in the gaudiest, most valuable, and most improbable water wheel the world has ever seen. Everything now, we must assume, is in our hands; we have no right to assume otherwise. If we—and now I mean the relatively conscious whites and the relatively conscious blacks, who must, like lovers, insist on, or create, the consciousness of the others—do not falter in our duty now, we may be able, handful that we are, to end the racial nightmare, and achieve our country, and change the history of the world. If we do not now dare everything, the fulfillment of that prophecy, re-created from the Bible in song by a slave, is upon us: *God gave Noah the rainbow sign, No more water, the fire next time!*

—JAMES BALDWIN



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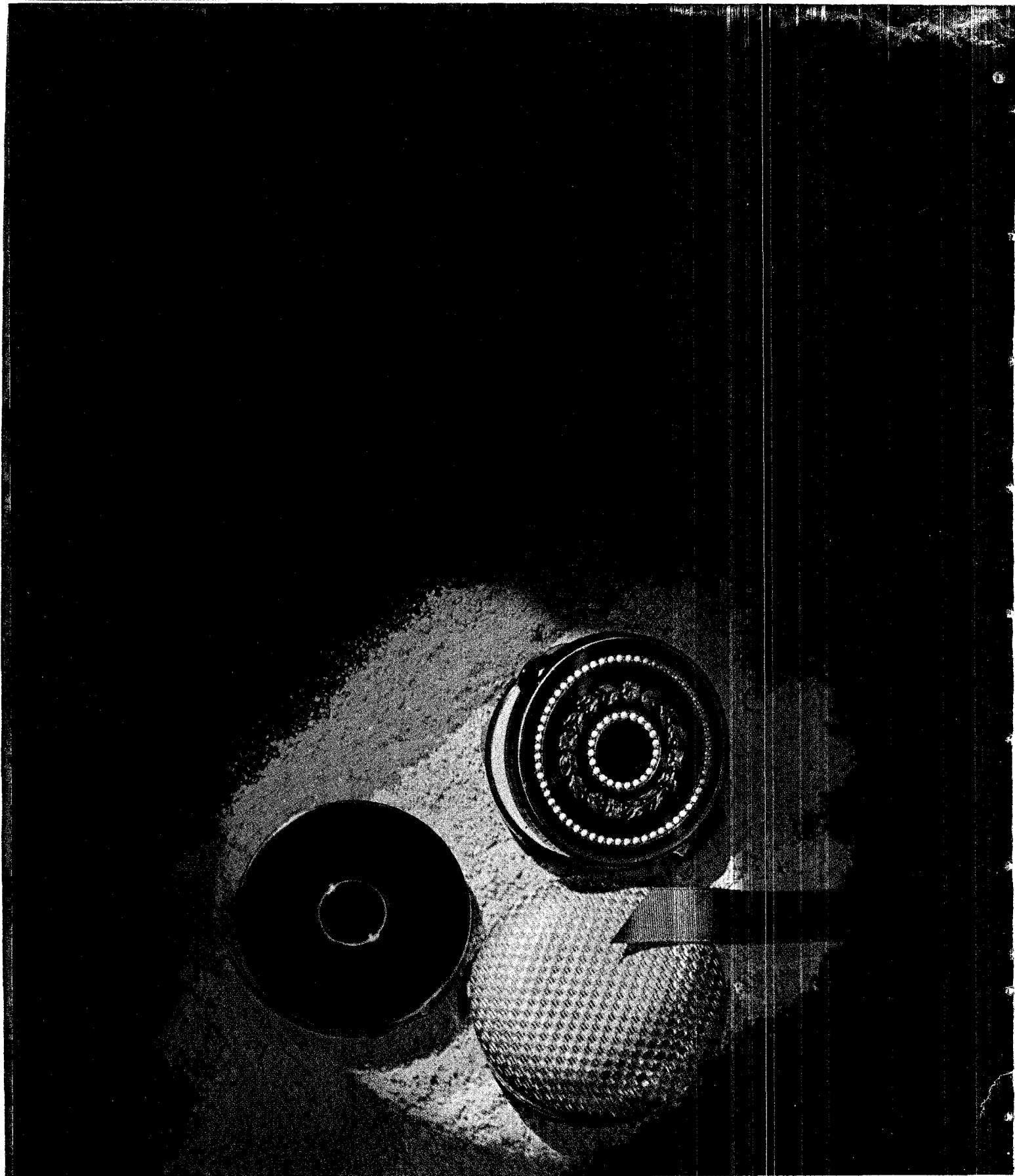


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LONG AFTER CAL

EVEN if you are nostalgic about the twenties—and in retrospect the Coolidge days seem almost idyllic—I don't think you will find much to make you wistful in "Nowhere to Go but Up," at the Winter Garden, which concerns itself with some of the gaudier aspects of the period. In this musical comedy, for which James Lip-ton supplied the book and lyrics and Sol Berkowitz the music, we are introduced to a pair of prohibition agents known as Izzy and Moe, who haven't had much training in the techniques of investigation but who become the scourge of speakeasy owners all over Manhattan. There was, as you may know, just such a team operating around here when everything from strained Sterno to industrial alcohol was being described as the latest thing from the dis-

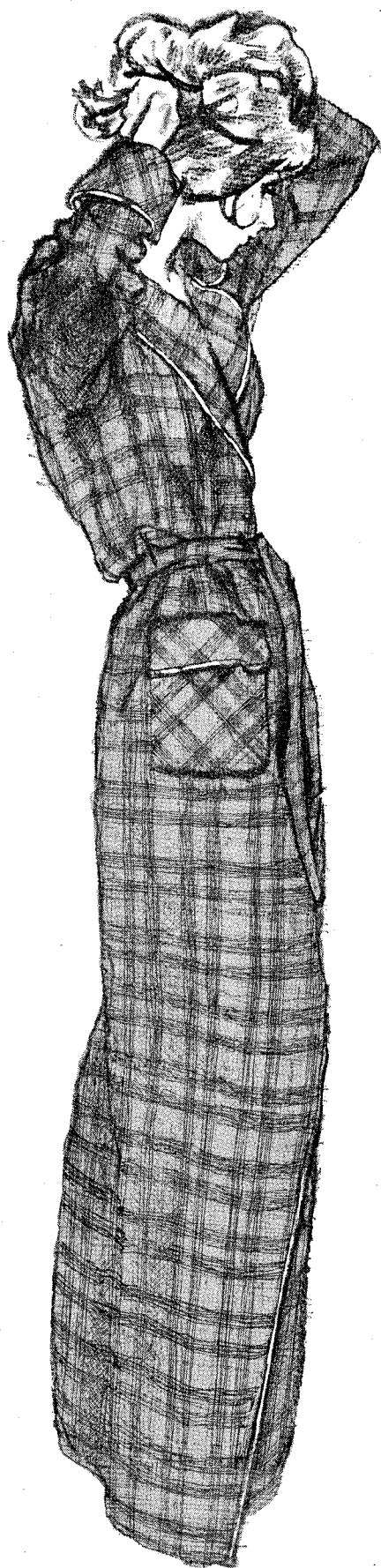
tilleries of Scotland, and because of their lunatic antics the members of the team became pets of the press, which was pretty crazy itself at the time. But as they are represented by Tom Bosley and Martin Balsam in "Nowhere to Go but Up," Izzy and Moe aren't as funny as they used to be, and the male-factors they pursue are watered-down Runyon types who address each other in phrases as specialized as those of the Master but with none of the amusing results he occasionally achieved. For example, the chief bootlegger in the piece, played, to no particular comic purpose, by Bruce Gordon, refers to one of the paintings in his headquarters as "an original Rememberant," and, following his witty lead, others in the cast come up with such delights as "He's a regular Genghis Cohen" and "No man is a

Coney Island." In the course of trying to get the goods on Mr. Gordon, Mr. Bosley and Mr. Balsam have all kinds of opportunities to disguise themselves, and pose as everything from Rumanian undertakers to assorted handymen around Mr. Gordon's digs (the plot being aimless, I won't bother to explain the Rumanian-undertaker routine), but as they go charging about in whiskers and wigs, and in strange costumes, including dresses, they appear to be laboring awfully hard for a very tiny titter.

Among the ladies in the cast are Dorothy Loudon, who can line out a tune with frightening volume, and Mary Ann Mobley, who only yesterday was a shy little Miss America. Miss Loudon is cast as Mr. Gordon's doxy, and Miss Mobley as a dewy-eyed singer, newly arrived in Manhattan, upon whom Mr. Gordon casts a lecherous eye. The music in "Nowhere to Go but Up" is loud but undistinguished, and some of the Delancey Street locutions employed by Mr. Bosley and Mr. Balsam border on the unintelligible. Sidney Lumet, who directed the affair, has tried hard to give it some of the



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DORIAN

bounce that musicals used to have, and Ronald Field, the choreographer, actually has put a bit of life into the thing with a tap-dancing routine by a dozen lively chorus girls. But, alas, the end product is creaky, obtuse, and footless.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

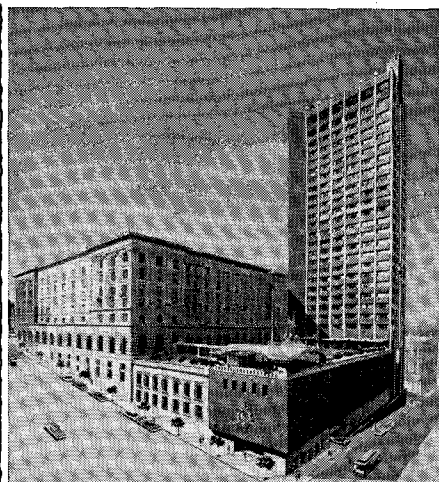
OFF BROADWAY

Smith, Dale, and Mr. Tucker

THE permanently limber, permanently hilarious Smith and Dale made three appearances at the Mayfair in the late "Old Bucks and New Wings," a spongy, fumbling attempt to blend vaudeville and musical comedy, and I thought they were even funnier than they were at the Palace a few years ago. There were moments in their routines—especially in that masterpiece, "Dr. Kronkheit"—that still seemed wildly impulsive after all this time, and other moments that revived a whole lost world. ("In case I want some money during the night, how do I call you?" the new depositor asks the bank president. "Orchard 1100." "Is that your phone number?" "No, it's the number of the candy store downstairs.") Another comedian who briefly relieved the tedium of sitting through this godawful show was Al Tucker, an elderly man whose trick violin act was a small piece of comic perfection. Its high point came when he summoned a chorus girl to hold his bow upright and then, rubbing his fiddle against it, produced a dandy rendition of "Twelfth Street Rag."

THERE is no need to waste anybody's time over "We're Civilized?," at the Jan Hus, but if you'll stick with me, there are a few remarks I'd like to make about it. The show administers the latest and most excruciating twist to the nineteen-thirties-movie joke that has already inspired two other Off Broadway musicals this season. It is a singularly witless, tasteless piece of work that is visually quite hideous. Aurally, it is anything but. Ray Haney's music is pleasant enough, and the orchestral arrangements, by Michael Leonard, who conducts from the piano, are imaginative, witty, and delightful. The second act opens with a love duet, and its accompaniment on the solo bass, by Warren Petty, sounds beautiful. There are a few performers who, bucking their dreadful material, show some aptitude for comedy or singing or dancing, or all three, and I am very sorry for them. The butt of the wheeze this time, by the way, is jungle movies.

—EDITH OLIVER



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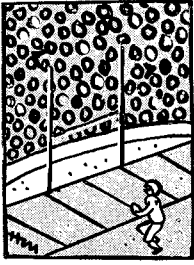
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Doomsday

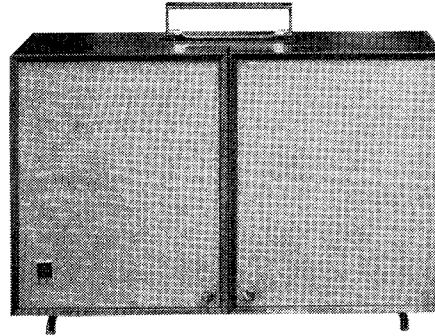


OH, the sun shines bright on our old National League, whose members—all devout professional men of standing in their communities—go to work mostly in temporarily abandoned baseball parks on the Lord's day, but Saturday's child keeps getting its feet wet, and the weekly soakings are beginning to lead to complications, such as physical weariness and mental cessation. Army, which, after all it's gone through this fall, should have had very little trouble with Oklahoma State (that's only Oklahoma *State*, mind you, not Oklahoma), ran into enough trouble—between the opposition and the mud—to get itself beaten, 12-7, last weekend; Yale, which even in its present state of fitful efficiency should have been more than enough for Pennsylvania, got itself beaten, 15-12; Amherst, unbeaten little Amherst, had hell's own time with Trinity, a team to which the words "threat" and "menace" are always applied sparingly, and lost, 25-23; Princeton, owner of the best collection of manpower in the Ivy League, came up against Harvard, which has just a fairly good collection, and lost, 20-0. This rule of thumb was broken, though, by Dartmouth, a waterproof, all-weather team, and the last unconquered one of consequence in this territory, which put Columbia down with ease, 42-0. (Oklahoma itself, which Army used to meet once in a while, put Iowa State down, 41-0, which indicates that it's just as well Army made the switch.) So whether it's better to endure the slings and arrows of outrageous Saturdays or the sunny but windy reaches of Yankee Stadium on Sundays is indeed the question. Don't get me wrong; I like the kind of career football that goes on up there—most of it, that is, though I can grow tired of the overly large beanbag part of it, when the football sails back and forth through the air as often as the tennis ball sails back and forth at Forest Hills.

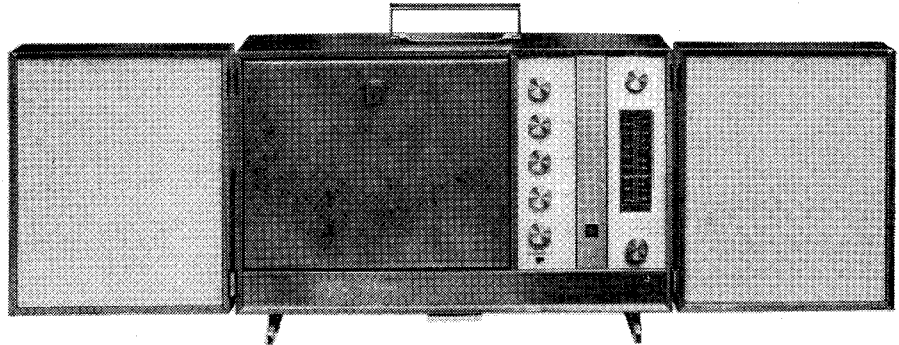
THERE was a time when Cornell, which beat Brown, 28-26, on Saturday, in what may have been the wildest match of the weekend, suffered the most severe attrition of manpower, season after season, of anyone in the



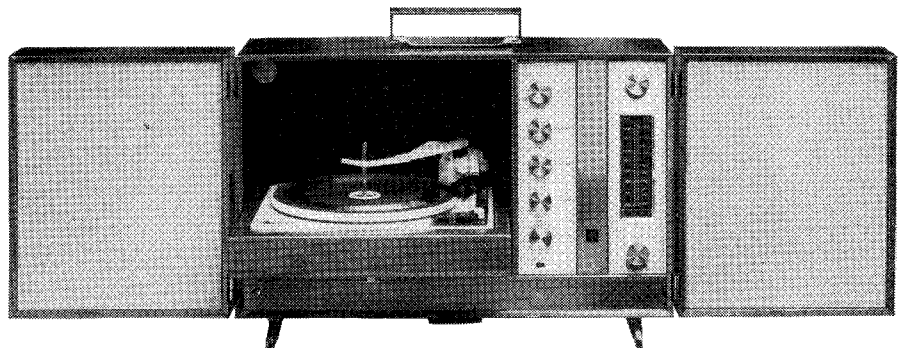
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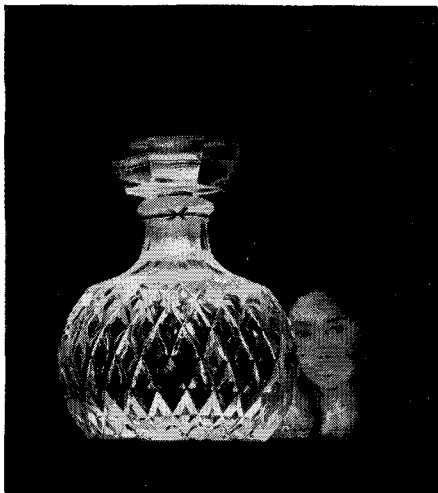
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Ivy League. But now it is Yale's turn, for the withdrawal of Egloff, who broke an ankle in the fourth quarter of the game with Pennsylvania, removed from the team's roster the last of the three glittery young men who came up from the freshman squad's backfield to the Yale varsity only a year ago. Niglio and Hinojosa, who didn't come back to work this fall, were the others, and Yale, which has had a not especially rosy season, must now look forward to a less rosy future (Princeton and Harvard). And there was a period in 1961 when nearly every leading player on the amply upholstered Princeton squad was in traction. This time out, except for Schuman, a very good end who has done very little time on the field, the squad has been damage-free, but that amply upholstered team, though reinforced by a thumping good assortment of last year's freshmen, has been steadily losing momentum, and the run of sixty-one yards against it by Bassett, Harvard's small whippet of a quarterback, made the decline apparent to all. So casual were the few Princeton objections to Bassett's royal progress that he was able to set forth with Taylor and Hudepohl (an end whose performance all afternoon was supernal) ahead of him, Grana as his right-flank outrider, and Zissis as his left-flank outrider. Changing pace as discretion dictated, to keep his convayers between him and the enemy, Bassett put on one of the most resplendent bits of pageantry to be seen this season.

WAY out West in Los Angeles, the Air Force Academy, a crusty crew that lives off the country as it forages about the United States, startled a crusty host, the University of California at Los Angeles, enough to beat it,



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17-11. Air Force is under the management of Ben Martin and Homer Smith, two of the few Ivy League men ever to make their way in the professional world—as faculty, though, not as performers. It has already been suggested that the Princeton team would benefit by the accession to the faculty of someone who knows about defending against forward passes. Perhaps Martin and Smith should start a correspondence course with their native Princeton.

—J. W. L.

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[Adv. in the *Topeka (Kan.) State Journal*]

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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THE relationship between a conductor and an orchestra is a peculiar thing. There are methodical maestros, who build orchestras patiently over the years, firing an oboe player here and adding a flute player there, and training the ensemble to respond to a carefully worked out system of conducting. There are others, less methodical, who depend on the inspiration of the moment, and are more or less at home with any orchestra. Among the latter, Leopold Stokowski has always held a position of preëminence. He exerts a unique personal force, and a feeling of indomitable authority communicates itself to an orchestra in such a manner that the musicians are swept along into doing things that one would hardly think possible. Just how it all happens is hard to say. Perhaps the secret lies in his dramatic, insistent gestures, perhaps in some sort of hypnotic power. At any rate, of all the conductors now before the public he most deserves the appellation "virtuoso." For many years, we listened to him as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, and inasmuch as the Philadelphia Orchestra was possibly the finest ensemble in the country, some of the credit for its magnificent, if occasionally slightly theatrical, performances under his baton went to the orchestra itself. But since those days Mr. Stokowski has been freelancing with all sorts of orchestras, some of them far less impressive than the Philadelphians, and his performances with these groups have had all the drive and glamour of his earlier ones, proving that his unique touch is quite independent of the musicians he happens to be working with. The latest demonstration of this remarkable faculty is to be found in his current concerts with the American Symphony Orchestra, which, as a recently assembled group, might be expected to show some signs of immaturity, but which, on the contrary, plays—under Mr. Stokowski, at least—with all the proficiency of a seasoned ensemble.

On Monday evening of last week, I attended the second regular Carnegie Hall concert of this orchestra, and was bowled over by the brilliance and vitality

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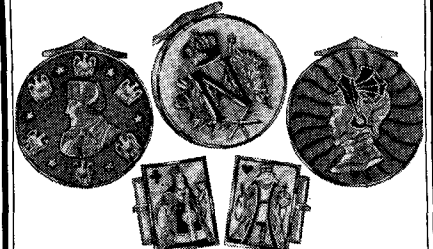
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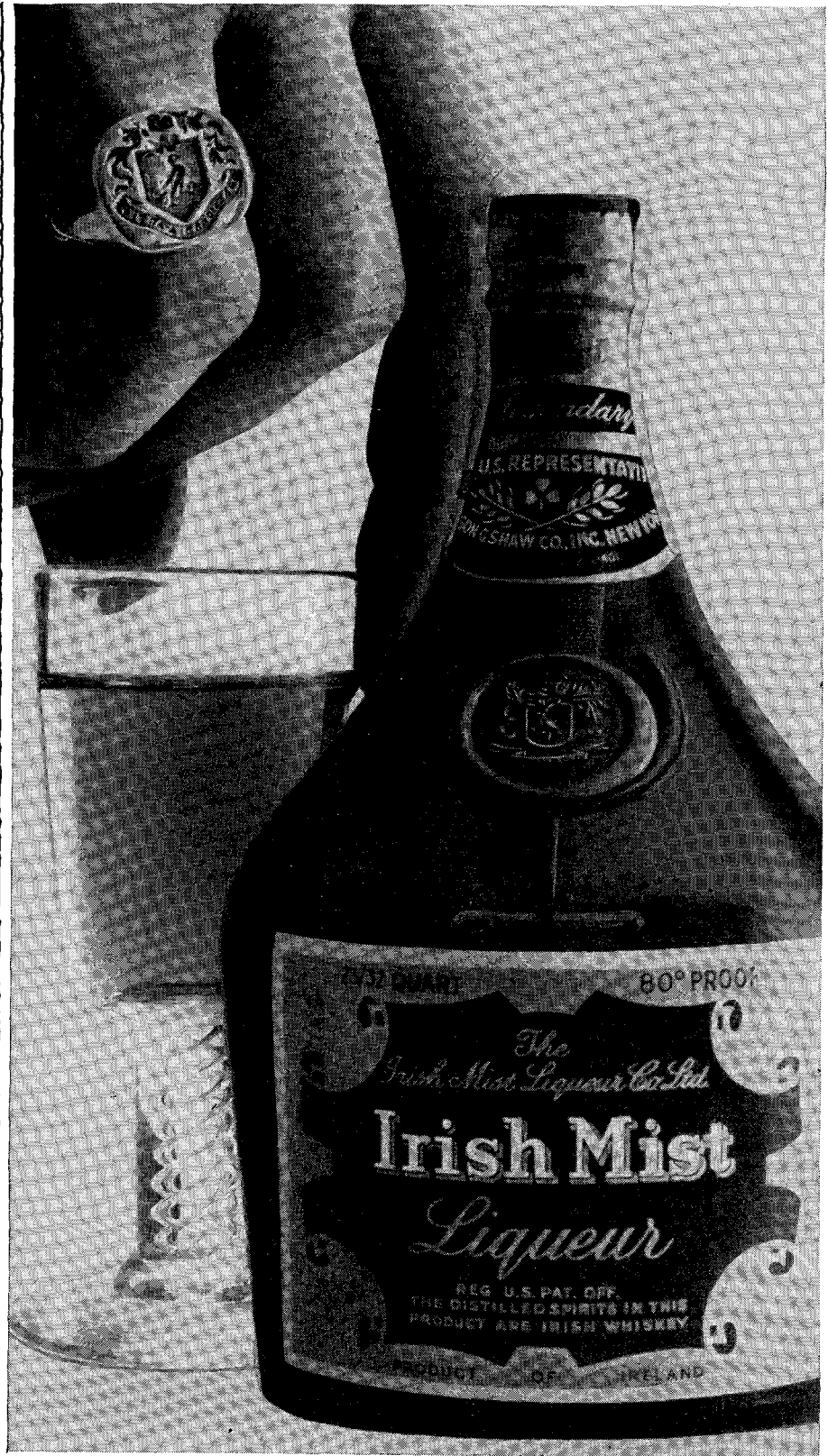
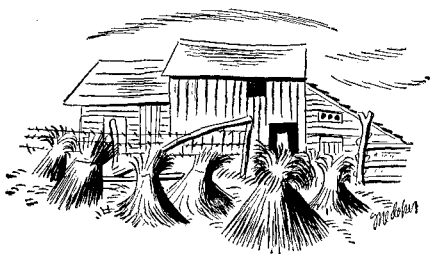
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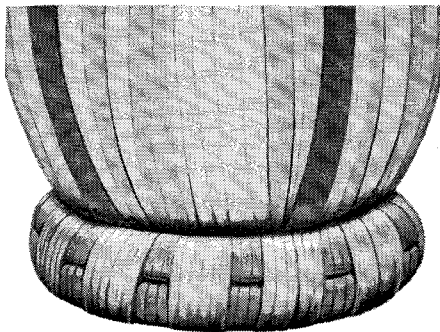
with which it played an extremely varied program. To be sure, the brilliance and vitality were mainly noticeable in two lush war horses of the Romantic era that are particularly congenial to Mr. Stokowski's temperament; namely, Tchaikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini" and the Prelude and Love Death from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." Nevertheless, the performances of both these selections were galvanized by a special sort of genius, and the former, particularly, came through as magnificently as I have ever heard it. The program also contained Henry Cowell's Fifteenth (yes, fifteenth) Symphony, which impressed me as one of that composer's best works. It was not, thank heaven, an essay in Oriental musicology or "tone clusters," as some of his works have been, but a neat, tight little composition by a man who, whatever extremes he has gone to from time to time, remains a thoroughly individual composer, unattached to any contemporary school or theory.

ON Wednesday evening, the Orchestra of America, which seems to be assuming a position somewhat similar, in a different field, to that of the Whitney Museum of American Art, gave a concert, presided over by Richard Korn, that was devoted, with one Canadian exception, to American music. The hit of the evening was unquestionably a lighthearted and unpretentious Grand Tarantelle for Piano and Orchestra by Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the world-famous pianist of the Civil War period. Delightfully reconstructed from a two-piano version by the Broadway arranger Hershy Kay, it had qualities of headlong humor and unaffected modesty that seem to have pretty much disappeared from the contemporary highbrow musical scene. Samuel Barber's overture to "The School for Scandal," nowadays quite familiar, was again very pleasing indeed. The rest of the program was more pretentious: a Concerto for Piano and Orchestra by Paul Creston, of which I liked the last two movements; Peter Mennin's Sixth Symphony, which to my mind is not as good as some of his others, being relentlessly dry and inexpressive; and a Symphonic Ode by



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the Canadian John Weinzeig, which turned out to be an essay in atonality, written with special lightness and clarity. Eugene List was the soloist in the Gottschalk and Creston works, and, I am afraid, neither a very impressive nor a very accurate one.

ON Thursday evening, at Lincoln Center, Karl Boehm conducted the New York Philharmonic, giving a robust performance of Richard Strauss's "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and a nicely phrased one of Johann Christian Bach's Symphony in G Minor, Opus 6, No. 6. Owing either to a too heavy supply of strings or to a persistent acoustical flaw in the auditorium, I could not hear the harpsichord in the Bach work at all, but even so this grandfather of symphonies was a delight. The remaining composition on the program was Brahms' Concerto for Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra, which is not the best Brahms, and which was played in a rather unsubstantial manner by both the orchestra and the soloists, the latter being John Corigliano, violinist, and Laszlo Varga, cellist.

ON Friday night, I dropped in at Carnegie Hall again, to hear the Cantata Singers, under Thomas Dunn, perform Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons." This work is, of course, one of the great nonreligious and non-historical compositions of its type, extremely difficult for the soloists and containing some of the loveliest and most disarming descriptive music ever written. The taxing solo parts were sung by Adele Addison, George Shirley, and John Reardon, and though they were not always sung with absolute perfection, they approached perfection sufficiently to make the evening a very enjoyable one. The chorus sang with spirit and accuracy, and the orchestra, which in "The Seasons" has a great deal of quaint landscape to portray, played admirably. Mr. Dunn is that rarity among choral conductors, a man who is equally at home with an orchestra. The tempos were crisp, the ensemble was excellent. The occasion did not draw a packed house, but it deserved to. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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A FULL account of Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers," on two records (Angel), and excerpts from Massenet's "Werther," on a single record (Victor), have put in appearances recently. Both



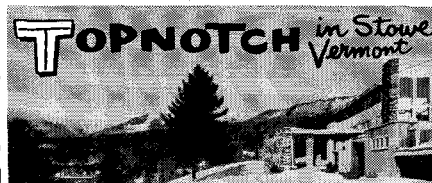
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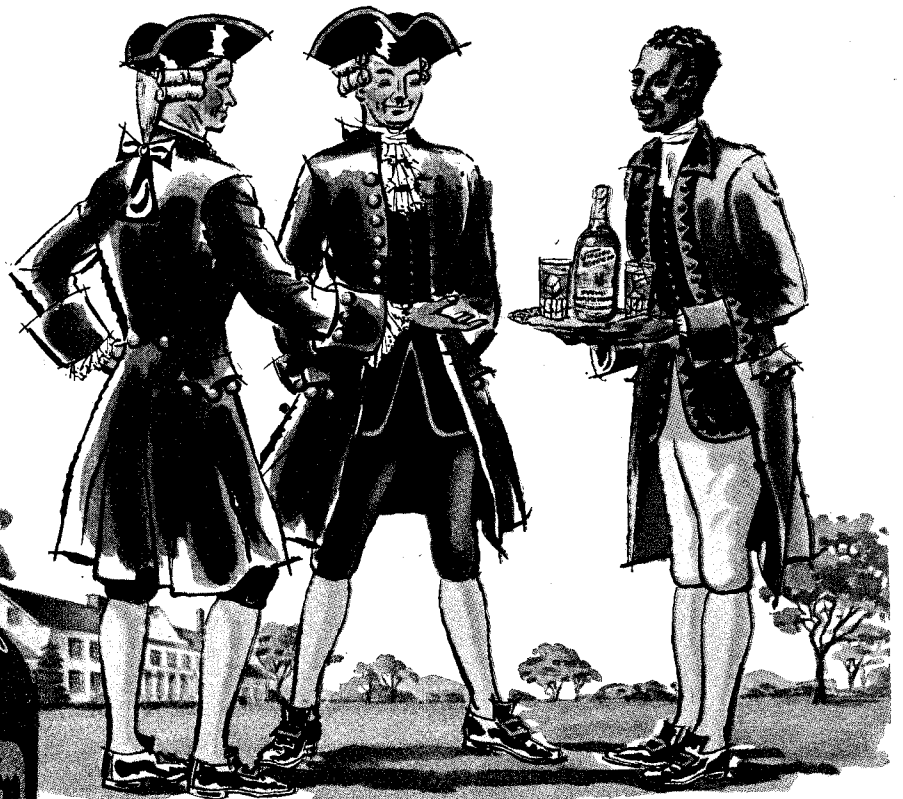
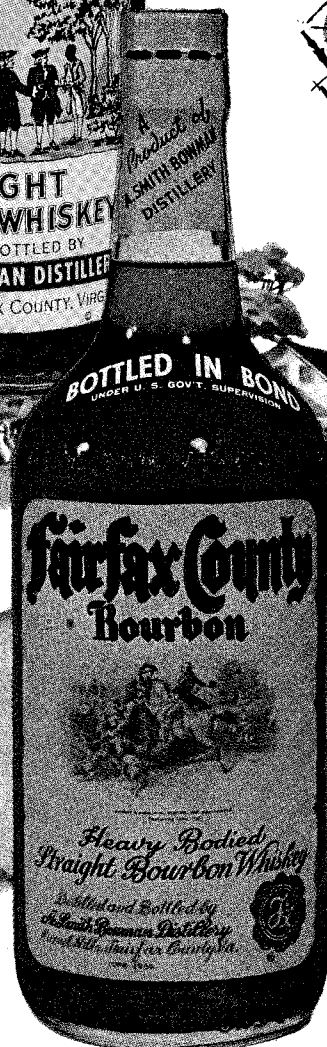
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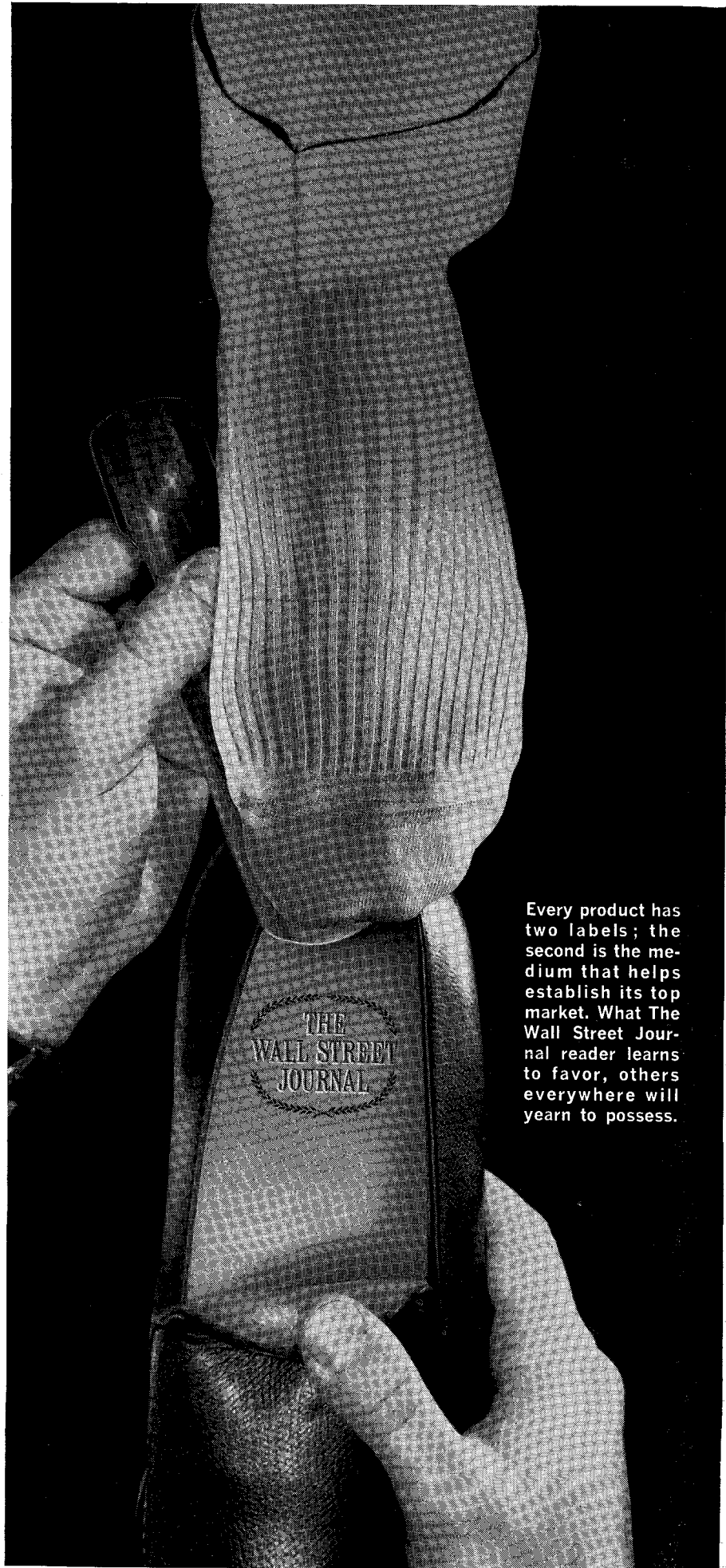


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works abound in attractive, even superior music of the nineteenth-century French operatic school, and both are more or less neglected in opera houses outside the land of their origin. In the case of "Werther," the neglect has its merciful aspect, for the libretto is a tireless exercise in insipidity (the last local production I can recall was at the City Center some years back), but "The Pearl Fishers" is another matter. Its libretto is reasonably compact and serviceable, as such things go, and the opera has the further advantage of an exotic setting—ancient Ceylon. However, "Carmen" is still the only one of Bizet's stage creations that operagoers in general seem to have any affection for.

One explanation of the public's rejection of some operas that appear to be sturdy enough to take the stage is, I think, that they fail to engage the listener in the fate of the characters who people the little world set before him, and consequently the characters' environment and involvements never manage to achieve the special glow that attaches itself to most works in the standard repertory. Musically speaking, Rossini's "Cinderella," for example, may be as sparkling as his "Barber of Seville," and its libretto as neatly put together, but the world of Cinderella is much too transparent to hold our attention after childhood, while the Beaumarchais fable retains its power to transport us. Take "La Bohème," "La Traviata," "Die Meistersinger," or "Der Rosenkavalier," to name a few of the all-time hits; in each instance, we find ourselves moved to absolute belief in the existence of the world that the opera conjures up, and to such an extent that quite often we remain in



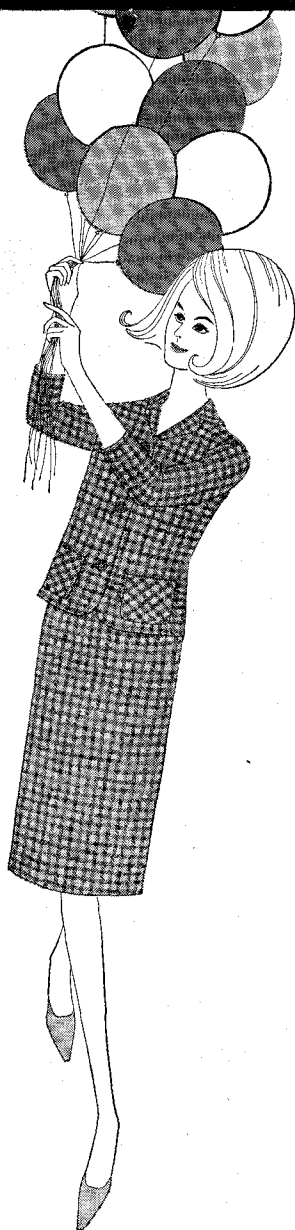
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the thrall of its glamour, nobility, terror, or pathos long after we have quit the sight and sound of it. It is because this belief is lacking, it seems to me, that "Falstaff" is not one of Verdi's more beloved operas, in spite of the brilliance of its score. And it may well be for the same reason that "The Pearl Fishers" has achieved no lasting place in the operatic repertory. You just don't care very deeply what happens to its people.

Aside from a youthful indiscretion called "Don Procopio," "The Pearl Fishers" was Bizet's first venture into the field of opera. It has the buoyancy that also runs through "Carmen" and that sets Bizet a bit apart from all the other French composers of his time. The "Romance of Nadir," sung by the tenor, is its best-known aria, but the work is filled with other delights. Leila, the heroine, has some lovely things to sing. Zurga, who functions as the heavy until he has a change of heart, thereby providing a happy ending, has a nicely turned dramatic aria in his last-act "L'orage s'est calmé." And the chorus, which in the hands of, say, Saint-Saëns might easily have been prevailingly grave in its utterances, is downright jolly much of the time—even in its poetic description of the arrival of night, with which the second act begins.

"The Pearl Fishers" is, in short, a thing of fun and beauty, as far as the score is concerned, and it lends itself admirably to records. The present cast is a capable one, headed by Nicolai Gedda, as Nadir; Janine Micheau, as Leila; and Ernest Blanc, as Zurga. Jacques Mars is effective in the part of the only other principal—the high priest, Nourabad. The chorus and orchestra are those of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra-Comique, Paris, and the able conductor is Pierre Dervaux.

"WERTHER," derived from the novel by Goethe that bowled over European literary circles in the late eighteenth century, presents us with one of the earliest and most unrelenting examples of that towering figure of nineteenth-century Romanticism, the languishing poet. In today's cruel light, the libretto is an unbelievable collection of clichés, but Massenet was able to swallow it whole. The music with which he adorned it may be a trifle faded in its sentiment here and there, but in the main it is admirable in its evocativeness and polish. Listening to highlights from all three acts on the record, you can throw away the book; you can forget that when Massenet whips up the or-



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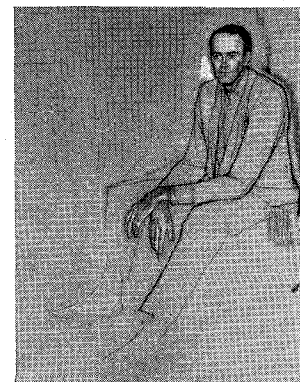
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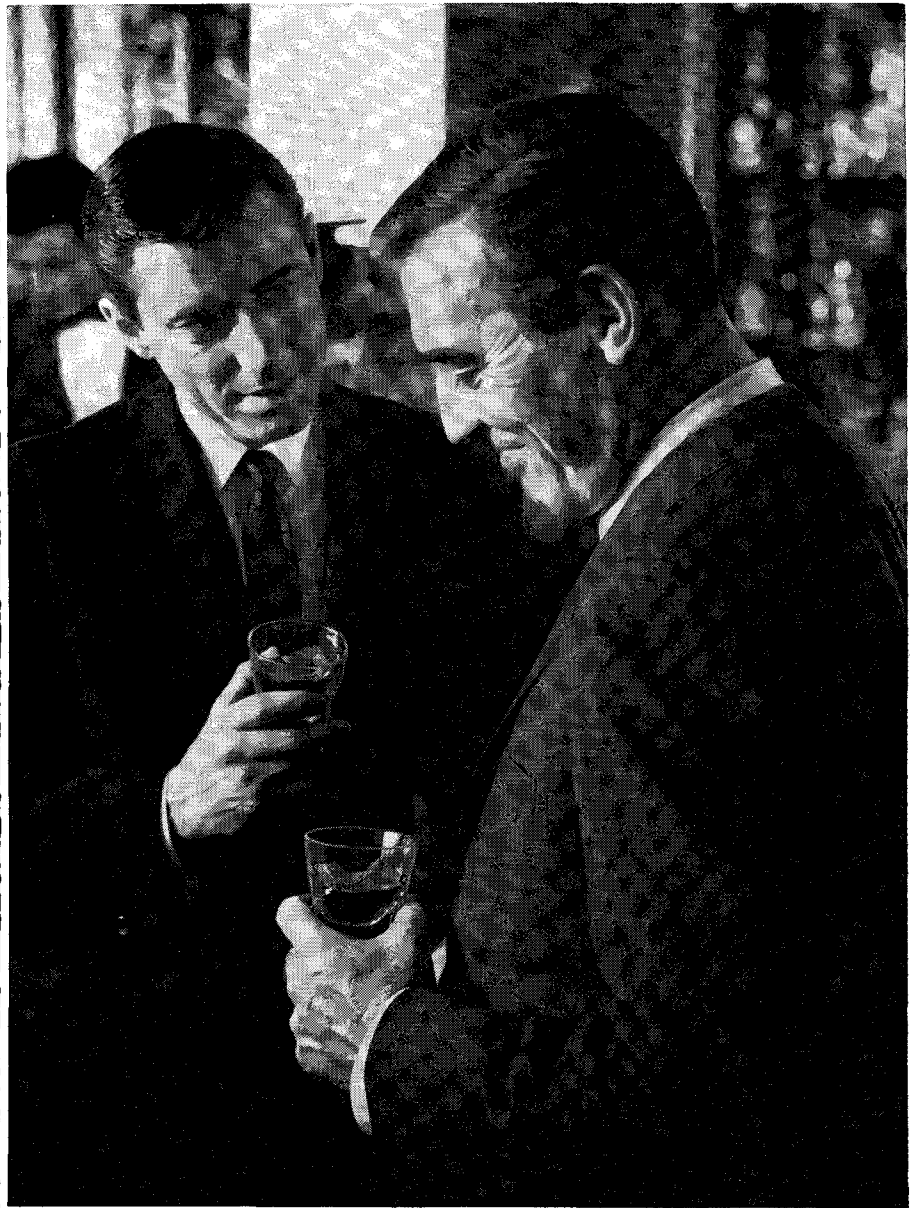
136 EAST 57th STREET

NEW YORK

chestra to a furious statement, it merely attends a limp declaration of woe on the part of the hero or of Charlotte, the sorry object of his adoration, and that the rapturous duets set forth sickly notions of bliss. You can simply enjoy the singing of the three principals—Cesare Valletti, as Werther; Rosalind Elias, as Charlotte; and Gérard Souzay, as Albert—and the sensitive playing of the Rome Opera House Orchestra, under René Leibowitz.

ONE of those enduring masterpieces I was referring to a while back, Puccini's "La Bohème," which exercises as powerful a spell as almost anything in the operatic genre, has been recorded yet again, this time by Victor, and mainly with forces that have often been heard at the Metropolitan Opera House. For this recording, they were assembled in Rome, where they were joined by the chorus and orchestra of the Rome Opera House. The Met contingent consists of Erich Leinsdorf, conductor; Anna Moffo, Mimi; Richard Tucker, Rodolfo; Robert Merrill, Marcello; Giorgio Tozzi, Colline; and Fernando Corena, Benoit. The Musetta is Mary Costa, a compelling lyric soprano who hasn't yet been heard at the Met but has attracted a good deal of attention elsewhere. And what a beautiful job they all do! There have been excellent recordings of "La Bohème" in the past, but the new one is more than welcome.

THE singing of Galina Vishnevskaya, the winsome Soviet soprano who made her début here last season as Aïda, with the Metropolitan Opera, can be enjoyed in a charming recital of Russian songs in a new Philips recording. Her piano accompanist is Mstislav Rostropovich, and together they turn in thoroughly artistic and convincing performances of Moussorgsky's "Songs and Dances of Death," three songs from Tchaikovsky's Opus 6, and five early Prokofieff settings of poems by Anna Akhnatova. The Moussorgsky numbers are heard often enough in this country, and so, of course, is "None but the Lonely Heart," among the Tchaikovsky songs, but the other selections are less familiar, and the ones by Prokofieff are especially interesting, for they afford us a glimpse into his beginnings, when, influenced by other composers, he nevertheless managed to show indications of the individual style that was to take possession of his work later on. Miss Vishnevskaya has a tendency to scoop her tones from time to time—a fault I



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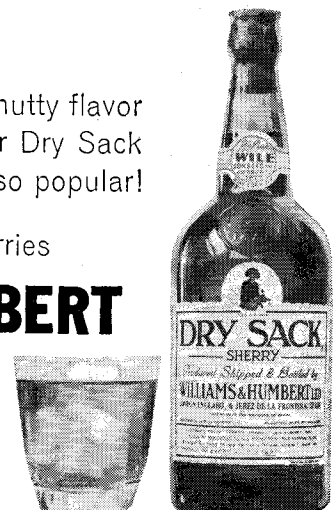
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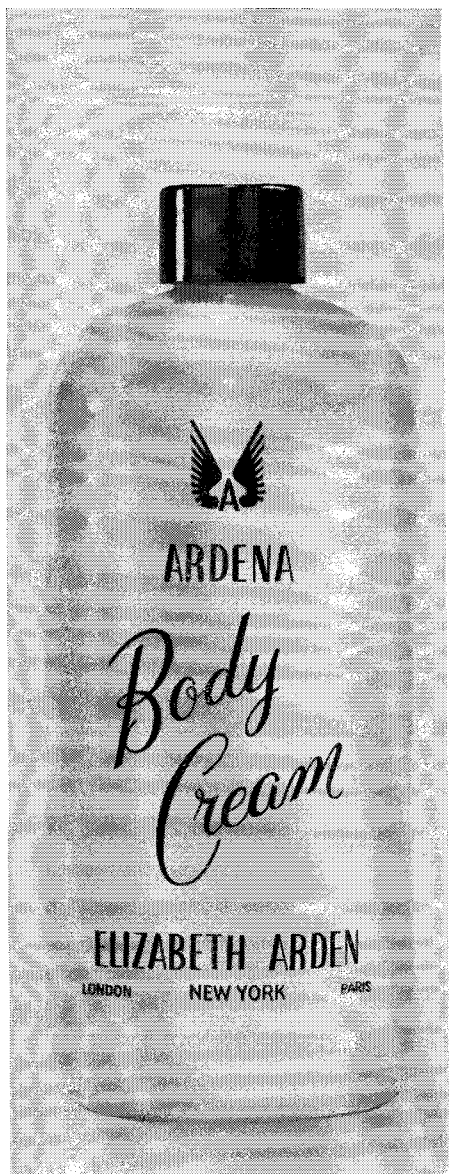
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don't recall from her appearances here—but she remains an extremely engaging soloist. —DOUGLAS WATT

THE SKULL

The skull itself is a natural subject for meditation. Witness Hamlet and sundry others in old woodcuts—magicians and philosophers. Witness inevitable skulls of their dusty chambers, as if these reminders served some principle of decoration or were the pretext, when visitors appeared, for conversation. But chiefly their lonely hours must have been served by skulls staring at them, unable to give up the intercourse of mutual baleful contemplation. Bachelors without housekeepers, or men detesting their wives, offended by their children, that's how they may be imagined—men for whom the future was no dream but the mirror image of their own sadness, life shown in negative, its essential meaning being caught up in the skull, which seems to fulfill promises and confirm all beginnings. Still, I don't want to suggest that skulls are morbid objects merely, though they express death and mean such matters as pirates and poisons. What moves one beyond their terrible aspect is their beauty, the delicate sutures of the bone, its whiteness, the domed vacancy that offers the silence of abandoned temples.

—GENE BARO

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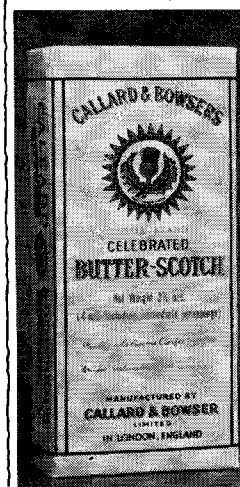


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ABOUT THE HOUSE



IF ladies, especially those who worry about not looking quite as young as they did last year, think that all they have to do to be at their prettiest is to sit beneath a softly shaded, flattering light, they have another think coming to them. There simply aren't going to be any softly shaded, flattering lights any more, or at least there aren't going to be if a group of handsome new fixtures designed by Ilse Hofman and on view at George Tanier, 305 East 63rd Street, represent the coming style in home lighting. This is not to disparage the ingenious design and execution of these imaginative new fixtures (and it's high time some imagination got into this branch of creative design); it's just to warn you that they aren't going to make you any prettier than you started out. If, though, it is granted that the importance of a lamp lies in its own beauty and in what it does to the room it illumines, then this collection of table lamps, ceiling lights, and wall brackets will surely be of the keenest interest to householders plagued by the problem of lighting a modern home.

The Hofman fixtures are almost wholly sculptural—in concept, in shape, and in the shape, so to speak, of the light they produce. They are made of vertical slats of very thin, white-coated aluminum—as if a length of Venetian blind had been stood on its side and rolled up into a hollow cylinder—and the play of light and shadow produced by the light filtering through is startlingly dramatic. The slats are mildly cambered, and they overlap one another in such a way that the illumination is an indirect, reflected light, rather than a direct glare, but even so there is very little warmth in it. (Several of the lamps—there are eight in all—come in a dull-gold finish as well as in the white, and this does something to soften the light that spills out through the slats.) Easily the most striking piece in the collection is a table lamp, forty inches high and sixteen inches in diameter, in which the slats are not only cambered but tapered at either end in such a way that the fixture has the silhouette of an enormous old-fashioned lamp chimney. The bulb and its socket are concealed somewhere in the middle of this. The lower part of the lamp seems actually to mold its light into the form of an enormous flower, and the upper part throws its light out like a

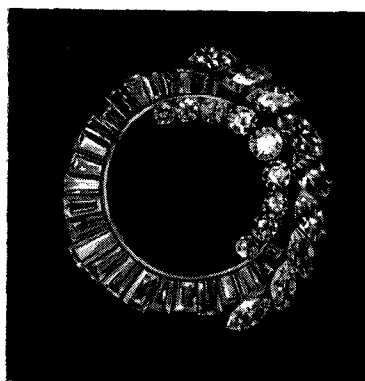
mounting flame. The price of this splendid object is \$300. The other fixtures in the group are less overpowering, but they are all built on the same general principle, using the overlapping slats to shape light and shadow and to create an altogether original three-dimensional form. The most successful, it seems to me, are three lamps that look almost like sections of fluted Greek columns. They are a ceiling light, eleven and three-quarters inches high and seven and a half inches in diameter, at \$90; a wall bracket of the same dimensions, at \$105; and a table lamp, sixteen and three-quarters inches high and seven and a half inches in diameter, on a walnut base, at \$90. Still, there isn't much point in stressing the advantages of one of these interesting fixtures over another; each is beautifully adapted to its own function, and each represents a real contribution to modern home lighting, rather than mere showy eccentricity.

In contrast to these architectural-looking lights, there is a large and quite conventional soft-yellow globe from Sweden. Instead of seeming uninteresting alongside the highly original Hofman designs, it gives an effect almost of sumptuousness, hanging, as it does, from the ceiling above one end of a handsome

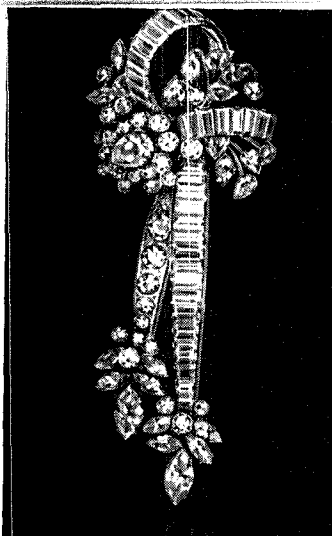
Tanier table. The price of this colorful fixture, which is made of glass and is fourteen inches in diameter, is \$83.

The relative chill of the Hofman lights has been dealt with by Mr. Tanier, to a certain extent, through the use of a Luxtrol light dimmer, which subdues their brilliance and permits a wide range of illumination and some theatrical shadow effects. I was so impressed by the aesthetic possibilities of the dimmer, which I had previously thought of as a mere practical convenience (for viewing television, to discourage burglars, as a night light for the nursery, as an entry light for the benefit of late-returning partygoers, and such), that I have done some investigating of light-control devices. In the course of it, I found that Luxtrol has brought out a dimmer that is newer than the type used in the Tanier showrooms—which has been with us for several years—and that has advantages of its own. Among these are its considerably lower price (\$30, as against \$75) and the fact that it can be easily installed by practically anybody who can manage a screwdriver. It goes into the same wall box as the standard on-off switch, which it replaces, and it permits, at the turn of a knob, any degree of light from the merest glimmer to the

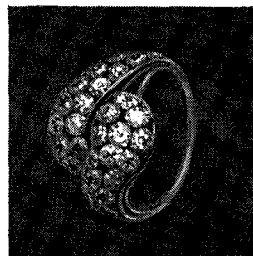




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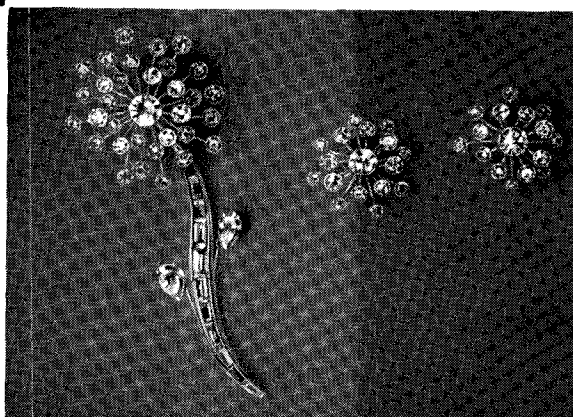
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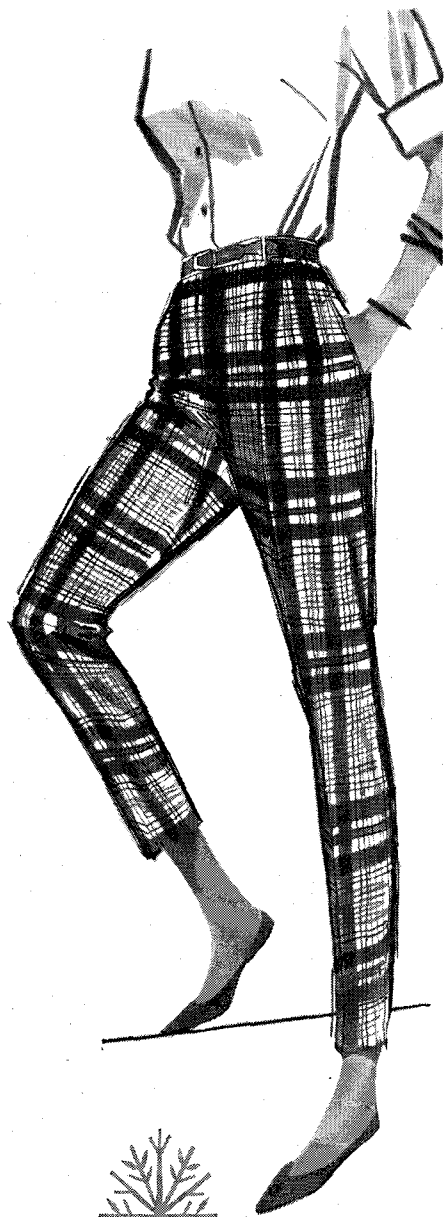
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ANYBODY who has come near breaking his neck on his own or someone else's dimly lighted cellar stairs should have a very personal interest in a new stairway light put out by Solar Sonic Devices, of Hicksville, Long Island. This little blessing—it's called the Electron Step-Lite—comes in several sizes, but the four-by-four-inch model, which I saw in action, seems quite adequate. "Action" is perhaps a slightly exaggerated word to use in connection with this gently luminous plaque, which casts about as much light as a nursery night light and, once plugged in, can be left on, day and night, for a cost of less than ten cents a year. The unit comes in a stainless-steel frame, which is ordinarily attached to the riser of a stair, though it can be hung on a side wall. Usually two units—one at the top and the other at the bottom—are enough to light a stairway, but especially nervous householders may feel that a third should be installed halfway down. However the lights are set up, the price is \$8.40 per unit—little enough, when one considers the broken hips, sprained ankles, cuts, and bruises that they may prevent. Some smaller Step-Lites, which are waterproof and can be used on outdoor steps or in any outdoor area where a misstep would endanger life and limb, measure four and a half inches by two and three-quarters, and cost \$4.90 apiece. Both units are to be had at, among other places, the Tudor Electrical Supply Company, 222 East 46th Street; the Shell Electrical Supply Corporation, 101 East 12th Street; and JnP Lighting, 132 Bowery.

TO get away from lights aimed solely at keeping bones unbroken, it's a pleasure to consider some beautiful antique fixtures that were made with no more worthy aim than contributing

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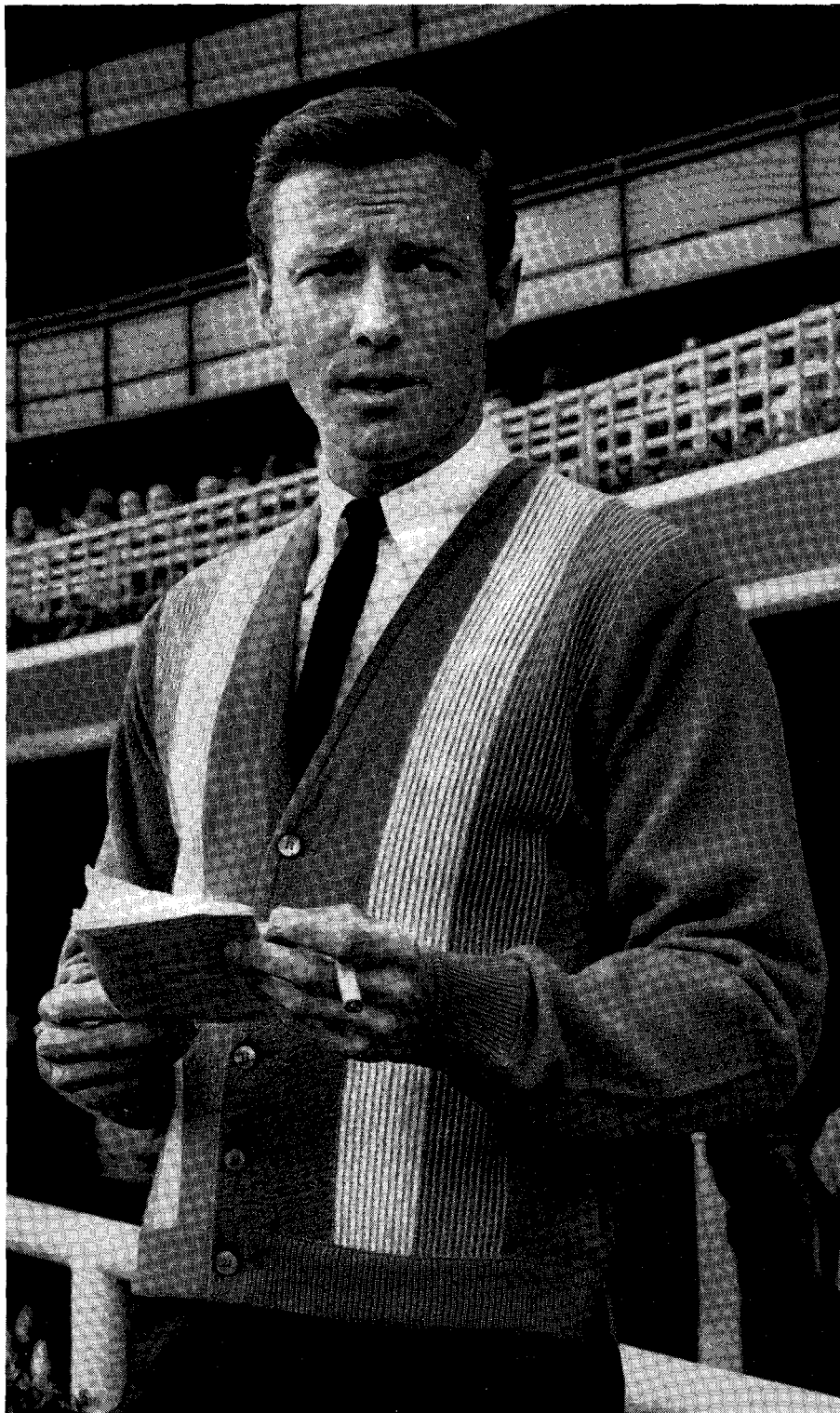
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to the aesthetic delight—and, incidentally, to the illumination—of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century householders. The fixtures in question are part of a collection being shown by Marvin Alexander, 414 East 75th Street, whose splendid antique crystal chandeliers I have long been familiar with, though it was only recently that I had occasion to examine his interesting lamps in metal or metal-trimmed glass. In this collection the scrupulous home decorator is likely to find exactly the period fixture she has set her affections on, whether it is something in the subtly simple design of the late eighteenth century or something in the heavier Napoleonic style or one of the less offensive relics of Victoria's day. Falling chronologically within the last period, but a long way from the usual sort of thing that has come down to us tagged with the poor Queen's name, is a chandelier of hammered and gilded brass that has four tiers—each smaller than the one below—of crownlike crystal ornaments, from which hang pressed-glass prisms instead of the more usual cut-glass crystals. This charming fixture, which is dated 1840 but actually has more of the eighteenth than the nineteenth century about it, is priced at \$560. A French overhead light that was made in 1830 to hang above a billiard table (and would still serve admirably for that purpose) costs \$470 and consists of two wide metal arms holding large glass oil lamps beneath tôle shades. Other high spots in the group are a two-tiered bronze chandelier, three feet tall and twenty-six inches in diameter, in the style of Louis XVI but dated around 1840, which has crystal pendants hanging from its crown and from each of its twelve lights, at \$860; eight stunning wall lamps, also dated around 1840, whose huge amethyst hurricane chimneys, thirteen inches tall and ten inches in diameter, are supported by slender, fluted bronze arms issuing from round bronze wall plates, at \$500 a pair; and a modern adaptation of a Directoire chandelier, with four brass arms extending from the tip of an inverted cone, which is skirted with a tôle shade nineteen inches in diameter, at \$160.

NO one who attended Bonniers' exhibit of Orrefors Swedish glass last spring needs to be reminded of the spectacularly beautiful chandelier that so dramatically dominated the show, but for those who missed the event (and the loss is all theirs) I must, since we are discussing handsome chandeliers, bring up this *chef-d'œuvre*, which I



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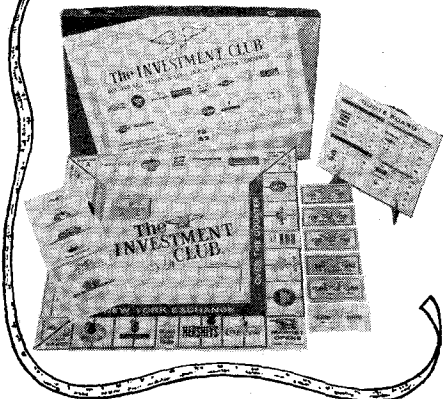
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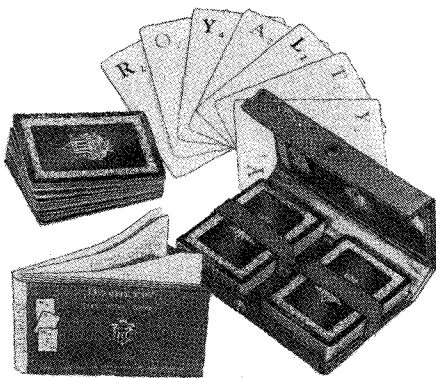
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make bold to say surpasses most of the crystalwork of the eighteenth century. It is, quite simply, a dazzling triumph of applied art. A slightly elongated globe, three feet in diameter and banded longitudinally with strips of brass, so that it resembles some celestial orange, it is made up of sparkling crystal rounds and crystal triangles, all arrayed in a check-board pattern and attached to one another by tiny handmade brass screws. Miss Ingeborg Lundin, the Swedish artist who created this wonderful object and was on hand at Bonniers to explain how the job was done, made it all seem as simple as turning out a batch of cookies. First, you take some molten glass, which you knead gently; then you pour more molten glass on top of that, roll the whole thing out, cut into rounds and triangles (there are six hundred of these in the lamp), decorate each piece with something like the cross on a hot cross bun, and bake. That's all there is to it. Just follow these directions carefully, but don't blame me if, the first time, your chandelier doesn't turn out quite a success; practice makes perfect, you know. The chandelier costs \$3,750 in this size, and must be ordered six months in advance; it can also be had, without waiting, in a slightly smaller size—two feet in diameter—for \$2,750, but it would be a pity, I think, to reduce its magnificence, some of which lies in its heroic size, just to save a trifling thousand dollars. Certainly no householder with a room splendid enough to receive this masterpiece would dream of such a pinchpenny practice. —S. H.

THE DYNAMISM OF HENRY C. HASTINGS

[From the Stowe (Vt.) Reporter]

Henry C. Hastings is back in Stowe after about six weeks of traveling. Contrary to what many thought, Mr. Hastings has not been in jail or arrested for anything whatsoever.

He has been actively tracking down a phony magazine subscription racket which he first discovered here in Stowe. Their operations led him to investigate further in New York City and other places.

Also, he has been at the United Nations with a new plan for nuclear disarmament. Currently he is making more "birds" in order to have them ready for the Eastern States Exposition at West Springfield beginning this Saturday. He has rented a booth in a good location and expects, weather allowing, to do a good business.

In addition to all this, Mr. Hastings is circulating a petition that would allow him to run for Town Representative as an independent. Mr. Hastings also said he expected to resume publication of the "Stowe Reformer" upon his return. He will not let down the many who subscribed and supported him, he said.



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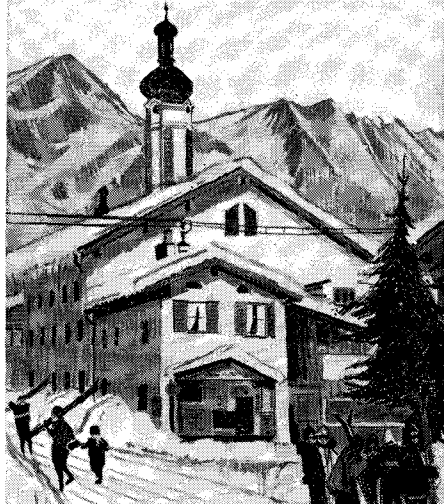
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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 7



IT is not too late to mention how Paris reacted to the alarming world crisis between President Kennedy and Chairman Khrushchev of two weeks ago, because the Parisians themselves have been so late in putting their minds on it that they have expressed their full opinions only over the last few days. There were, it is true, some earlier snap judgments by the conventionally anti-American intellectual left-wing voices and periodicals here, shouting to the White House "Hands off Cuba!" and jeering at what they called Kennedy's obvious buildup of the whole affair as an electioneering move to help his party in this week's elections. Actually, the only President who used the Cuban tension in this fashion was President de Gaulle, who, in a final TV speech to his own electorate in his recent referendum campaign, alertly warned them that they were living in a dangerous world and had better vote for him massively, so he could take care of them. Indeed, the initial Paris political reaction to the Cuban crisis was a fear not that the whole world might blow up on Monday or Tuesday but that on Sunday Cuba would be a gift of the gods to de Gaulle's referendum, bringing him millions of otherwise wavering votes, which it probably did.

Only this past week was any adequate full-dress report, with the entire chronology of that desperate week's alarms and excursions, presented to Paris readers. It was in two parts, called "Histoire d'une Crise," and was published, naturally, only by the conscientious *Monde*, as a belated matter of contemporary history. "What moral can one draw—at least provisionally—from this dramatic week?" it asked, and then answered, with obvious approval, that, for one thing, "the United Nations, pushed by the neutrals, for the first time emerged as a mediator between the two giants." For another thing—also for the first time since that earlier, less successful Cuban incident in Kennedy's White House experience—*Le Monde* gave him what passes for high praise in that stiff-necked journal, saying,



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Now picture this very same underground seepage on a giant scale and you have the problem that has faced many a harassed construction engineer.

Yes, although man may decide to sink a bridge footing here or dig a mine shaft there, Mother Nature quite often has other ideas. And she gets her way through *water*.

How? By the typically feminine maneuver of going underground. Beneath the topsoil lie layers and layers of substances, all of which have different properties. In tunneling through it, man has often, to his dismay, come upon layers of porous, sandy soil or fissured rock through which water flows easily. Trouble!

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And AM-9 has still another string to its bow. So thin it flows wherever water can flow, it *water-proofs* just as well as it grouts. AM-9 halts chronic water infiltration in sewers and mines, was used to permanently waterproof the utility tunnels at the Plattsburgh Missile Complex.

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"Throughout the entire affair, President Kennedy showed that he had extremely solid nerves by the way he played his cards." Then it added, "However, one must go back to Berlin to judge the real chances for peace. Khrushchev certainly may be tempted to take his revenge there for the success he had to grant Kennedy in Cuba. Nor will he be able to forget that this recent crisis anchored the Americans to their conviction that talking loud is the best way to make the Russians listen. The over-all conclusion is that the dialogue between the two K.s, which permitted a catastrophe to be avoided, should be continued, so as to prevent the return of other crises. In the eyes of the whole world, Kennedy has washed away the Bay of Pigs failure, has affirmed his personal authority, and has demonstrated his capacity for both decision and *pondération*"—for thinking things over. It ended up by saying, "He is in a good position if the Kremlin wants to negotiate agreements with him that could make coexistence something other than a euphemistic synonym for Cold War." To the American colony here, these words were welcome, no matter how late.

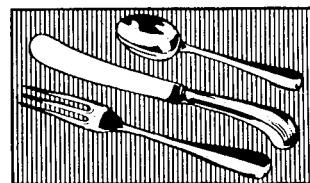
A PHENOMENAL and, in a way, touching work called "L'Opéra d'Aran" has recently opened at the big Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, rented for three months so that the production can persist in the odd musical missionary aim that lies behind it. Its composer, Gilbert Bécaud, is probably the most popular of France's younger music-hall singers, and especially of the rare three or four who write their own words and music, each of whom annually stars before jammed crowds at the Olympia or the Alhambra music hall. He gave four years to composing his opera, and in launching it has spent his entire fortune, reportedly equivalent to about three-quarters of a million dollars, largely earned from the sale of his records. All this he has done in the quixotic hope that his multitude of record-buying fans will be drawn by loyalty to the Champs-Élysées and thus into contact with his superior musical effort in the cultural, lyrical realm of grand opera. His goal is quite simply to lift the taste of the modest-minded French masses who have been crazy about his music—or at least about his music as it has been over the past ten years. In Paris entertainment circles, either Marlene Dietrich or the Begum in a box makes a smart opening night; Bécaud had both. His opera's production is distinguished by a per-



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fectionism never audible or visible at the Paris Opéra. So that the voices would remain fresh over the three-month run, he engaged three sets of singers from among the best European theatres, including the elegant Scala star soprano, Mme. Rosanna Carteri; he also enrolled several conductors, including Georges Prêtre, now the top-ranking Paris *chef d'orchestre*, and chose his musicians from the players in the orchestra of the Société des Concerts. He ordered two months of rehearsals for his troupe, as against the Opéra's two rehearsals in a week; has mobile sailing ships on his stage; and called in the Scala's famous Mme. Margherita Wallman as his stage director. His opera's tragic story concerns fisherfolk and a mysterious stranger on the Irish Isle of Aran; the women all wear red dresses and thick wool stockings, and the men sing their opening chorus in oilskins.

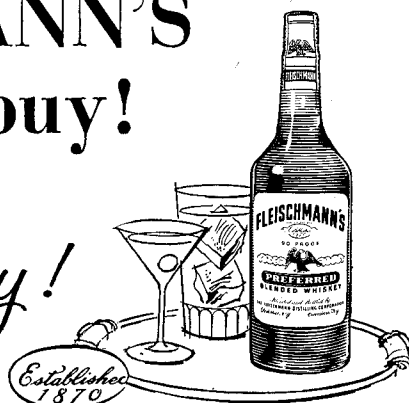
It was falsely rumored before the opening that this opera was mostly written by somebody else. The truth is that Bécaud, who is from Toulon, studied composition at the Conservatoire in nearby Nice with the youthful hope of becoming a serious musician, but in despair, to earn his living, took to the kind of music that has made him rich and famous. Without his fortune from the jukebox and record trade to pay for it, his belated serious work would never have been produced, for it falls between two stools. "L'Opéra d'Aran" consists of honorable melodious music, lovingly composed, somewhat in the manner of Leoncavallo and Mascagni, and reaching for Puccini. It is too unoriginal for real operagoers to enjoy, and too operatic for his record-playing fans to like, though so far the Champs-Élysées balcony has been better filled than the orchestra.

Bécaud has just left on his first trip to America, where he will sing in Montreal, Washington, and New York. In a farewell speech over the radio here, he said touchingly that if his Aran opera does not succeed he will save another fortune to launch another opera to attempt another education of his fans (from whom, of course, the second fortune will first have to be extracted). He said that all he needs to start his new wealth is to have one big new hit in his Olympia program later this month, when he returns from America. Bécaud is still in his early thirties, nice-looking, with a strong, reedlike voice. If you happen to be in his New York audience, the song to listen for is "Les Mains," his first hit, on which he created his career. In it, he sings as a lover alone

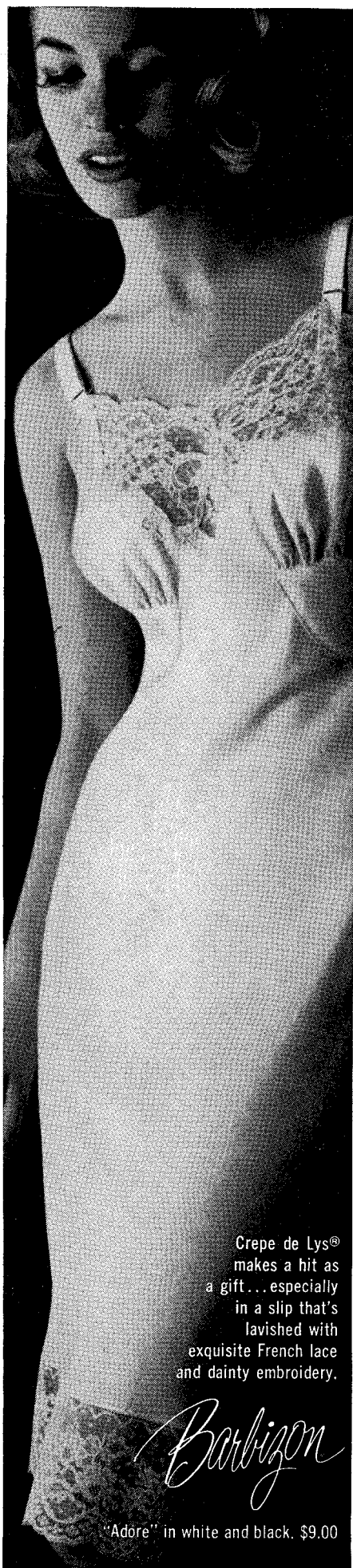


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in his room, whose empty hands keep outlining the remembered form of his *bien-aimée*—dramatic, with the tender byplay of the hands set to excellent emotional, heartbreaking French popular music and to a deftly rhymed, sensuous lyric. Not only his fans but people who are fans of grand opera are bound to like it more even today than "L'Opéra d'Aran."

KIDNAPPING is a rare crime in France. There was a double interest in the recent trial of the two kidnappers who, in the spring of 1960, stole the little Peugeot boy—in the trial itself, and in who the little boy was, since the French are automatically interested in anything about French automobiles. As one of two heirs to the family motor dynasty, the lad, Eric, had been enticed from the children's playground at his grandfather's smart suburban golf club at Saint-Cloud, so the trial was held in Versailles, the county seat for the locality, in the pretty little white-painted Palais de Justice, Second Empire in style. There was nearly nothing sordid in the trial; in a way, it was almost airy, because of the two prisoners' personalities and their entertaining quips and garrulous, picaresque confidences to the President-Judge, and because, as all knew, the little boy was long since safe at home. From the very beginning, the crime had seemed rather like a badly put-on vaudeville sketch (except for the awful fifty-six hours of anguished waiting by the parents to hear the telephone ring to tell them whether their child was dead or alive or would be returned to them). Before their arrest, the two criminals, who seem to have been rank amateurs throughout their careers, had had eleven unbelievable months of peace, prosperity, and pleasure while spending nearly all the fifty million francs of ransom money, or about a hundred thousand dollars—no painful financial pinch for the millionaire Peugeot family. The kidnappers treated little Eric tenderly during the two days and nights he spent in their hideout flat, regaling him with TV shows, playing checkers with him, helping him enjoy the colored chalks they had bought for his amusement, and stuffing him with chocolate candies at teatime and beefsteak and *pommes frites* for supper. They talked automobiles, and agreed with him (he was then aged four) when he said that the Peugeot was better than the Panhard, and cheaper, too. The finish of it all in court supplied a happy ending, because justice was properly served, the two rogues get-



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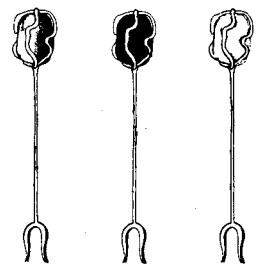


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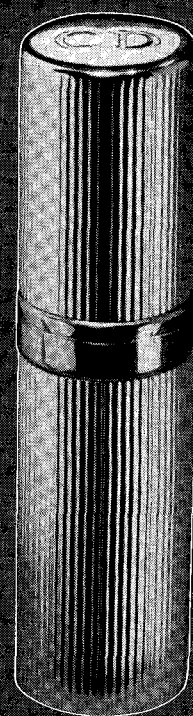
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ting twenty years in prison, the maximum that French law allows for their crime. Both took their sentences quietly, the terms being precisely what they expected and were ready for. They clearly enjoyed their three days in court, the last sociable, talkative days they would have out in the world for a long time. The older one, Pierre Larcher, aged thirty-eight, was the more intelligent and the sharper-tongued, with a hard, dislike face. Before *Paffaire Peugeot*, he had been a transporter of contraband exotic birds—of all things—across the border between Belgium and France. A generally unsuccessful crook, worried at his age about a secure future, he spent much of his half of the ransom buying a good farm as an investment. The other was Raymond Rolland, aged twenty-six, a handsome gigolo who worked the night clubs, calling himself Rolland de Beaufort and claiming to be related to the well-known General Groult de Beaufort. The kidnapping idea came when Larcher suddenly darted into a Left Bank bookshop and emerged with the *Bottin Mondain*, the high-society *Who's Who* of France, saying, "This is the book of fortune for us." They thumbed through it for a well-known millionaire family with a child young enough to kidnap easily, and came to the Peugeots.

The fascination of the trial lay in the fact that it was the duty of the President-Judge to invite them to repeat their confession in court bit by bit, so the jury would know all the facts. It was like listening to pages recited from a Simenon detective story. Indeed, the atrocious letter sent to the Peugeots, threatening to torture their child if he was not ransomed, was copied by Larcher from the French translation of an English suspense yarn about kidnappers. Then, under the court's skillful, rather paternal questioning, there were their girl friends to tell about. Rolland's was a pretty Dane who had failed to be chosen Miss Universe in London. He had given her some nice jewelry, she said in court, but his only costly gift was a sixty-thousand-franc Paris wig, *perruques* having just come into style. To confuse the police, Larcher had invented a nonexistent third man, who had supposedly engineered the crime, and Rolland had so falsely involved Mme. Colette Peugeot, the boy's cousin by marriage (now divorced), that the police and—what was worse—the Paris press believed her to be the inside-job element in the affair. She barely escaped arrest. (In his summing up, the prosecutor turned to the

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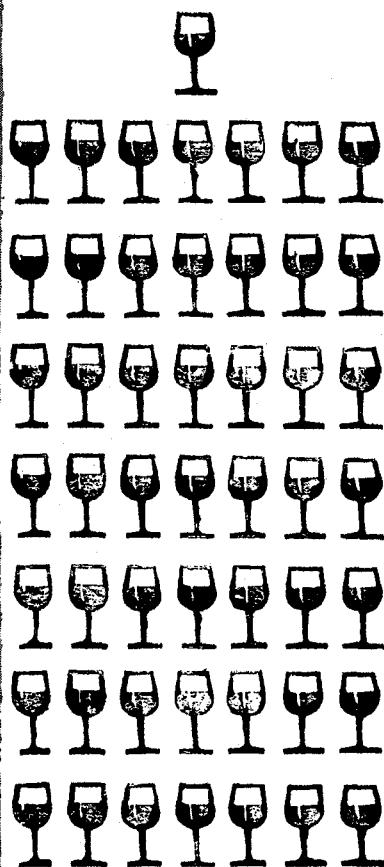
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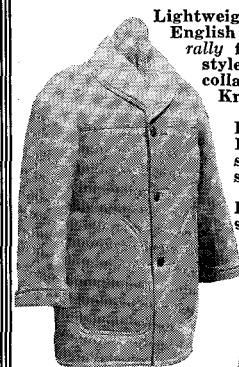
SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N. Y.

press box and sternly demanded that the journalists in their reports mention their own guilt in this matter, since they were the ones who had spread the scandal.) In order to get his son back, Eric's father had promised the kidnappers not to give the banknote numbers to the police. But his own father, who had supplied the cash, was of harder stuff, and the net began closing in when bills from the ransom money started to turn up in all the hot spots of Europe—Germany, Denmark, the Riviera, the French mountain resorts. Interpol, the international police, kept finding the banknotes scattered in the wake of a couple of hitherto minor French crooks, who were suddenly leading the life of *coqs en pâte*—or roosters baked in a pie. They were arrested while living in luxury in a rented villa outside the ski resort of Megève. Last week, the Versailles court granted the Peugeot family what it had asked—one franc in damages for "moral prejudice" caused by the kidnapping. The court also ordered restitution of what remained of the fifty-million-franc ransom. This was estimated at about twelve million francs—some cash, which was Rolland's; Larcher's bank account, started when he was still worried about a secure future; Larcher's farm; and Rolland's four fancy automobiles, none of them Peugeots.

THE art season has only now started, but very interestingly. The Galerie Maeght has opened it with a fine rarity—a Blaue Reiter exhibition, mostly lent by the widowed Mme. Kandinsky, who lives here. It is a small show, of perhaps fifteen or twenty canvases and drawings, but a very large one in significance, being a reassembly of available pictures that were actually shown in the original Blaue Reiter exhibit, in 1911, at the Galerie Thannhauser, in Munich—a show that became legendary. It contains not only the Russian and German works that were the movement's foundation but works by the Frenchmen who were the Blue Riders' favorites. There are six large and gorgeous, if delicate, Kandinskys of 1910 and 1911, done in his Chinese manner—trailing dark lines like tendrils, with rose and blue patches on white backgrounds. There are several canvases by his then close friend Franz Marc—one of a cow as bright yellow as if she were a Fauve cow, but belonging to the Blue Riders just the same. "We found the name when we were having coffee on the shaded terrace at Sindelsdorf," Kan-



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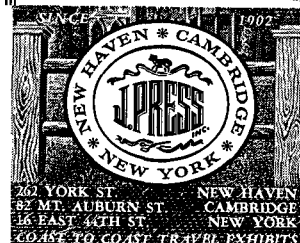
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dinsky later related. "Both of us loved the color blue; Marc also loved horses, and I loved riders. So the name came of itself." Of the Paris painters represented, Robert Delaunay was estimated by them as being far more important than Picasso or Braque, and the Maeght show has his famous canvas of the Saint-Séverin Church choir, with its Cubistic Gothic pillars, which was hung in Munich. Also shown are two small works by the Douanier Rousseau, their other Paris favorite. There is, it is true, a splendid Cubist Picasso, and also one by Braque, both of which were shown in Munich. In the manifesto that Kandinsky wrote for the first show, printed in the catalogue that is now an art item in itself, he defined their new kind of art in a new way: "Consider form as an exterior expression of an interior process." It was the beginning of modern abstract art.

—GENÊT

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA DEPARTMENT (MATING RITES DIVISION)

[From the *Los Angeles Times*]

One of the most dismaying rumors of the week—that kissing had been banned in the parlor and patio of the Long Beach State College women's dormitory—was happily extinguished Wednesday.

"We're not trying to ban kissing," explained a member of the Los Cerritos Hall judicial committee. "We're just trying to get at the kids who hang on the wall and stay in a clinch for an hour and a half."

The rumor apparently was started by members of the nearby Los Alamitos Hall for men students, who protested that their girl friends could not kiss them goodnight.

Judy Mallozzi, 19, a junior and member of the women's judicial committee, said the committee was merely hoping to enforce the policy set down by the Hall Council against "over display of affection."

Miss Mallozzi said she knows it is difficult to determine when discreet affection ends and overdisplay begins, but that one-hour demonstrations are clearly beyond the line.

"After all," she said, "parents and other people are always visiting us. When they see things like this our prestige goes down. This is what we're trying to alleviate."

"We're not trying to ban kissing as such. I think there are too many forces against us for that. Nature has to take its course. But when you see five or six couples hanging on the wall—well, your prestige goes down, that's all."

Frank Bowman, housing co-ordinator for the college, pointed out that the restriction was propounded by a student group, reflecting the school's policy of student responsibility.

"It's interesting to sit back and watch them solve their problems," he said.

"You have to have something to talk about," added Miss Mallozzi. "Last week it was Cuba. This week it's us."

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NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

XXXVIII-LAKE CHARLES, LA.

AL.T., 19. Pop., 63,392. The people of Lake Charles love to watch that evening sun go down. They feel that their sunsets are unlike any other sunsets in the world. As twilight nears, they begin to tingle. Their eyes sparkle, and they behave as though they had just hopped out of bed after a good night's sleep. "You have to see one of our sunsets to believe it," a Lake Charles resident said recently. "The sun goes down in the west over the shores of the lake—Lake Charles, that is—and generally in a blaze of glory. The whole ball of wax! But what makes our sunsets different from other sunsets is that Old Sol doesn't just go down—he goes down behind spurts of orange flame from the tops of the oil refineries across the lake." Some observers of Lake Charles find it difficult to determine which of the two phenomena—the sunset or the refinery flames—produces a deeper sense of satisfaction. It is a complicated matter. "I cast my vote for the refinery," a Lake Charles man said not long ago as he stood, enraptured, in front of a broad picture window of his home, overlooking the lake. "You have to look at it like this," the man said. "From one end of the globe to the other, the sun goes down, night after night, in the old-fashioned way. We have something different here, something new and vibrant."

Lake Charles people suffer from identity trouble. More than most people—and that's saying something—they have difficulty figuring out who they are, and where.

"I got trouble placing myself," a Lake Charles man explained recently. "I look back on our history, and there isn't much. We're not French, although you can hear French spoken on the streets; we're not Cajun, although there are plenty of Cajuns who have left the farms and come to town; we're not Texas, *that's* for certain; and, by God, we're not just Louisiana. We're Lake Charles, whatever that is." The town boomed as a lumber town from 1890 to 1920. Lumber provided a pleasant security, and it was generally accepted as a fact that it would take at least a thousand years to cut out the nearby forests, covering an area of some five hundred miles. "A thousand years" has a golden, reassuring ring. It tends to create confidence and a sense of continuity, espe-

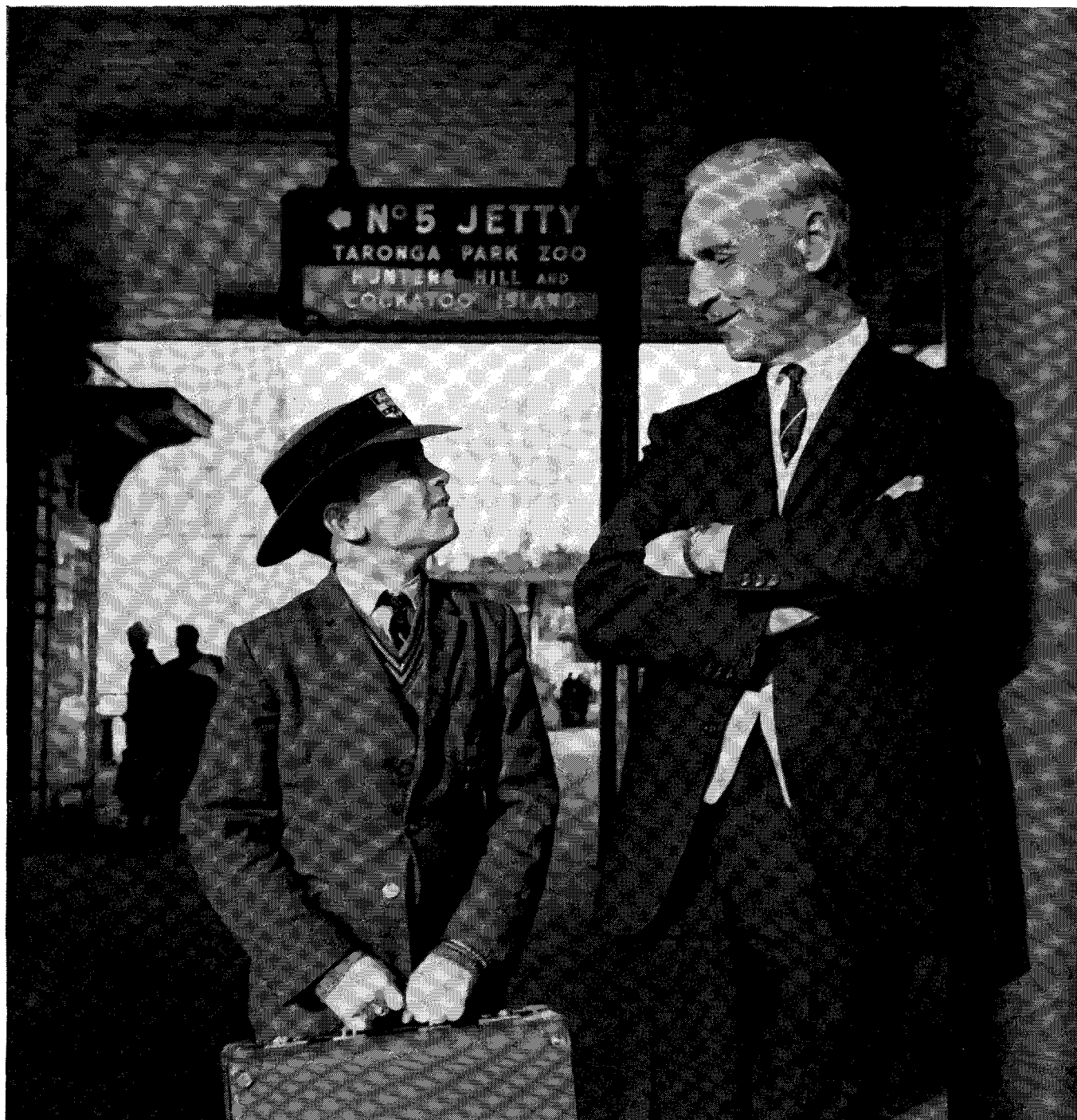
cially when trees are involved. The forests were gone by 1920. Old-timers in Lake Charles still shake their heads and remark that it came as a stunning surprise to discover that it takes a great deal less time to chop down a tree than to grow one. The town went into a troubled snooze. It slept, but fitfully. It lay only forty-five navigable miles from the open water of the Gulf of Mexico, but not until 1926, in one of its waking moments, did the idea arise of utilizing the Calcasieu River, the Sabine River, and the Intracoastal Waterway, a canal, to bring shipping up from the Gulf and thus turn Lake Charles into an international port. The Second World War put an end to the snoozing once and for all, but did not end the fitfulness. It inaugurated the era of the industrial sunset. Industrial sites were established, from which industrial sunsets could be viewed, in all their prosperous beauty, and a new and direct ship channel to the Gulf was dredged, which made the route only thirty-two miles long. The population tripled in twenty years. "In 1940, sir," a Lake Charles enthusiast has said, "there was five times as much agriculture as industry. By 1950, there was five times as



much industry as agriculture. This is Chemical, U.S.A., sir. This is a fairy story! Why, a man will come out from Jersey with his family, and he'll buy a little boat and he'll buy a little car, and nothing on God's green earth would ever get him back to Jersey. And he can catch shrimp right

in his own back yard, if he's got a back yard that runs down to the water."

A good many men who have come out from Jersey, and elsewhere, and have bought houses find themselves overcome by a form of industrial hysteria when they attempt to describe the chemical complex of the area. Words tumble out, sentences run into one another, ideas collide. In general, people in Lake Charles talk fast and low. When they discuss the implications of the industrial sunsets, they talk *very* fast and *very* low, as though they were being pursued by highly mechanized demons. A stranger to Lake Charles recently found a moment of what might pass for comparative repose when he spent a few minutes in the elegantly spare office of an oil-refinery executive. The executive him-



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self was elegant and spare. He had come out from Jersey, all right, but he had not bought a little house and a little car; he had bought a big house and a big car. And although he was fully aware that there were many rungs below him (little houses, little cars), he was equally aware that there were still rungs above (bigger houses, bigger cars). His polished desk was stark-naked bare. From one window he could look out upon a large fleet of heavy tankers moored in the river. From another window he could look out upon a number of industrial plants adjacent to his own, all crisply and functionally designed. From still another window he could look out upon his own province—squat oil tanks, gleaming aluminum cylinders, tall superstructures with hundreds of gauges and innumerable catwalks. Very few human beings were in evidence. The wall opposite his desk was entirely covered with a huge gray photographic mural of the scene that he could see by merely looking out of that third window. "Industrial sites made this town," the executive said, talking very low and very fast. "Twenty-two hundred different items can be turned out in this town. I am often staggered. In fact, I am staggered right this minute, just talking about it. Think what we have here. A maritime situation, an oil situation, a gas situation, a salt situation, and a rice situation. For the moment, forget the rice. An area with any one of these situations, all by itself, is in clover. We pull nitrogen out of the air. We pull fertilizer out of the air. There are clamshells all over, and clamshells mean limestone. Burn the limestone, mix in the salt, and you get soda ash. Add petroleum products and you have everything. We have cheap power and transportation. Labor supply—no problem. The people pour in. They don't have much to do except turn valves, but they're happy—happy, I tell you, with their boats and houses. We have an investment in this town of more than two hundred thousand dollars in plant and equipment for every man in town. Let *that* sink in! It's a petrochemical miracle, and not a single by-product is wasted. Nothing is not put to some use—dishes, ropes, pipes, detergents, textiles, emulsifiers, plasticizers, cosmetics. Name it, and we have it. Hercules makes polypropylene. There's butadiene for rubber. There's ethylene, propylene, methane, ethane, butane. Caustic soda, chlorine, Pro-Fax, anhydrous ammonia, ethylene glycol! Add plastics. Synthetic fibres, catalysts, lube oil. There's petro-coke and the olefins, the cycloolefins, and the ortho-





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xylenes. Butyl rubber is a copolymer of isobutylene and isoprene. Talk about phthalic anhydrides! We sell the ortho-xylene. We make sulphuric acid. Water is required, and we've got eight hundred million gallons all around us. Go down the line of some of the plants hereabouts—Cities Service, Cit-Con, Firestone, P.C.I. Investments of hundreds of millions! Catalytic crackers! Ten to fifteen per cent of our stuff is the squeal—the by-products. We waste nothing. My friend, the days of just running a refinery are over. In petro-chemicals, if you stand still you're dead. Dead."

NEXT to sunsets, the people of Lake Charles are probably most attached to rice. Rice is not a petro-chemical. It is an annual cereal grass, widely cultivated in warm climates for its seed, which is used for human food. Rice alone brings joy enough, but rice and gravy induce boundless pleasure. The people of Lake Charles find true solace in the use of rice and gravy. They put gravy over everything, sometimes calling it country gravy, sometimes red-eye gravy, but most of the time just plain gravy. (If it weren't for the persistent use of gravy, the very fine restaurant in the Charleston Hotel, in downtown Lake Charles, would have to close down within twenty-four hours.) "Gravy over rice is my idea of heaven," a Lake Charles housewife said recently. "I feel that I am livin' it up when I sit down to a big bowl of rice and gravy, and I assure you that I speak for my entire family. It's not that I mind gravy all by itself, or rice all by itself, but *rice with gravy*, that's another matter." Several years ago, it was suggested that some sort of civic monument be erected to honor the town's feelings about rice and gravy. Regional sculptors vetoed the scheme, on the ground that it was impractical. "On sober second thought, it became clear that any monument to rice and gravy would have certain drawbacks when it came to beauty," an aesthetic-minded resident has said. "A solid mass of rice with a solid covering of gravy—well, it just wasn't appealing." There were farsighted citizens who felt that it was a problem to which the petro-chemical industrial innovators might apply themselves, conceivably turning up with a butadiene-cycloolefin-copolymer-resin mound of rice, but the problem of the gravy was insurmountable. Some people struggled with the notion, but there seemed no way to cast solid gravy over rice—whatever the chemical base of the gravy might be—without completely obscuring the rice and rendering the

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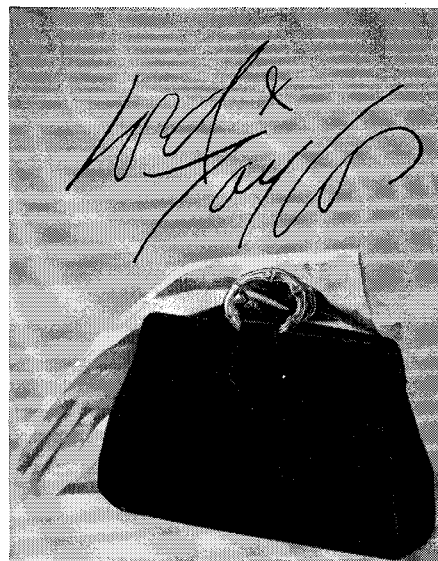
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sculpture meaningless. The matter was dropped.

Rice is grown all around Lake Charles, planted from the air by means of small Boeing Stearman biplanes—always bright-colored, for ready identification—which fly low over the wet fields dropping a hundred and thirty-five pounds of seed per acre into anywhere from four to six inches of water. The rice is presprouted, which means that it is growing even before it hits the water. The seed is dropped from the air with uncanny precision—up one line, down another—until a field has been filled, and it is rare that seed drops onto a spot that has already been seeded. The pilot is guided from below by a man walking barefoot, or occasionally in hip boots, who wades out into the water bearing a large white flag. Each time the plane turns for another run, the man takes eight large steps across the wet field—twenty-five feet. The highly skilled pilot follows the line of demarcation signalled by the flag, and zooms his plane low over a true course. Rice is a self-pollinating plant, with both sexes present in each seed. There is no cross-pollination—no hanky-panky. The plant always pollinates between 7 A.M. and 11 A.M. Central Standard Time.

MANY long-time residents are baffled by the great influx of newcomers into Lake Charles. It increases their identity problem. "It's not so much that we don't recognize anybody on the streets any more," one of them said recently, "as that nobody recognizes us." A haven of stability is the 3 R's Bookstore, presided over by Miss Rosa Hart, a short, dynamic, and voluble woman who holds to the antiquated notion that books will be around longer than plastics. Miss Hart serves coffee or Coca-Cola to browsers in the rear of her shop, and finds solace in the fact that many of the petro-chemical technicians who have come to live in Lake Charles are avid readers of nonfiction. Miss Hart's bookshop is well stocked with nonfiction. Under duress, Miss Hart admits to having been the first woman cheerleader in the United States, in 1919. She was attending Sophie Newcomb College, the female branch of Tulane University, and had been elected president of the junior class. Someone suggested that her talents might also run to cheerleading, and, somewhat appalled, she undertook the task. "I did it," she said recently. "I went through with it. I wore a corset, a skirt, and a shirtwaist. I was always a lady. I draped pennants around me, but my petticoat always showed. I jumped up and down



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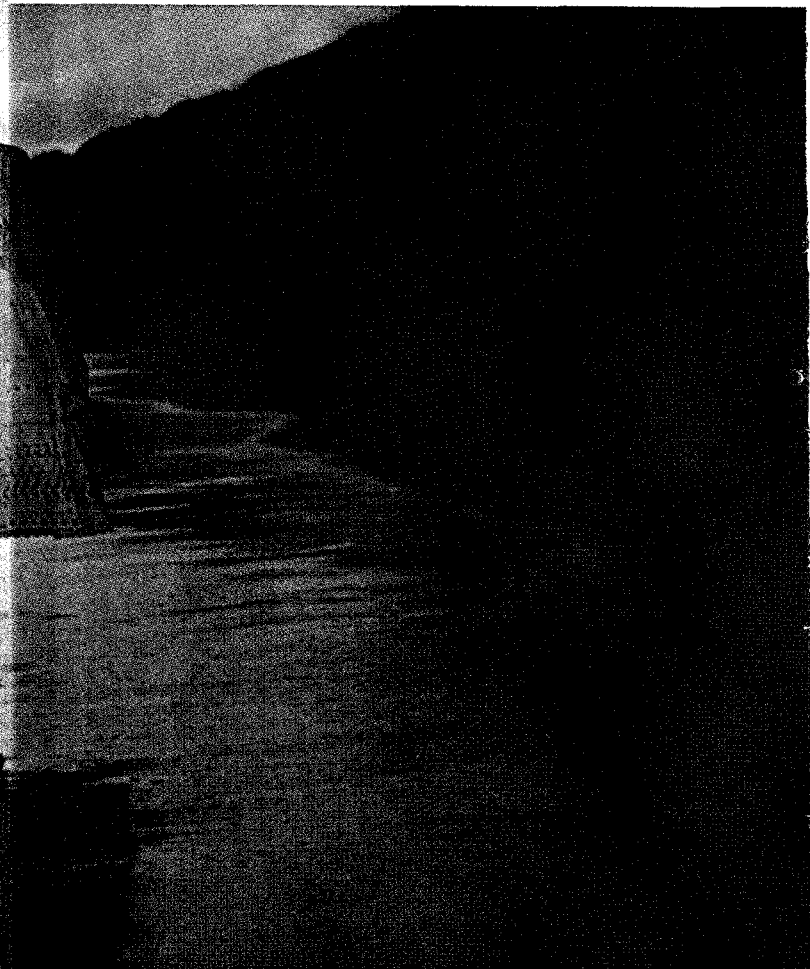
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like a mad thing, and I made up a good many yells as I went along. I disdained a megaphone. I didn't need a megaphone. A megaphone handicapped me and stifled my natural volume. Mostly, though, I could whistle. I can still whistle like fury. [To this day, when Miss Hart decides to whistle, men stop work in far-off plants, pick up their lunchboxes, and head for the exits.] In those years, in order to have a good season Tulane had to beat Louisiana State University. In my year as cheerleader, we did not beat L.S.U., but through no fault of mine. I never drank water from a pail when I was a cheerleader. Didn't like the idea. I can still give you one of the cheers: 'HULLABALOO RAY RAY HULLABALOO RAY RAY HOORAY HOORAY VARSITY VARSITY T.A.A.' [Several heavy volumes bounced off a table and fell to the floor.] The 'T.A.A.' stands for 'Tulane Athletic Association,' and I still think it's a mighty funny thing to yell about. I was awarded a gold football at the end of the season, and the letter 'T' to put on my sweater. And at the last bonfire of the season I threw in my petticoat. No longer needed it. I was through with cheerleading. I stay in my bookstore, with my books, and I tutor some on the side—geometry, algebra, Latin—and I try to harness every good instinct I see in the children I teach. I love to watch them grow. I can still remember the sunsets we used to see across the lake. Where the refineries stand now, that was all cow pasture. The sun going down over a cow pasture in the soft evening light—why, I just wish you could have seen it."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF MUSKETRY DEPARTMENT

[From "Pomp and Circumstance,"
by Noël Coward]

Sandra shot me a suspicious look.

—Page 79.

Robin shot me a quizzical look which I ignored....

—Page 94.

Buddha shot her a withering look and continued...

—Page 96.

Eloise shot me a sharp look...

—Page 143.

Joe shot her a look of besotted adoration and blushed.

—Page 144.

She shot another look at Eloise....

—Page 173.

... and shot me a look of such intensity that I dropped my coffee spoon onto the sand.

—Page 195.

... in the ensuing babel I shot a glance at Lydia...

—Page 199.

... shooting Robin a warning look.

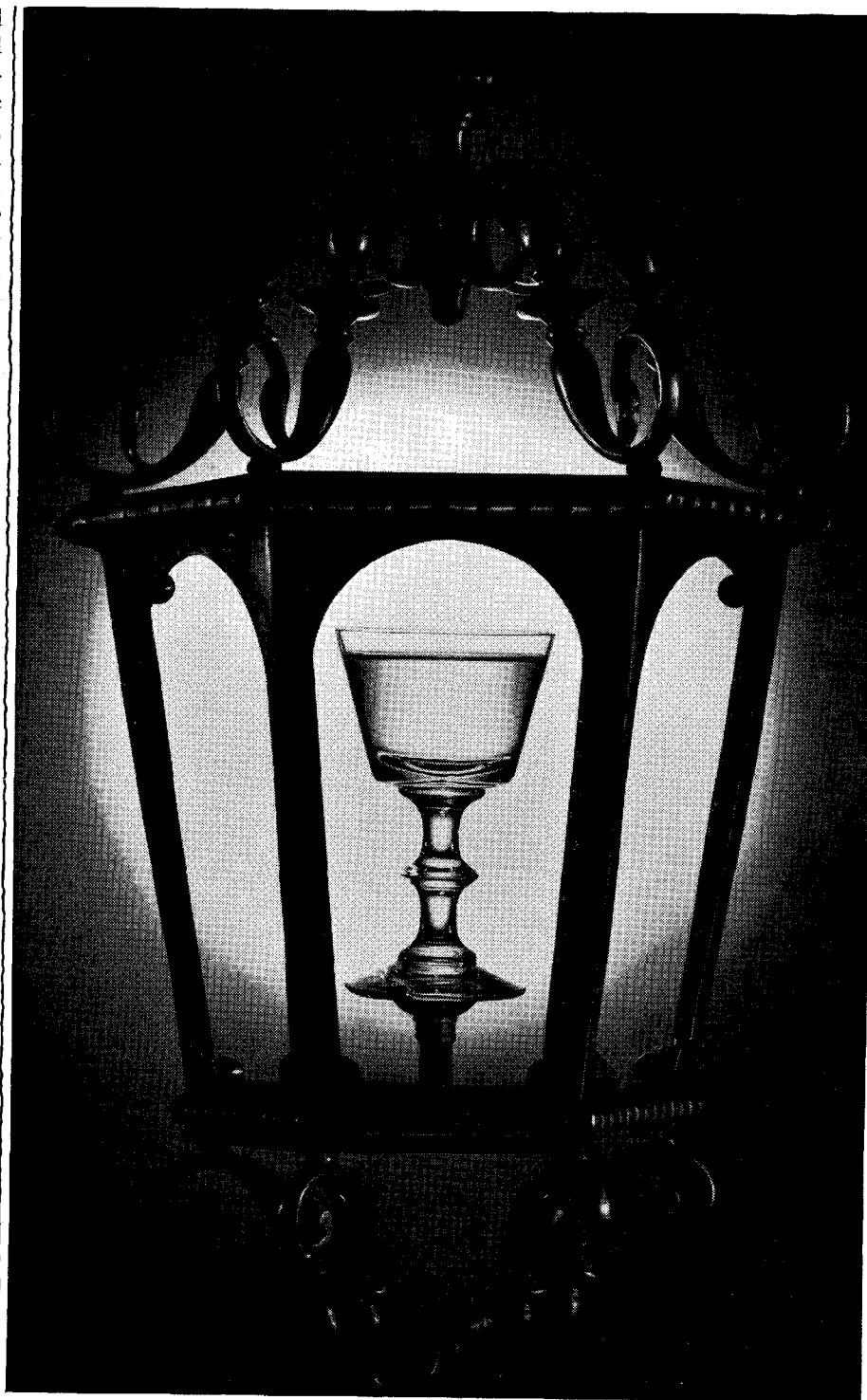
—Page 202.

I shot her a baleful look.

—Page 222.

... but he kept shooting me sidelong glances.

—Page 243.



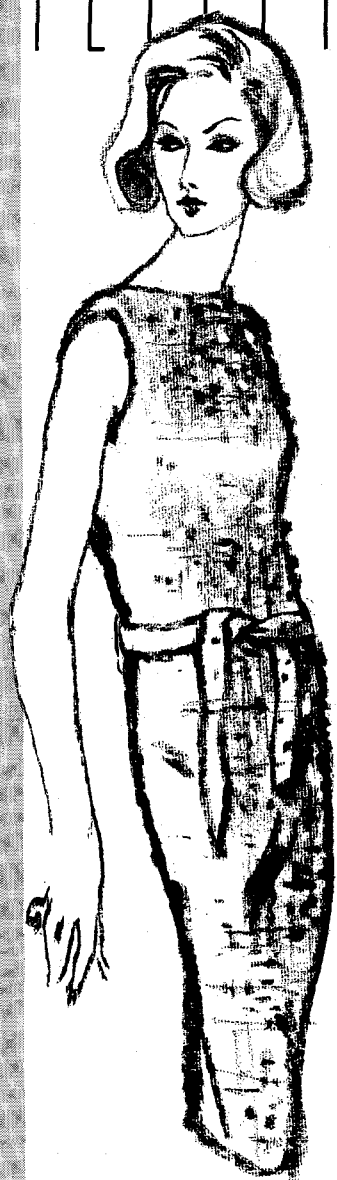
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A BRIEF VISIT FROM COUSIN COSTANZA

MY cousin Costanza turned up here not long ago. She took off from one of her *pied-à-terre* in our native Veneto, stayed precisely the time she had allotted herself with my wife and me in our house some thirty miles from New York, and then left, hurriedly and happily, knowing that she had fulfilled a strict and imperative duty. She came when she heard that our third daughter, Nicoletta, had been born. No one could dissuade her from taking the long trip. "If he doesn't decide to come here," she told my sister in Vicenza, "he and his wife and the three girls—and how can they, with a newly born baby?—then I'll go myself to see what the girls are like and how he is settled in America. *Diamine!* There's not much you can tell from photographs."

So, soon after, Costanza, a Venetian lady in her middle seventies, stepped down from a jet at Idlewild. "Eight hours of flight—marvellous!" she exclaimed. "But you—you're still a boy, eh? Imagine, another baby girl at your age! Just like a young fellow! If it had been a boy, I wouldn't have come, you know. But for a girl—for the third grace—I couldn't do less. As I was saying, eight hours of stupendous flight. A layer of white clouds under me, and a cognac each time I felt the need. It's amazing how long it took you men to invent the airplane. Such a practical and comfortable means of travelling. Nothing like Papa's old schooners—why, it took him longer to get to Cyprus than it took me to cross the Atlantic. Wouldn't he be furious?"

And just the sound of that warm, husky voice, with its lilting Venetian cadence, was enough to transport me to my boyhood world.

I've known Costanza—or so I'll call her—all my life. She is, actually, the daughter of my father's cousin, and so only my second cousin, but she has been as close to my family as any of our nearer relatives. Costanza first emerges in my memory as an exquisite young woman in the enchanted Venice of my childhood. I was four or five. At that time, my mother and two sisters and I lived most of the year in Vicenza, to be near my mother's family, for my father, a naval officer, was often away at sea. But our summers were spent in Venice, and then my mother regularly took us to call on all my father's

Venetian relatives, among whom was Costanza's father, Capitan Sebastiano, a retired sea captain with an ear trumpet and a commanding voice.

Capitan Sebastiano, twice a widower, lived in a beautiful house. On one side its windows and balconies faced the lagoon; on another it overlooked a delicious enclosed courtyard and a silent passageway that led, farther on, to the usual tangle of Venetian *calli*. On the canal side there was a door with steps that disappeared into the water, and beside these were four blue-and-white striped poles to which were tied the gondola that belonged to the house and a Venetian sailboat, with large sails of bright colors, to be hoisted in the open waters beyond Torcello. The main entrance of the house was on a street, at the extreme right of the courtyard wall.

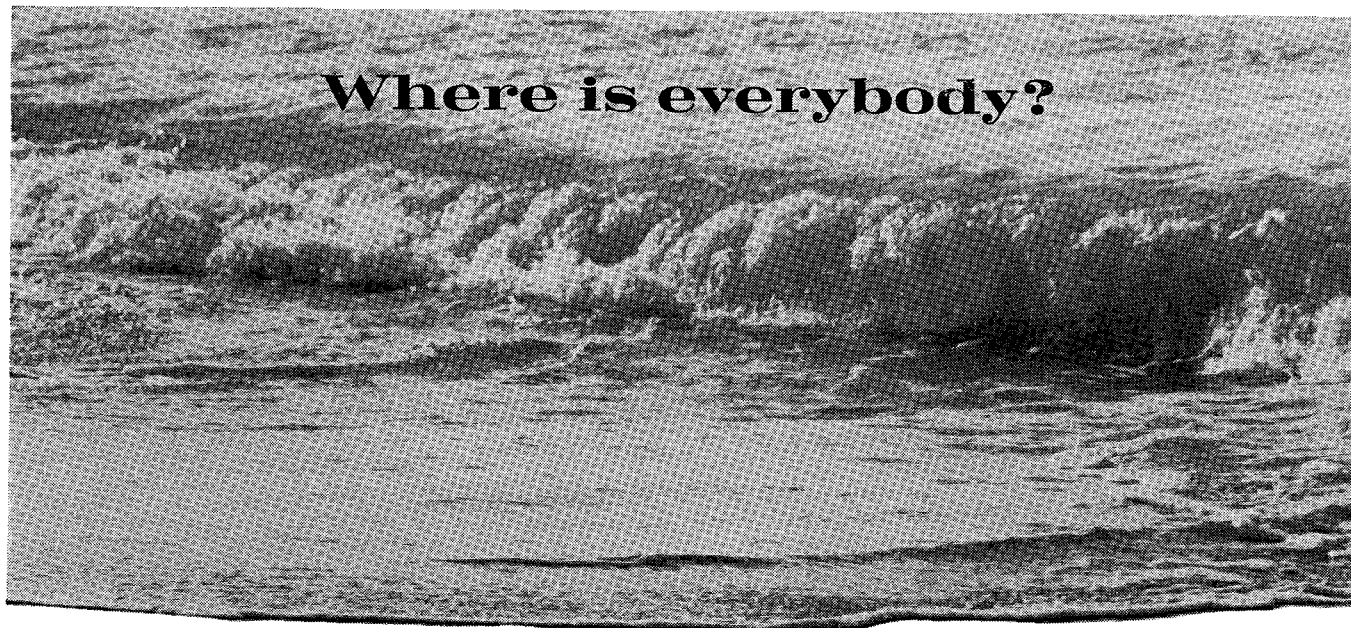
There, when you turned the brass door handle—which, like the knocker above it, was always gleaming bright—you saw slivers of light climb up the walls of the courtyard, like the sudden flash of fireflies. Inside the courtyard, you rang the sonorous bell at the inner door, and the walled space echoed with the sound. And then, invariably, there would be the answering query from high up—a woman's voice, gentle and curious, rhythmic in its flow of dialect: "*Chi xe? Ti xe ti, Cia, coi putei?*"



the voice had a far-away, peaceful echo, for the stone walls were covered with the velvet of sea growth and the sea air was warm and moist, making all sounds seem to plummet and end in ripples on the green lagoon.

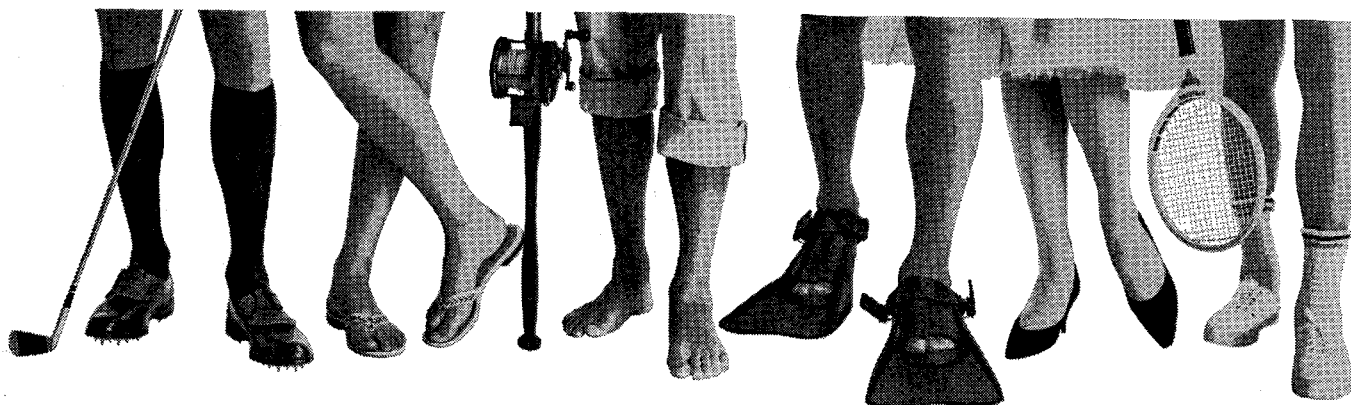
The great door of the house was of finely polished, heavy inlaid wood, surmounted by cornices and doorjambs of marble, at the center of which was a bas-relief of the lion of San Marco. Climbing roses and cascading geraniums clung to the moldings of the house, thick with leaves and blossoms and scent, and entwined with old ivy.

My cousin Costanza, in the splendor of her twenty-seven or twenty-eight years, would wait for my mother and my sisters and me on a glass-enclosed balcony, which was a hothouse in winter but in summer had all its windows open, showing a profusion of bloom. She seemed aerial and glorious up there, overlooking us in the courtyard. Currents of fresh, light air seemed to ascend to her from the surrounding water and



Where is everybody?

KNEE-DEEP IN FUN!



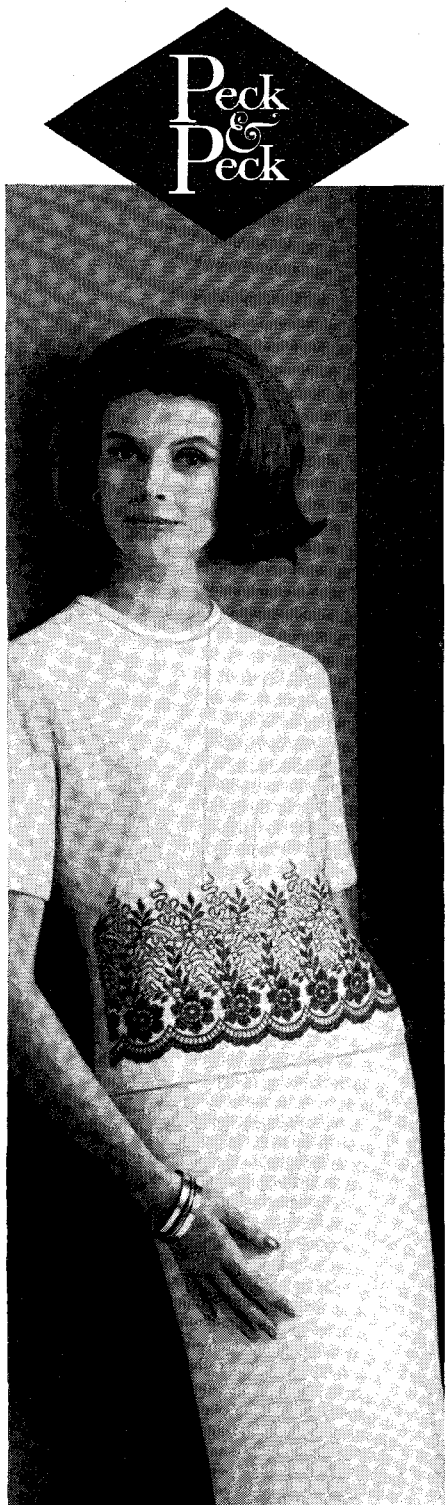
Where does the soft, pink sand stretch as far as your toes can tramp?

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to sustain her there among the flowers.

Costanza was certainly, at that time, one of the most beautiful young women in Venice—so beautiful that you could meet her only on occasional evenings, as the guest of certain exclusive families, always escorted and watched over by one of her half brothers. By day, she was permitted to leave home only in the company of the *governante* who took charge of the captain's household, and then only to make a purchase or to visit female relatives. For Capitan Sebastiano was a serious man, to whom a woman was like a mirror—just a breath was enough to cloud her over—so he kept Costanza practically a prisoner in her home. And the more she grew to resemble her dead mother—a blond Slavic beauty from the Dalmatian coast, who died giving birth to her—the more zealously he guarded her from what he considered that wild Istrian strain in her blood. "This house and courtyard are your kingdom," he'd tell his daughter. "What reason is there for you to go outside these walls? The air is fresh and pure here—not like that of the piazza, with its crowds of foreigners." He would even have liked to keep Costanza from looking out of the windows that opened on the street side of the house, for, in his imagination, every young man who admired her, even from afar, was a menace, a seductive serpent. By his first wife, a Venetian, Capitan Sebastiano had had three sons, as dark and serious as he, and it was to these sombre young men that he entrusted Costanza in the days when he still voyaged around the Peloponnesus or the Ionian Sea. And so, protected from the danger of serpents outside the window, she waited for the proper gentleman who would please both them and herself, but who never arrived. Perhaps Costanza would always have stayed walled up in her kingdom if the captain's death and the onslaught of the First World War had not given her the courage to do away with the barriers of the restricted world in which she had grown up. In any case, the news reached us, one day, that Costanza had eluded her half brothers and run away from home.

WE did not see Costanza again until I was in my teens. Then, without warning, she suddenly appeared in our house. She was no longer the lady of the flower-laden Venetian balcony. There, in Venice, she had seemed remote, fragile, removed from everything but the brightness of a summer's day shimmering on the waters of her city. Now, instead, to my adolescent eyes,

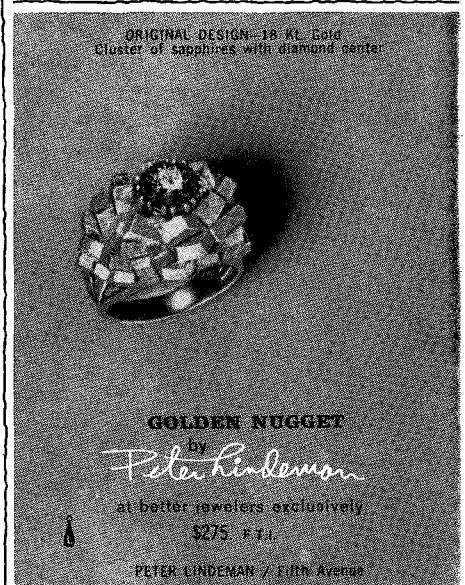
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THE PLAZA

Costanza appeared romantic—a semi-penitent Magdalen, her marvellous eyes filled with hot tears that melted her mascara and ran down her face. She was beautiful, ornate, and elegant, wrapped in a splendid fur coat, her hat veiled, jewels at her ears and throat and on her fine hands. She was perfumed with something delectable that made me see her again in her bower of roses above the courtyard. She sat on a footstool at my mother's feet, and at that moment my mother, composed before the spectacle, took on the aspect of several moral abstractions and images: a little bit Martha, a little the Madonna of the Seven Sorrows, a little Solomon, counsellor and pardoner on the throne of wisdom and justice. I was fascinated. The kiss that Costanza had given me had been full of suggestion, full of the burden of the senses that had just begun to disturb me—a kiss laden with the nuances of womanly emotions, and hinting, I was sure, the presence of an amorous passion in her life.

"As far as your economic affairs are concerned, rest assured that I will give you all the help possible," my mother told her. "But as far as *he* is concerned, even though my door is open to you, it will never be open to him until the day he marries you." And so I learned for the first time of the existence of a certain Signor Maurizio, whose very name my mother refused to hear or speak.

THE mysterious Maurizio, who had left a wife and child to run off with Costanza, never married her. He left her, too, after fourteen years, for a younger woman, and from then on her legal and business affairs have been Costanza's *raison d'être*. In pursuit of them, she travels continuously up and down the Veneto from one provincial town to another, arriving periodically in Vicenza (formerly at my mother's home and now at that of my one remaining sister) and always in accordance with her complicated schedule of lawsuits, or projected loans, or shoe fittings. After the flight from her paternal home, she became a woman incapable of concentrating her affairs in one place and settling down there, so now she has her dentist in Verona, the doctor who prescribes cognac for her palpitations in Treviso, the only shoemaker to whom she can entrust her feet in Possagno. She maintains a rented room in Venice, another in Montagnana—filled with family furniture (she visits it seldom, and then only for the purpose of airing out everything)—and a tiny chalet in the vicinity of Merano, with windows and terraces facing the Dolomites. "It's



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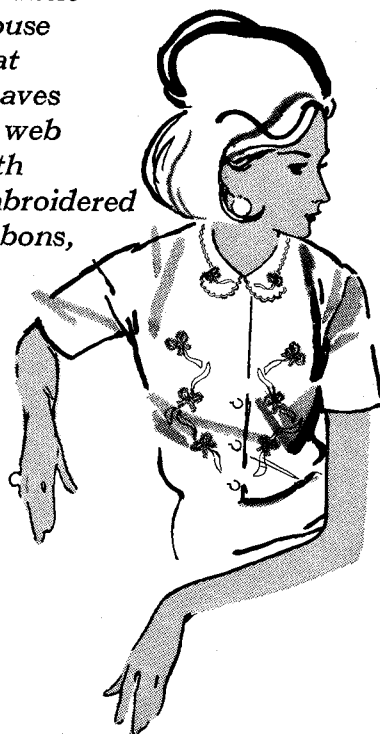
an extravagance," she says of the chalet, "but I keep it for the sake of the air. On my father's side, I have to be near water, but on my mother's side I need the mountains." Besides these more or less official residences, Costanza has a dozen or so stopping places with friends and relatives all over the province.

My mother became used to Costanza's periodic invasions, and a room was kept ready for her at all times. She came and she went. She stayed with us an afternoon, two days, a week, three months. She left, returned, disappeared again—always without the least notice. "I've an appointment I must keep with my lawyer in Padua," she would say, or "It's time to go air out the linens in Montagnana," or "The rents are due on my property in the Trento, and I must go myself to collect them." Then she would add, "These aren't things that can be put off. I'm a businesswoman, you know, and I must go and tend to my business. I have to work, *per bacco*, to live off income as I do."

Costanza has been in litigation with her half brothers from the time she left home. For forty years and more, she and they have been battling in successive suits and appeals for the division and administration of the patrimony left by the old sea captain. The brothers, being sensible merchants, think her mad and incompetent, and she has been using what was left her by her mother to contest them. It has been lawsuits, cavilling, claims, counterclaims, and lawyers without end. The procession of lawyers stretches from Venice to, at last report, Rome. As the years have passed, new life has been injected into the old causes; the grown sons of her half brothers have joined the fray. None of this depresses my cousin; on the contrary, lawsuits seem to be invigorating to her, for, aside from her family feuds, she initiates, from time to time, litigations against the tenants who rent her mortgaged properties, against the communes that levy what she considers unfair taxes, and against the national government itself for reimbursement of war damages—litigations that seem endless, for they in turn call forth other suits, in an everlasting chain. And yet without this unpleasantness and worry Costanza might well have died of boredom. "How can I permit myself the luxury of dying?" she asks. "Imagine leaving my affairs in such a state! There's nothing for it but to fight and hold on until all this *pasticcio* is cleared up and justice is done."

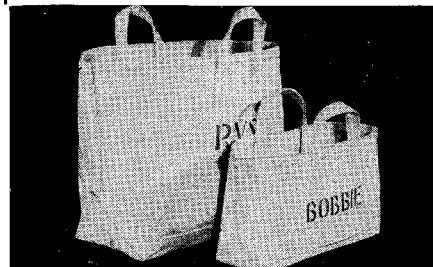
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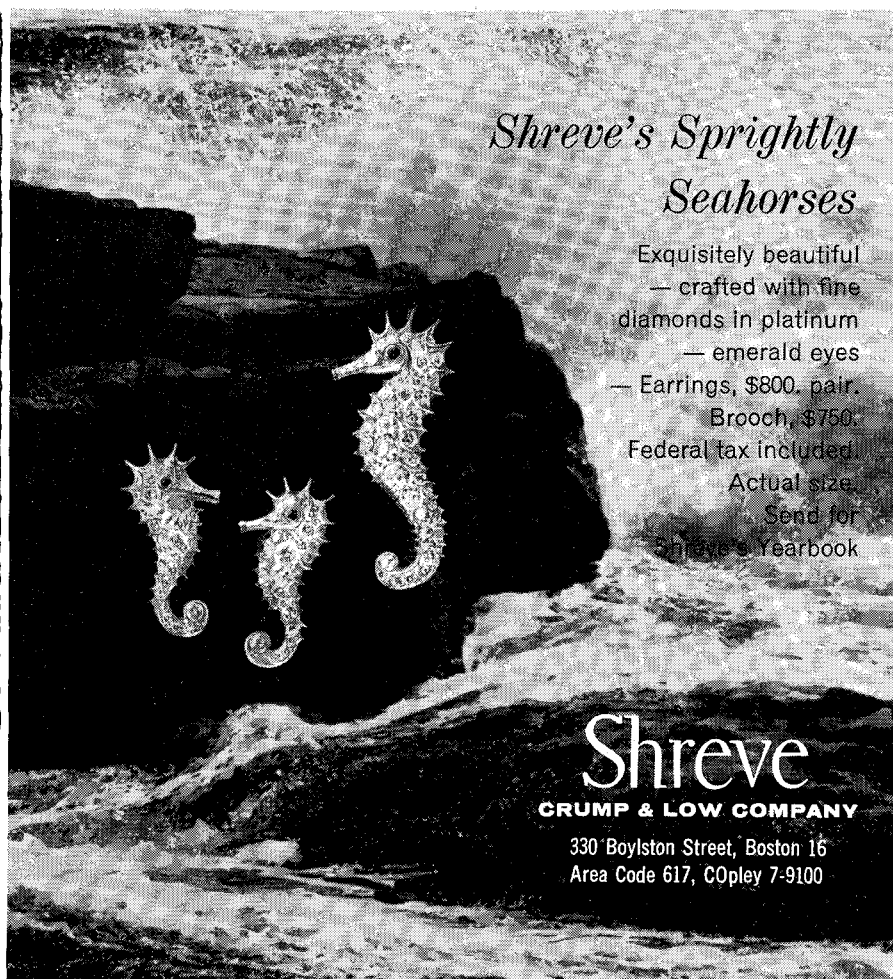
Costanza's eyes are a splendid clear blue. But I realize that they have the cold, lightly fanatical clarity that belongs to the mad—to all gentle madmen. Not that Costanza is in any way demented; as a matter of fact, even her eccentricities are most cogent and well disciplined. But her way of seeing things is precisely her own, and quite out of keeping with the ordinary.

WHEN Costanza stepped off the plane in America that warm spring day, I saw that she was still beautiful, she still had tone. Her hair was dyed in a rich fantasy of copper shadings, and she wore it hanging in soft waves. Her pale, fine skin was rouged with considerable flair, her slim neck was encased in a silk foulard matching the stylish turban on her head. But, to my eyes, the astounding sight was the gray fur coat that she wore tightly wrapped around her lean figure.

"But you're wearing your *petit-gris*!" I said.

"The occasion called for it," she answered.

Now, you must know that Costanza's azure-gray coat, of a squirrel-like fur called *vaio*, is not like any other coat in the world. It was given to her by Maurizio on the occasion of a trip they once took to Munich, which marked the high point of Costanza's life. She has *always*, whether in winter or summer, travelled with her precious *petit-gris* wrapped in a special waterproof bag. I am sure that with the money she has spent for storage and porters' tips as she moves from place to place, never putting the coat on ("If I wore it, it would wear out"), she could by this time have bought herself another such coat. But who would be so heartless as to point this out to her? For the *petit-gris* is one of the attributes of Costanza herself. It is the only gift made to her by the only man she ever loved, and for whom she did not hesitate to throw all conventions to the winds. It is the tangible memory of a man against whom she never felt rancor, even when he left her. "No one can take those



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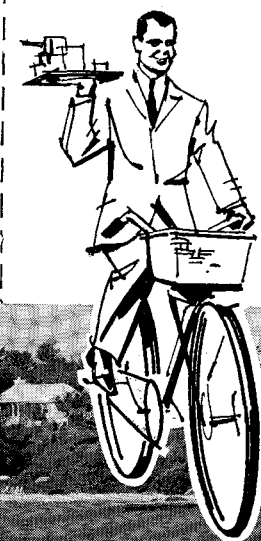
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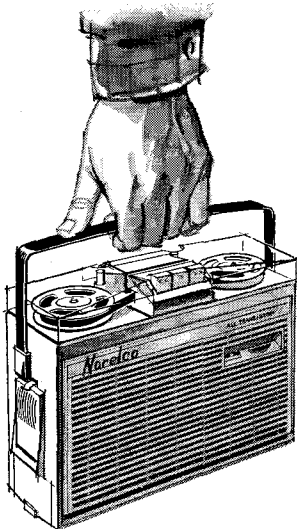
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years from me," she says. "No one can deprive either of us of having spent the most beautiful times of our lives together."

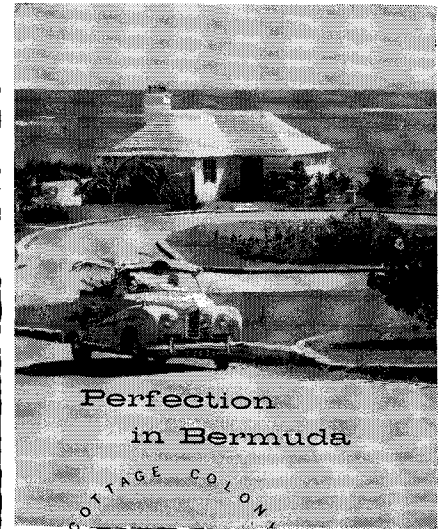
She told me, once, a secret about her fur coat: "You are one of the very few who know. But at night, when I am feeling cold or particularly alone, I wrap myself up in the fur he gave me, and then I feel all the warmth of our good years together and I am able to sleep. That's why I mustn't wear that coat out with travelling."

The truth is that few women have been as pure in their love for a man as Costanza was and is in her love for Maurizio. It was because of this that my mother always defended her, sympathized with her, and loved her. Costanza has never forgotten this, and that is why, now that my mother is no longer living, she still goes to visit my sister in Vicenza, and, I suspect, that is also why she made the trip to see me in America.

In her unceasing rounds from one relative to another, from one town to another, Costanza has ended up with an unchallengeable privilege—that of representing the past generations of the family. She maintains the thread that still unites us all, grandchildren, cousins, nieces and nephews—all, of course, except for the families of her half brothers. "They," she murmurs delicately, "are not our kind—yours and mine. Why they are so niggardly and mean I don't know, but this can happen in any family, especially on the masculine side. For every son who is a gentleman there are at least ten rascals. You can see for yourself that, being a gentleman, you have only daughters."

AS I drove her home from the airport, Costanza told me, "I've come to this country not only to see you, to see how you are settled, and to meet your children and wife, I've also come to bring you up to date on my business affairs." Not once has she met me after an interval of time that she hasn't deemed it necessary to bring me up to date on her business affairs. "I'm sorry to bother you with these dry matters, but you are the executor of my will. Who else could I trust? Once the debts are paid off and everything's put in order, what's left will be for you and your sister."

Costanza, for years now, has affirmed this with the complacency of someone who is certain she is leaving her heirs a substantial legacy. It doesn't even remotely occur to her that once her debts are paid there'll be nothing at all left. Tell her? In the first place,



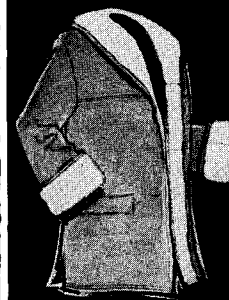
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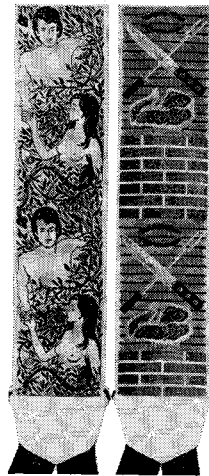
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she would absolutely never agree. "For almost fifty years now," she said during this recent visit, "all of you, beginning with my lawyers, have been telling me I'm on the edge of bankruptcy—that I have to sell my assets, and similar nonsense. And just look how I've managed to live, decently and honestly, on my income. Of course, to pull this off you have to be born with a flair for these matters, and this I got from my father. Now, you, in your branch of the family—you sold your lands and houses, and ended up with nothing, while I, knowing there was inflation in the air, went into debt and mortgaged everything, and these debts I *still* have! And because of them I still have property and can face the next big inflation without flinching. How could I have carried on my fight for justice all this time if I had not had the courage to go into debt? Small merit in managing free and ready capital. The art and intelligence of high finance is in knowing how to administer one's debts and losses!"

"Of course, things must be going well for you," I hurried to answer. "Otherwise, why would you have incurred the expense of this trip, just to come and see us?"

"What does the price of this trip have to do with my business affairs?" she asked indignantly. "And when have my affairs ever gone badly in the first place? In the second place, what makes you think I would have put the question of money over and above the duty of this visit? Thirdly, it wasn't as expensive as all that. Once I decided to come, I immediately invested my mother's pearl *collier* to raise the cash, and here I am. A financial operation of no importance whatever."

When I explained to my wife that, to come see us, Costanza had pawned a lovely family treasure, and that for Costanza the word "invest" meant pawning jewels or other valuables for



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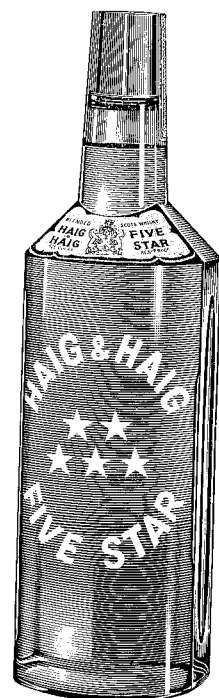
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cash loans that run a year before expiring and can be renewed with interest at ten per cent, my wife couldn't believe it. "If that's how things are with her," she said, "then you should have paid her way."

My wife doesn't know that this would be the most serious offense I could give Costanza; she doesn't understand, even after my explanation, that the communal pawnshop—*il monte di pietà*—is the center of Costanza's affairs. Her administration of her pawn tickets is a complicated and far-flung enterprise. In each town of the Veneto where there is a communal pawnshop, Costanza has her local agent and middleman—some person of discretion, whom she trusts. It is evident that a lady like Costanza cannot go personally to a *monte di pietà* and pawn a brooch, or a dozen of Maurizio's silk shirts (left behind when he made his exit), or a silver tea service, except in the most pressing circumstances—when, that is, the appraiser offers a sum so paltry and ridiculous that the intervention of a person of quality is absolutely necessary to make him understand the value of the object offered. In Vicenza, Costanza's intermediary used to be a wizened old peasant woman named Mariuccia, who furnished our household with fresh eggs and country sausage on her trips into town. Mariuccia's most delicate task was that of keeping Costanza informed of which pawn tickets were about to expire, so that they could be renewed before her possessions were put up for public auction. Sometimes Mariuccia herself tided Costanza over for a short period, and then was paid back with interest—a business she much preferred to selling eggs and making sausage.

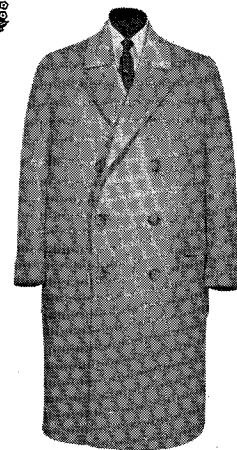
COSTANZA has never let a persistent lack of ready cash interfere with her plans and travels. She always finds some new resource, and once it was our silverware. One evening many years ago, in Vicenza, we were to entertain my employer and his wife. My mother's table was set with her finest linens and an impressive array of crystal goblets and floral arrangements. In the midst of this magnificence I spied the kitchen "silver" at each place—actually a heavy, worn, brass tableware, green with age, that had been polished for the evening but was still ugly and antiquated. I protested to my sister, who explained, "We had to use these. The silver is gone."

"Stolen!" I cried.

"Oh, no," she reassured me. "Costanza went away this morning before



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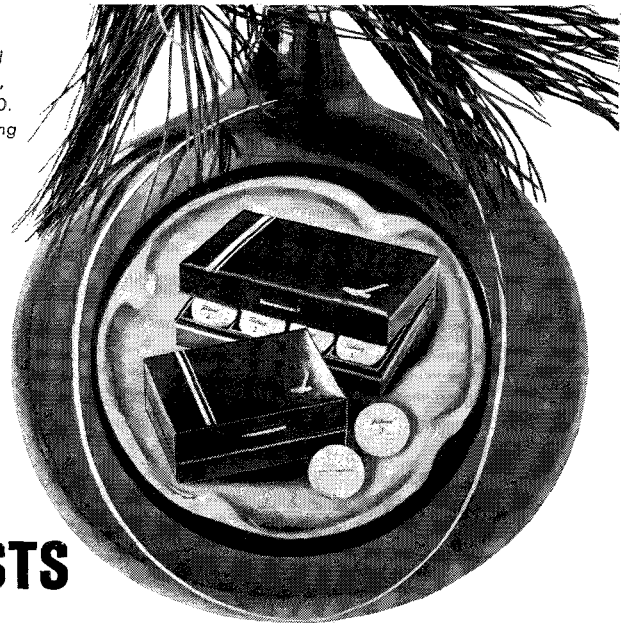
I got back from the marketing. She left a note explaining that she needed cash and so she was going to invest the chest of silver. The trouble is, she took the pawn ticket with her, and now we'll have to wait until she mails it back."

And so it's gone on for years. With great effort, Costanza redeems her investments from one *monte di pietà* just before they are about to expire and then goes off immediately to invest them in another. "Certainly you must stay alert to the dates of expiration so that what you've invested for cash doesn't end up at auction," she says. "But, except for this detail, pawning valuables is the best way to insure them against theft or loss, and the most economical way, too. And it's really so much more convenient to invest and reinvest your possessions than to sell them at a loss or keep them unproductive in a strongbox. Of course, it's true that this way you pay a somewhat higher interest than you would at the bank for a loan, but, on the other hand, you get your cash without all that annoying bureaucracy. And then, there's the pleasure you get when the old family jewels return home to you for ten or twenty days, after having been years at the *monte*, and you use them for some special occasion. It is a thrill to see them look so exquisitely new and rare."

So Cousin Costanza keeps no valuables at any of her domiciles but always at the pawnshops. Her merchandise is well known by now in the *monti di pietà* of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice, and Treviso, and she never has any trouble getting loans for it. The appraisers recognize the wares brought in by Costanza's agents; they all know that she is, in a manner of speaking, a good client, and that she will pay punctually, and they all gladly help her out.

IT was to keep faith with these far-flung accessories to her various business deals that Cousin Costanza decided beforehand not to stay longer than twenty days with us. "I can't stay longer," she told me. "It's quite impossible. I have my property to look after. I really can't idle away my time, much as I'd like to, with you in America. At the end of the month, there'll be investments expiring that I'll have to attend to, so I must be back in Italy. Don't give me the sort of talk that the American consul in Venice gave me. What a kind and accomplished gentleman, and how insistent! After gathering all his information on me, and realizing that I was a responsible, property-owning person, he wanted to give me a visa for three months, with the option of renew-

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1 dozen \$14.85,
1/2 dozen \$7.60.
No personalizing
on half dozens.



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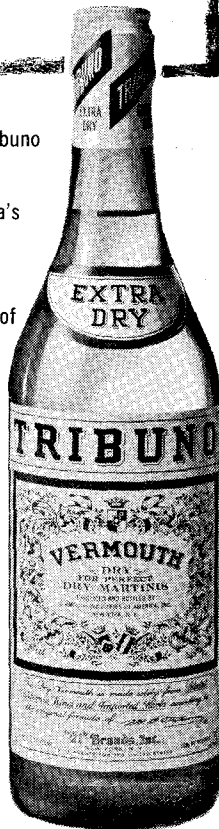


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KEEPS IT
UNDER
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ing it, and all I had asked for was a month. I finally accepted his generous offer so as not to be rude, since he was showing so much confidence in me."

It would be absurd to try to explain to Costanza that the American consul had extended to her the regular terms for all applicants. Costanza would only be irritated; she is sure that her visa was granted in recognition of her personal distinction, her family origins, and, above all, her property holdings. "The fact that what I have is, for the most part, mortgaged adds to my prestige," she told me. "After all, everyone knows that money is not lent against property that has no value, or to people who can't be trusted."

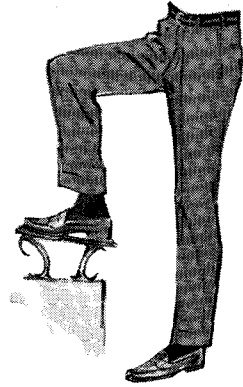
During her brief stay, Costanza could not be persuaded to leave our house in the country for an excursion to the city or to any of the nearby places of interest. She enjoyed seeing the Hudson from the top of our hill, because, as she said, water was part of her life. But for the rest she had not the slightest interest. "Do you think I've come to discover America at my age?" she'd say. "I've come to see my family, and to instruct your girls in how we do things in the Veneto. They are, after all, still Venetian, even if they look out on the Hudson instead of the Grand Canal."

Her visit passed in a flash. Costanza made our home a glorious outpost of Venetian culture and cuisine for twenty days. She taught my wife how to make green mayonnaise to accompany fresh fish, how to whip up light, airy flans, how to olive-stuff pigeons and concoct rich marron puddings. "For Antonio's sake!" was her battle cry in the kitchen. "These are things that must stay in the family—especially a family of all girls!"

She amused us with her family stories and gossip, and fascinated my two older girls, aged ten and seven, with the glamour of her ways. They would sit with her in the kitchen, watching her distilling special liqueurs from a quantity of bottled essences she had brought along with her. Or they would listen to her tell, as she sat in her brilliant-blue kimono after morning coffee, blanching her fine, smooth hands in cucumber juice, what made a fine lady. I would catch snatches of these conversations: "Darlings, *care le mie putele*," she'd say, "a real lady wears only black, with diamonds or pearls, after five in the afternoon." Or she'd tell them that if they were ever in Vicenza they must go only to Meneghina's café for an apéritif (even though his pastries were indifferent), and then only during the fashionable hour from noon to one, when the

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best people were to be seen. And they must never, never use toothpicks in a restaurant, wear colored gloves or toeless shoes, or send any flowers other than carnations.

Having passed her designated time telling stories, making mayonnaise, writing letters to her lawyers and postcards to her friends, and counselling my womenfolk, Costanza was ready to depart. She left punctually, wearing her *petit-gris* in the full heat of an exceptionally warm spring day, so as not to feel alone as she crossed the Atlantic. She left gifts for us all, and, above the baby's cradle, a charming mobile of gondolas and striped poles. Her final words to me, as I saw her off at the airport, were "You have three daughters. Remember, if you want them to be happy, let them grow up without the fear of lurking serpents under their windows. Let them be free of such obsessions. Let them go to the window and look out at all the world." And I think I will.

—ANTONIO BAROLINI

THE CITY OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH
SEPTEMBER 28, 1962

DEAR MRS. GEORGE:

Your recent letter addressed to the Mayor's Complaint Department has been referred to this office for reply.

Regulations of the New York City Health Code stipulate that the date placed on the milk container may not be more than 36 hours after the time that the milk has been pasteurized. The Code also stipulates that the 36 hour period shall be figured from 6 A.M. of the day stamped on the container. Hence, if you purchase milk with "Thursday" stamped on the container, you can presume that this is Thursday, 6 A.M., and that the milk has been pasteurized sometime after (definitely not before) Tuesday, 6 P.M.

The milk company that pasteurizes milk on Tuesday evening may elect to place "Wednesday" on the container as this would only be an elapsed time of 12 hours after pasteurization—or "Thursday" as this would be an elapsed time of approximately 36 hours between Tuesday 6 P.M. and Thursday 6 A.M. Hence, in making its morning deliveries on Wednesday morning, the milk company might deliver milk marked Wednesday or Thursday.

If a person shops on Wednesday and purchases milk marked Thursday, you can see, from the above explanation, that the milk was pasteurized Tuesday night. As a matter of fact, we often find that most housewives actually look for milk marked the day ahead as they are aware that it is very fresh milk.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN LUDEWIG,

Director, Bureau of Food and Drugs

—Letter received by a lady on West End Avenue.

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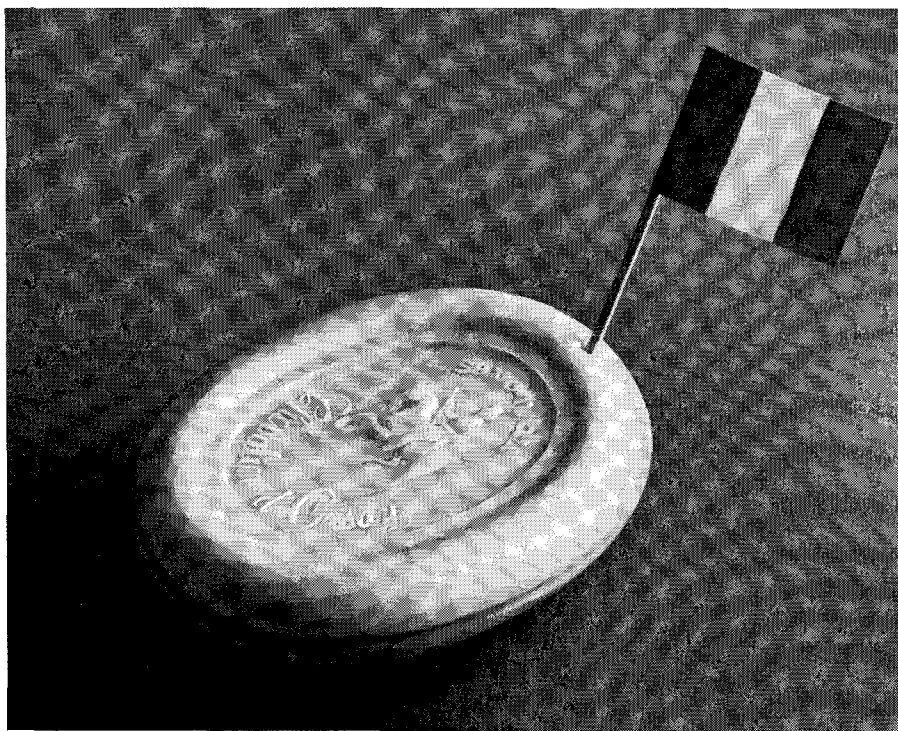
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SAVON, 3 BARS, 4.50/COLOGNE, 4 OZ., 3.50; 8 OZ., 6.50/SAVON & COLOGNE SET, 5.00/AFTER SHAVE LOTION, 2.50/PLUS TAX

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 8

THE incoming Congress looks very much like the outgoing one, and from this it would seem to follow that its temper and its legislative product will be about the same. In gaining four seats in the Senate and losing a net of only two in the House, the Democrats have won a notable victory. It is a victory that is less than a conquest, though. It is not the Republicans who are in disarray but the political handicappers, who said, arguing from history, that the in-party loses in elections held in the middle of a Presidential term. "History is against us," the President said a few days ago. The administration was braced for a loss of as many as twenty seats in the House and three or four in the Senate. But history, which may be bunk, was unaligned. The Democrats didn't lose—*ergo*, they won. It is being pointed out here, however, that there is no present evidence of a break in the conservative alliance that has dominated Congress for the past quarter of a century. In the South, indeed, the conservative pressures seem to have in-

creased, and the Democratic floor leaders may have more trouble with the Southern delegations during the next two years than they had during the past two. In the North, the success of the Republicans in electing governors in the large industrial states suggests either a diminution in the political power of organized labor or a loosening of its ties with the Democratic Party. (There is a stronger case for the second possibility than for the first. Rockefeller, Scranton, and Romney—Mr. Oil, Mr. Coal, and Mr. Automobiles—could not have been installed without the votes of a good many of the industrial toilers who Nikita Khrushchev, this very day in Moscow, said would be the agents of capitalism's eventual destruction in the United States.) Despite the administration's success, it would not at this moment be prudent to predict that the Eighty-eighth Congress will move America forward in the ways that appeal to the President.

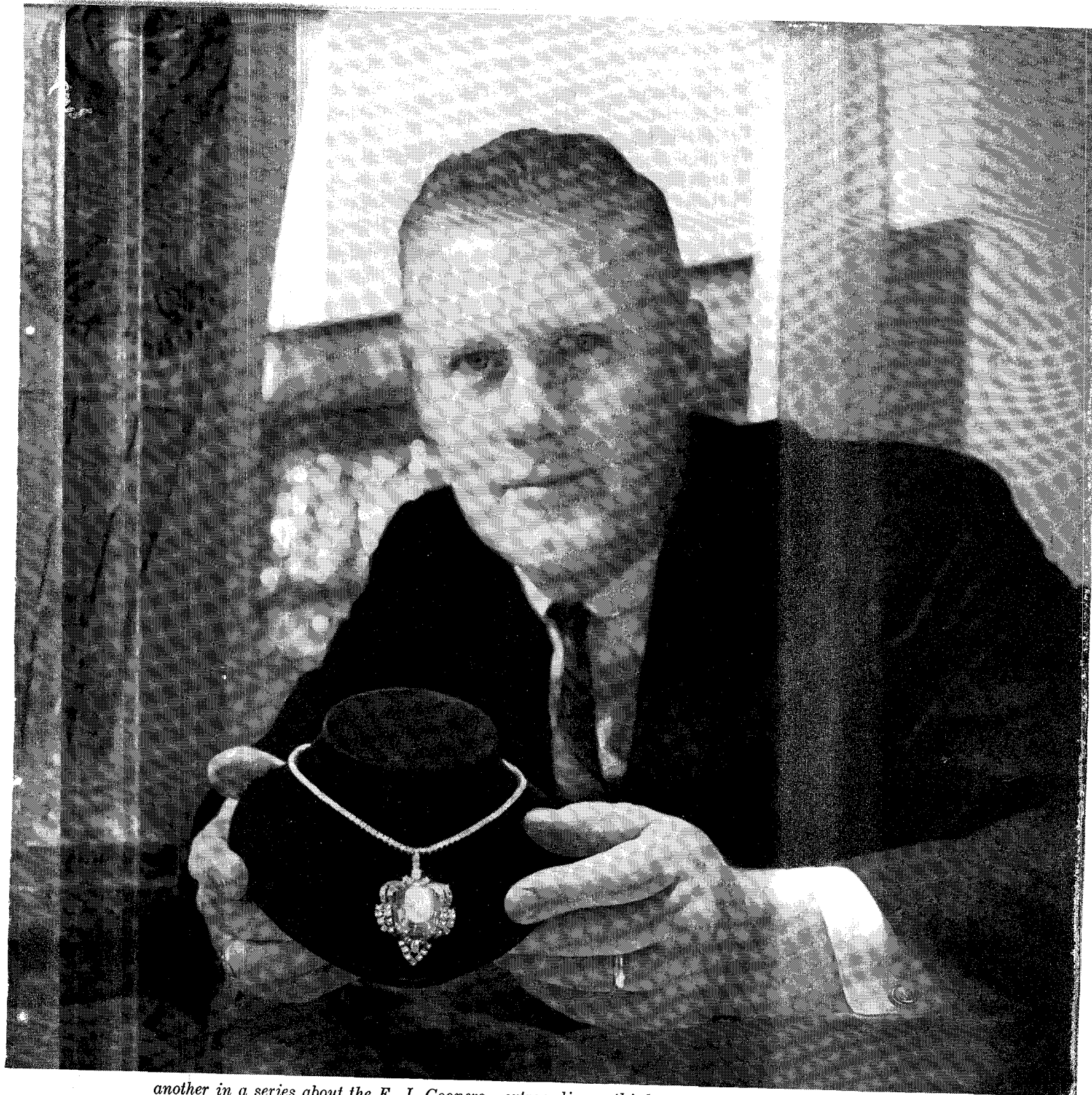
On the other hand, it is no small thing to beat the handicappers, and it may be that the administration will realize early

gains from its avoidance of defeat. When the President headed the ticket, he barely squeaked through, and his party lost twenty-two seats in the House and two in the Senate; after two years in office, he is himself enormously popular, and those who supported him in Congress have done better, except in the South, than they were expected to do. By all rights, he should have more authority with members of his second Congress than he had with members of his first. The atmosphere is immensely favorable to him. He has stared down Khrushchev over Cuba, and in so doing has won what is perhaps the greatest personal diplomatic victory of any President in our history. Senator Goldwater may continue to fault him for not having destroyed Fidel Castro, but while such criticism may bring Senator Goldwater a good many headlines, it is clear that it will not bring anyone else much in the way of public approval. Senator Capehart, of Indiana, sought to win reelection by attacking the administration for not going far enough in Cuba, and all that he won was a thumping defeat at the hands of a candidate who supported the administration even when

it was saying that the situation did not call for a "quarantine." And now, on top of his diplomatic success, the President is enjoying what everyone insists on describing as a huge success in internal politics. He can read into the 1962 returns the mandate he was not certain of having received in 1960. His 1960 opponent has been retired from national politics by three hundred thousand of his fellow-Californians who wanted him for President two years ago but declined to accept him as their governor this year. The President can be bolder and more demanding, angrier and more threatening, cooler and more confident. Although it is statistically unassailable that what he now has is only the mixture as before, it is not inconceivable that a number of legislators who thought medicare and an Urban Affairs



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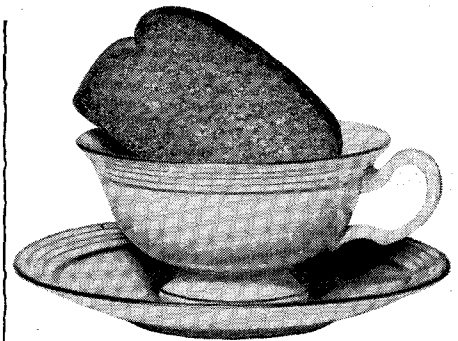
FESTIVAL COSTUME OF THE VINEYARD GIRLS OF BURGUNDY IN THE 19th CENTURY.

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Department very bad business in 1962 will find them more to their liking in 1963. No one is known to have been defeated for opposing them, but a few who did oppose them were losers, and some pillars of the opposition—conspicuously Senators Dirksen, of Illinois, and Hickenlooper, of Iowa—have seen the brink of defeat. The Republicans who have done well enough to be spoken of as Presidential candidates in 1964 are men who are uncommitted on large national domestic issues. And even if the Eighty-eighth Congress is as unresponsive to the administration's pleadings as the Eighty-seventh was, the President will have no great cause to be downcast. He will, of course, seek a second term, and if his standing with the voters remains anything like what it has been in the past year or so, he cannot fail to increase by twenty or twenty-five the present Democratic majority in the House, which is where he most needs the votes.

A few weeks ago, when Democratic and Republican strategists were in general agreement on the proposition that the Democrats would be fortunate if they could hold their Congressional losses to twenty or twenty-five seats, the Gallup Poll reported that the Democrats were favored by 55.5 per cent of the voters. This was the figure for the nation as a whole, and it corresponded very closely with the results of the last off-year election—that of 1958, when the over-all Democratic vote for the House of Representatives was 56.5 per cent and the Party's gain was forty-six seats. Analysts here figured out that if the Democratic strength reported by Dr. Gallup was deployed in about the same way that it was four years ago, the Party should gain about as many House seats in 1962 as the strategists, and a large number of journalistic observers, predicted that it would lose. For a time, it looked as if there would be a great confrontation between the poll-takers and those who, ever since 1948, have been placing more reliance on intuition and historical precedent than on statistical samplings. The results now available seem to show both groups wrong to approximately the same degree. If Democratic strength is in fact what the Gallup Poll said it was, it was not effectively mobilized. The Republicans won not only governorships but House seats in several industrial states, and the Democratic gains that offset them were in states—notably California—that had been redistricted to Democratic advantage. Offhand, it looks as though the trend toward ticket-splitting, which has been one of the dominant



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facts of postwar politics, has gained momentum. What mainly encourages this trend, apparently, is the exposure of personality, which has been so greatly facilitated by technology. It is sometimes said that television and the airplane have been dehumanizing politics. It is doubtful whether this is the case. People are obviously voting their taste in human beings far more than they have ever done before. In terms of policy, there was little to choose between the gubernatorial candidates in most of the Eastern states, and if party had been the dominant factor, the Republicans would have won in, say, Iowa and Vermont, where they lost, and would have lost in Pennsylvania and Michigan, where they won. It is precisely where politics is dehumanized—in those Congressional districts where the candidates are dim, faceless figures and the constituents have difficulty in recalling their names—that the voters tend to follow the old patterns and rely on party labels. The California electorate chose a Republican senator, Thomas H. Kuchel, and a Democratic governor, Pat Brown. The ideological differences between Mr. Nixon and Senator Kuchel were all but imperceptible, and their opponents were both Kennedy Democrats. It is hard to imagine any factor apart from personality that explains the split tickets. Mr. Nixon has claimed that the press gave inadequate coverage to his views. It has been suggested here that he might have had a point if his complaint had been that both newspapers and television gave somewhat more than adequate coverage to his methods of political combat.

THE elections provided the first significant test of the political strength of the militant ultraconservatism that has received so much attention in the past two years. New York was the only state with an organized party of the radical Right that offered its own slate of candidates for statewide offices. Since neither the Republicans nor the Democrats had anything to offer the New York voters of this persuasion, it seemed reasonable to suppose that the Conservative Party vote would be a full measure of the attractiveness of its doctrines. The vote is slow in coming in, as minor-party votes always are, but the indications are that it will be below a hundred and fifty thousand, or about three per cent of the total. The Conservative Party's aim was to mount enough power to wrest from the Republicans the kind of concessions that the Liberal Party has so often been able to wrest from the Democrats. It would

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have to do a lot better than it seems to have done before any group of serious politicians could be persuaded that its support was worth having. In Texas, on the other hand, Jack Cox, the Republican candidate for governor—who listed even farther to starboard than the New York Conservative candidate, David Jaquith, and whose connection with several organizations of the radical Right was widely publicized—won close to half a million votes, or about forty-five per cent of the total. Texas is a rather special case, though, and in no other instance did a candidate prominently identified with the radical Right win a substantial portion of a state's vote. Four men who acknowledged membership in the John Birch Society sought election to the House—three of them from California and one from Texas. All four were defeated. The Californians, however, were Republican victims of Democratic gerrymandering and would probably have lost if they had been paid-up members of the American Civil Liberties Union and appreciative readers of the *New Republic*. The political clearing house of the radical Right, an organization named Americans for Constitutional Action, endorsed a hundred and seventy-three candidates for the House and Senate, and of this number, which included about as many challengers as incumbents, a hundred and twenty-eight were elected. This has a fairly impressive sound, but all it really means is that there are a hundred and twenty-eight members of the next Congress whose record gives the A.C.A. little offense. (Since not many of the proposals of the radical Right ever come before Congress, it is seldom possible to identify one of its adherents by his voting record.) The A.C.A. was organized to help certifiable rightists in the way that Americans for Democratic Action helps certifiable liberals. While the national office of the A.D.A. does not endorse House or Senate candidates, it does keep book on the voting records of incumbents on key issues, and there were seventy-seven members of the House of Representatives and three senators seeking reelection who had not only a satisfactory record in the last Congress, from the A.D.A. point of view, but a hundred-per-cent one. Each was a target of the radical Right. Of the total of eighty, seventy-seven survived, though in a number of cases with considerably reduced margins. The radical Right mobilized its energies to defeat senators it particularly disliked in three states where it was supposed to have a good deal of backing—Colo-

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- rado, Washington, and Oregon. Senator Carroll, of Colorado, fell, but Senators Magnuson, of Washington, and Morse, of Oregon, were returned.

As an organized movement, the radical Right has yet to make a formidable political impact. The great body of voters evidently likes the two-party system, and it likes candidates of moderate views who can be judged on the basis of style, experience, appearance, and other non-ideological factors. This is not the whole story, though, for where frustration runs high, as it does in the South today, the tendency is toward a fierce form of reaction. The Republican gains in the South, more noticeable in state and local elections than in the elections for Congress (where the Party will have four more representatives from the states of the Old Confederacy), were made not at the expense of liberals or integrationists but, for the most part, at the expense of men of highly conservative and indisputably segregationist views. Wherever there was a serious contest, it was Republican rightist against Democratic rightist, and the motivation of those who voted Republican, according to students of Southern politics here, was not admiration for the party of Nelson Rockefeller, Richard M. Nixon, and Barry Goldwater but an intense hatred of the national leaders of the Democratic Party. One consequence of the Southern frustration is that the spokesmen of both parties in the South are moving toward the radical Right not only on regional issues but on national ones. Thus, the prospect opened up by Republican gains is not the hopeful one of a two-party system in the South and a clarifying discussion of the region's problems but the bleak one of a sterile competition for political preferment between representatives of the same viewpoint. Generally speaking, this will work more to the advantage of the Democrats than to that of the Republicans. The administration loses little when one of its Democratic opponents is defeated by a Republican. On the contrary, it stands to gain if the trend continues. Its main difficulties have come from Southern Democrats of long service and high committee rank, and if several of these should be replaced by Republicans, Northern Democrats might begin to turn up as committee chairmen. And if the Republican Party becomes identified in the public mind as a shelter for segregationists and xenophobes, the Democrats will be strengthened in the Northern industrial states, in which they have lately

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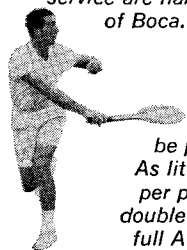


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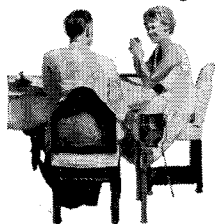
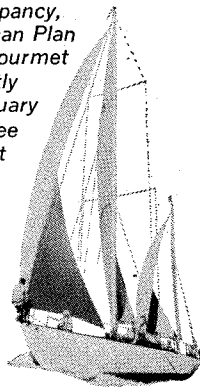


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taken some heavy losses. In time, indeed, the Republicans may find their Southern following as much of an embarrassment as that early organization of the radical Right, the Ku Klux Klan, was to the Democrats forty years ago.

IN "Six Crises," the volume of memoirs he published earlier this year, Mr. Nixon recalled a conversation he had had with a European diplomat stationed in Washington shortly after Nikita Khrushchev emerged as Stalin's heir. The diplomat, unidentified by the author, was advising the then Vice-President of the United States not to underrate Khrushchev, and, in particular, not to accept the recently published view of a journalist, also unidentified, that Khrushchev was "crude and out of his class." "Those who write this way are making the usual mistake of many who move in international society," the diplomat said. "Fine manners and appreciation of culture, elegant language, and fashionable clothing are given too much weight as they evaluate an individual. . . . These observers, as is too often the case, are looking at the veneer, rather than what is underneath." Several years later, Nixon paid a visit to Khrushchev and saw, he felt, what was underneath the veneer. He wrote:

A picture of Khrushchev, the man, began to form in my mind. Intelligence, a quick-hitting sense of humor, always on the offensive, colorful in action and words, a tendency to be a show-off, particularly where he has any kind of gallery to play to, a steel-like determination coupled with an almost compulsive tendency to press an advantage—to take a mile where his opponent gives an inch—to run over anyone who shows any sign of timidity or weakness—this was Khrushchev. A man who does his homework, prides himself on knowing as much about his opponent's position as he does his own, particularly effective in debate because of his resourcefulness, his ability to twist and turn, to change the subject when he is forced into a corner or an untenable position.

In his strange valedictory in Los Angeles yesterday, Nixon was bitter almost to the point of incoherence about the hostility of journalists who for years had been describing his approach to his work in terms quite closely resembling those that Nixon used to describe Nikita Khrushchev. The bitterness seemed appallingly unbecoming in a man who had deliberately given so much hurt to others, who was everlastingly responding to the protests of his victims with Harry Truman's suggestion that those who don't like the heat ought to stay out of the kitchen, and who had never previously been known to reveal passion.

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"No one," Murray Kempton once wrote, "can remember him in a display of real indignation." Nixon has always been an unashamed advocate of political toughness. "Winners get favorable treatment," he said to his Boswell, Earl Mazo. "Losers are scorned." And, on another occasion, "I never in my life wanted to be left behind." Yet there is a sense in which his outburst revealed the human vulnerability beneath his own veneer of toughness and cynicism. This vulnerability, doubtless, was no surprise to those he addressed. There was a time in the middle fifties when the press was proclaiming the emergence of a "new Nixon"—a man trying hard to live down his past and to function as a statesman rather than as a politician. ("An individual," Nixon wrote in "Six Crises," "must be a politician before he can be a statesman.") His hope had always been, plainly, to win the battle and then rise far above it. As he saw it, the brutal, passionless Nixon was only the surface Nixon. Beneath the surface, ready to break out once victory had been achieved, was a statesman, a man of principle—an intellectual, no less. In a curious passage in "Six Crises" he cites as one of his reasons for having produced the book the encouragement given him by President Kennedy, who had told him (as the President's father had once told *him*) that authorship is good for the politician, "because it tends to elevate him in popular esteem to the respected status of an 'intellectual.'" On Wednesday morning, in the Beverly Hilton, in Los Angeles, it must have become anguishingly clear to the former Vice-President that what he regarded as the essential Nixon had died in the struggle to be born.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

Bullfighting finds ardent support and praise in Charles Grayson's novel, "Arena." Here, the *corrida* takes on personal overtones. It forms the strong third apex of a psychological triangle, with the matador's wife determined—out of love and fear—that Rodrigo Andrade, The Best, shall put away his mantilla.—*The Times Book Review*.

He better junk that feather boa, too.

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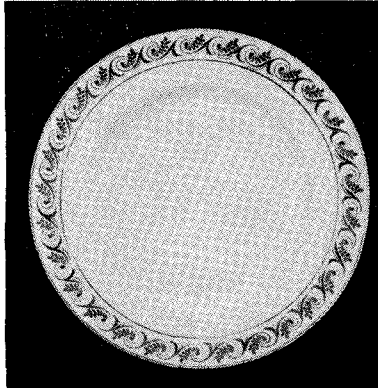
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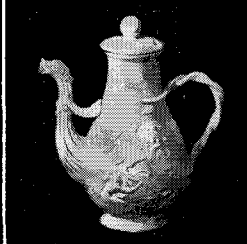


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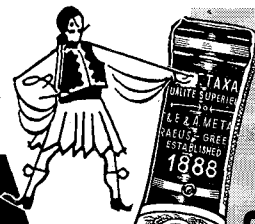
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"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY" is a gaudy bauble of enormous size and negligible value, which only children will have the fortitude to sit through uncomplaining. (But then children raven away incessantly on popcorn, ice-cream bonbons, and other body-builders as they watch a movie, and, having undergone three or four hours of storms at sea, bloody lashings, wild native dances, and crazed stumblings through sheets of flame, emerge from a theatre markedly fresher than when they went in.) "Mutiny on the Bounty" has suffered the currently modish Hollywood misfortune of becoming famous for its troubles before it could become famous for anything else; it has been a long time in the making—Fletcher Christian launched the actual mutiny in 1789, and I'm under the impression that Marlon Brando arrived in Tahiti and started working up an English accent a year or so later—and has employed the services of several writers and directors, who, at a cost of no telling how many millions of dollars, accumulated no telling how many thousands of feet of film. I'm sorry that the kindest thing I can find to say of it is that most of the scars of its prolonged travail have been skillfully burnished away. Charles Lederer, who gets credit for the screenplay, and Carol Reed and Lewis Milestone, who get credit for the direction, are old hands at not failing, and haven't failed, but a genuine success has been beyond their grasp. One reason for this is that they've received no help from Marlon Brando, who plays Fletcher Christian as a sort of seagoing Hamlet. Since what Fletcher Christian has to say is so much less interesting than what Hamlet has to say, Mr. Brando's tortured scowls seem thoroughly out of place. Indeed, we tend to sympathize with the wicked Captain Bligh, well played by Trevor Howard. No wonder he behaved badly, with that highborn young fop provoking him at every turn! What passes for love interest is provided by a Tahitian girl named Tarita, who plays a Tahitian girl named Tarita. I don't expect to be forgiven for saying it, but the "Mutiny

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- on the *Bounty*" that was filmed back in 1935 is more vivid in my mind right now than the present version. The Fletcher Christian I side with is Clark Gable, the Captain Bligh I wish to see set adrift in a longboat is Charles Laughton.

SOMEWHERE in Asia, a young French military pilot crashes his plane—an accident that causes the death of a native child. Regaining consciousness in a government hospital, he remembers nothing about his past. One of the French nurses attending him at the hospital arranges for him to return with her to France. They live together, supported by her nurse's wages; she loves him, but he is too far from feeling anything to love her. By chance, he encounters a child being left in a local convent school by her father, who, it appears, may be going away forever. The young man and the child conspire to pass for father and daughter; every Sunday he takes her from the convent for a few happy hours together. The pretty child, a precocious twelve, begins to plan their future—when she is eighteen, he will be thirty-six, and they will marry and settle down. The half-playful, half-earnest idyll cannot last; the nurse learns of the "affair," some townspeople assume that the young man is a pervert, and the machinery of his and the child's doom begins to move relentlessly forward.

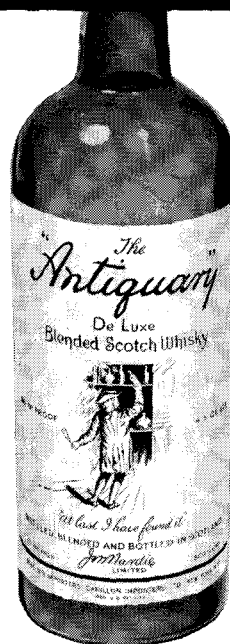
This is the essence of a curious, beautiful, and sad picture called "Sundays and Cybele." It's the first feature-length work of a thirty-one-year-old French director named Serge Bourguignon, and is taken from a novel by Bernard Eschassériaux. The picture is marvellously photographed, by Henri Decae (one will remember for a long time an abandoned summerhouse deep in autumn leaves, and the sound of stones being skittered, hollowly echoing, over the surface of a newly frozen pond), and well acted, the troubled young man being played by Hardy Kruger, the nurse by Nicole Courcel, and the child, who in some respects, and with perfect French manners, often puts Lolita to shame, by Patricia Gozzi.

A LITTLE bird told me that "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" was a chiller on the order of "Psycho," and therefore not to be missed. So much for the critical acuity of little birds. The picture is far from being a Hitchcock—it goes on and on, in a light much dimmer than necessary, and the climax, when it belatedly arrives, is a bungled, languid mingling of pursuers and pursued which put me in mind

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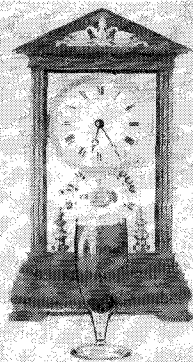


Mr. Briard's accoutrement by A. Sulka

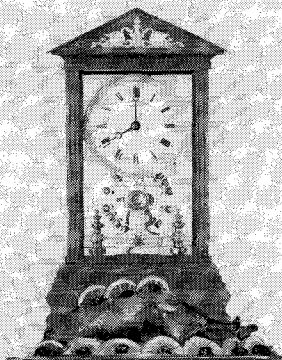
And his designing hand is splendidly in evidence wherever good tipplers get together. "Silver Damask" bar niceties make it an occasion! Is it the gleaming silver banding... the handsome filigree adornment... or the pride of possession which any Briard inspires? One thing for certain, drinking out of a jelly Cass was never like this!

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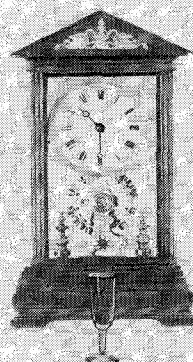
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of "Last Year at Marienbad." Still, Bette Davis and Joan Crawford *do* get a chance to carry on like mad things, which at least one of them is supposed to be. Miss Davis has rigged herself up as an elderly alcoholic harridan of unbearable frumpy ugliness; Miss Crawford plays her sister, a comparatively well-groomed cripple, confined to a wheelchair. They've both been beauties—one a child star in vaudeville, the other a prominent movie actress—and they live now, in decayed splendor, on a side street that is plainly right off "Sunset Boulevard." Since Miss Davis is murderous and Miss Crawford immobile, we know that something awful is likely to happen; mercifully, there's a certain amount of nervous comedy along the way and a couple of mildly shocking surprises at the end, but don't go rummaging about Brooklyn or Queens for the picture unless you were brought up on Miss Davis and/or Miss Crawford and dote on their big, rolling eyes.

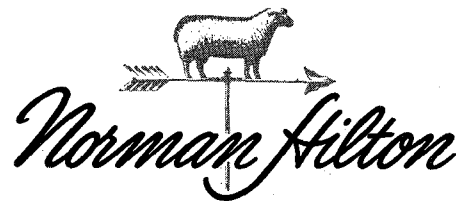
"THE CONNECTION," a movie that painstakingly follows the Off Broadway original, is at last on display here, its battled-over four-letter word intact. Jack Gelber's play struck me as a stunt that worked, and the movie strikes me as a stunt that doesn't work. Much of the fascination of the play lay in our being persuaded that it contained elements of improvisation—that even inside the pseudo-documentary framework certain accidents were able to take place—but in pictures there can be, by their nature, no accidents. What the camera picks up by chance is subsequently either discarded or preserved, and is thus an irreversible artistic decision like any other. "The Connection" is a highly moral little fable—its message is that a junkie's lot is not a happy one—and radically unpleasant to watch. I felt like a medical student making his first plunge into the peritoneal cavity.

—BRENDAN GILL

Francesco di Maio, aged 40, an Italian iron worker, threatened to shoot two part-time gamekeepers who caught him poaching on the estate of Sir Osbert Sitwell at Eckington, Derbyshire, Renishaw Magistrates were told by Mr. Alan Johnstone, for the prosecution, today.

di Maio was seen "obviously looking for game" by part-time gamekeepers, Mr. John Metcalfe and Mr. Frank Metcalfe. A peasant broke cover and di Maio shot it. The Metcalfe brothers then went to di Maio, who threatened them with his shotgun, saying: "Clear off, or I will shoot."—*London Times*.

Little reason to doubt him.



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I'VE been looking through the Yale Class of 1936 Twenty-Five-Year Book—issued for the twenty-fifth reunion—and I've come to the conclusion that probably my chief claim to fame is the fact that I went to school with John Hersey, Stewart Alsop, John Crosby, and August Heckscher, among others. Not that any of those people would remember me—I left Yale in March of my freshman year, after my father died. I see by the directory, too, that Mike Sayles is now "president and treasurer of Sayles, Inc., department stores, southwestern Ohio." Mike would remember me; we were roommates.

Still, the whole thing has started me thinking, and it may be that after all I have my *own* claim to fame: I'm the only freshman in Yale history ever thrown into a shell as coxswain to the Yale varsity crew less than twenty-four hours after his arrival in New Haven. Maybe Mike Sayles would even remember that.

Mike and I had been assigned to what turned out to be a room on the top floor of Welch Hall. Mike's father was with him in the room the morning I arrived, and they introduced themselves.

"This will never do," Mr. Sayles said.

I thought Mr. Sayles meant me. I hadn't known that the standard attire at Yale was the kind of sports coat and striped tie that Mike wore. I had on a yellow turtleneck sweater—very collegiate I had thought when I bought it back home in Springfield, Massachusetts. Besides, I was self-consciously small for eighteen, and I had to wear glasses.

When Mr. Sayles spoke again, his voice was almost angry. "Four flights of stairs to climb!" He looked out into the hall. "There isn't even a washroom on this floor!"

"It's on the floor below," I said.

Mike glanced at me, smiled, and shrugged. Mr. Sayles snapped his fingers. "Come on, both of you. We'll get you a better place right away," he said.

Tugging at the collar of my turtleneck sweater, I said, "I was just going to change my clothes."

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Sayles had made all the arrangements. Mike and I were reassigned to a suite on the first floor of Fayerweather, in Berkeley Oval—a large living room with fireplace, and two bedrooms. Shortly after



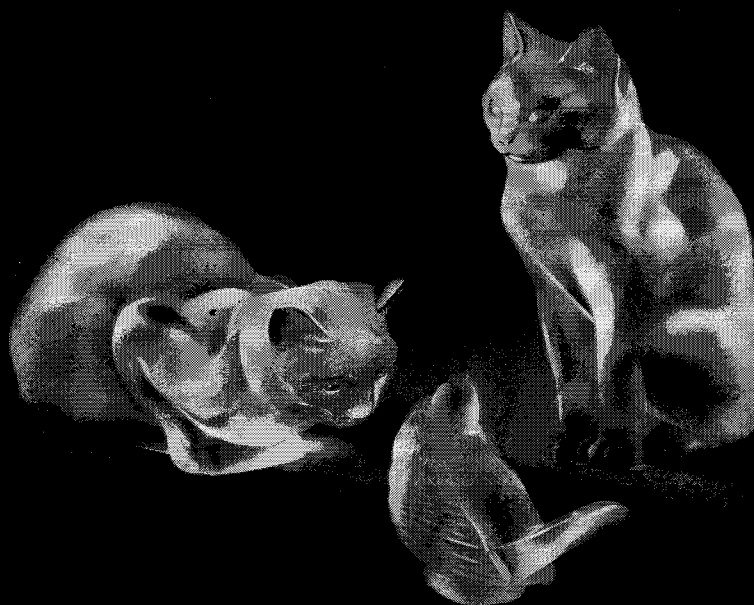
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that, I stood in a phone booth in the lobby of New Haven's Taft Hotel, speaking to my father, long distance. I pictured him in his tailor shop, listening, looking a little worried. I said, "I don't *have* to change rooms. I can stay in Welch."

"You might be rooming by yourself," my father said. "Then you'd be alone too much."

"But the new place costs seventy dollars more a semester," I said.

I listened to the pause. Finally, my father said, "We'll manage it somehow. Go ahead. Stay with your roommate."

I joined Mike and Mr. Sayles for lunch in the Taft dining room, at a table next to a window. Afterward, I watched Mike and his father start down Chapel Street on their way to Malley's to consult a decorator about carpeting and draperies for the new rooms. Mike turned, waved, and smiled. He called out something about seeing me later.

After I had finished unpacking in our Fayerweather suite (I stuffed the turtleneck sweater into the bottom drawer of my bureau, way back), I walked into the living room and stared for a couple of minutes at the empty wall above the mantel over the fireplace; I made my decision. I left the room and hurried across the campus to the Yale Co-op, on York Street. I bought a beautiful "YALE 1936" banner. It cost six dollars. I knew I couldn't afford the crystal ashtrays with the Yale insigne, so I went downtown to the five-and-ten, on Chapel Street, and bought two plain ashtrays for a quarter. Then, in the store's pet department, I bought a pair of guppies in a small fishbowl.

When I got back to Fayerweather, I saw a note from Mike saying that he and some friends had left to catch the four-eighteen to New York to have dinner and see a show. *New York*, I thought, in awe. I put the bowl of guppies on the mantel and tacked the Yale banner to the wall above it.

That evening, just at dusk, the Whiffenpoofs appeared in the Oval. I knew they were the Whiffenpoofs because I heard someone call out their name, and I leaned out the window and listened to them. When the Whiffenpoofs had finished, all the fellows leaning out the dormitory windows applauded. I did, too. I thought "The Whiffenpoof Song" was the saddest, most beautiful song I'd ever heard.

Around eleven o'clock, I left my room and walked across Elm Street onto the old campus. In the shadows of

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- a wide oak tree, I stopped and looked around me at the lighted windows of the dormitories and at the tower of Phelps Gateway rising against the night. I then perched on the Yale fence and took from my pocket the pipe and tin of tobacco I had bought on my last night at home. I filled the pipe inexpertly—this was the first time I had ever smoked—and after looking to see that no one was around I lit it quickly. It didn't taste bad at all. I drew on the pipe again and exhaled the smoke. Behind me, from Harkness Tower, the bells began to toll the hour. I waited until the sound disappeared in the night. Then I looked up into the darkness and said aloud, "Please. Make me Yale. Make me Yale."

The next morning, Mike had not returned, but under the door I found a note from a student named Art Keyes, who lived across the hall, saying that *he* had come back to New Haven but Mike and the others had met some fellows and girls they knew and had stayed on for a party in New York. On leaving my room to go to breakfast at the Commons, I noticed a sign hanging from the knob of Art Keyes' door; it said, "Do Not Disturb. Hotel Biltmore." After breakfast, I returned to the room, fed the guppies, straightened the "YALE 1936" banner, and waited for Mike, because we'd made arrangements to sign up for gym together. Half an hour later, I decided I'd better not wait any longer.

THE Payne Whitney Gymnasium was brand-new that year. The building, even inside, looked like a cathedral to me, and I felt there was something almost irreverent about the line of freshmen, all wearing nothing but shorts, waiting to be checked and weighed and assigned to something in Phys. Ed. Bright sunshine poured through the tall windows. My turn came at last. I stepped on the scale.

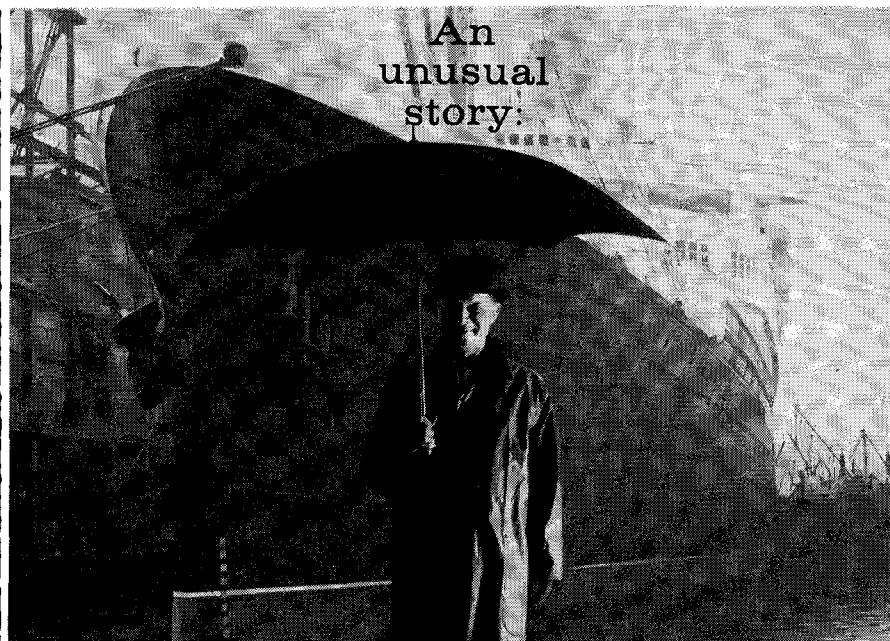
The Physical Education man in charge of weighing us wrote down my name, address, and birth date as I answered his questions; then, half glancing at the scale, he said to me, "Both feet on the scale."

"I've got both feet on the scale," I said.

He stopped writing. "Huh?" he said. He tapped the side of the scale and looked at me objectively for the first time. The indicator had returned to eighty-nine.

"That's what I weigh," I said, pushing back my glasses.

"How tall are you?" The Physical



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Education man grabbed my arm and pushed me against the measuring rod at the back of the scale.

"I'm five-five and a half," I said.

The metal bar of the measuring rod came down smack on the top of my head. "You're five-five," the Physical Education man said. He stepped back and stared at me. Then he reached out and grabbed my arm again. "Come on," he said.

He led me into the main corridor and pressed a button to signal the elevator. Horrified, pointing to my shorts, I said, "I'll get my clothes on first."

"You don't need clothes," he said. The elevator door opened and he pushed me inside. "Rowing tanks," he said to the operator. "Have you ever been a coxswain?" he asked me. "What was your prep school?"

"Coxswain?" I said. And I added, "I didn't go to prep school. I went to Springfield Central High School."

"Oh," he said.

"Coxswain?" I repeated shakily.

We stepped out of the elevator and he led me down a corridor and into a large, overheated room that echoed with the sound of shouts and splashing oars and running water. The room smelled of chlorine. In one of the practice tanks, eight men rowed like mad while the fellow sitting in the coxswain's seat beat against the sides of the "boat" with blocks of wood and cried, "Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip!"

The Physical Education man beckoned triumphantly to a man who carried a megaphone. "Look what I've got!" he yelled, raising my arm. "Eighty-nine pounds, five-five. Where's the coach?"

The crew stopped rowing. The man with the megaphone shouted that the coach had already left for the boathouse. He hurried over to us and stopped short in front of me. The words "Assistant Coach" were printed on his T shirt. "Eighty-nine pounds?" he cried.

I pushed back my glasses and realized my hand was shaking. He tapped me on the chest with the megaphone. "The bus'll be along in half an hour," he said. "Go on upstairs and get dressed, then come back down here. Before we go, I'll give you a few pointers about what a coxswain has to do."

"Coxswain?" I said.

"Coxswain," he said. "The varsity cox has an appointment with the Dean this morning, and anyway, we need a substitute. We always have trouble finding enough coxswains."

Standing in the corner of the elevator, still in my shorts, I tried to summon the courage to protest. The Physical



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- Education man had never once let go of my arm. "I don't even know how to steer a boat," I said.

"Not a boat. A *shell*," he said.

"Good heavens," I said.

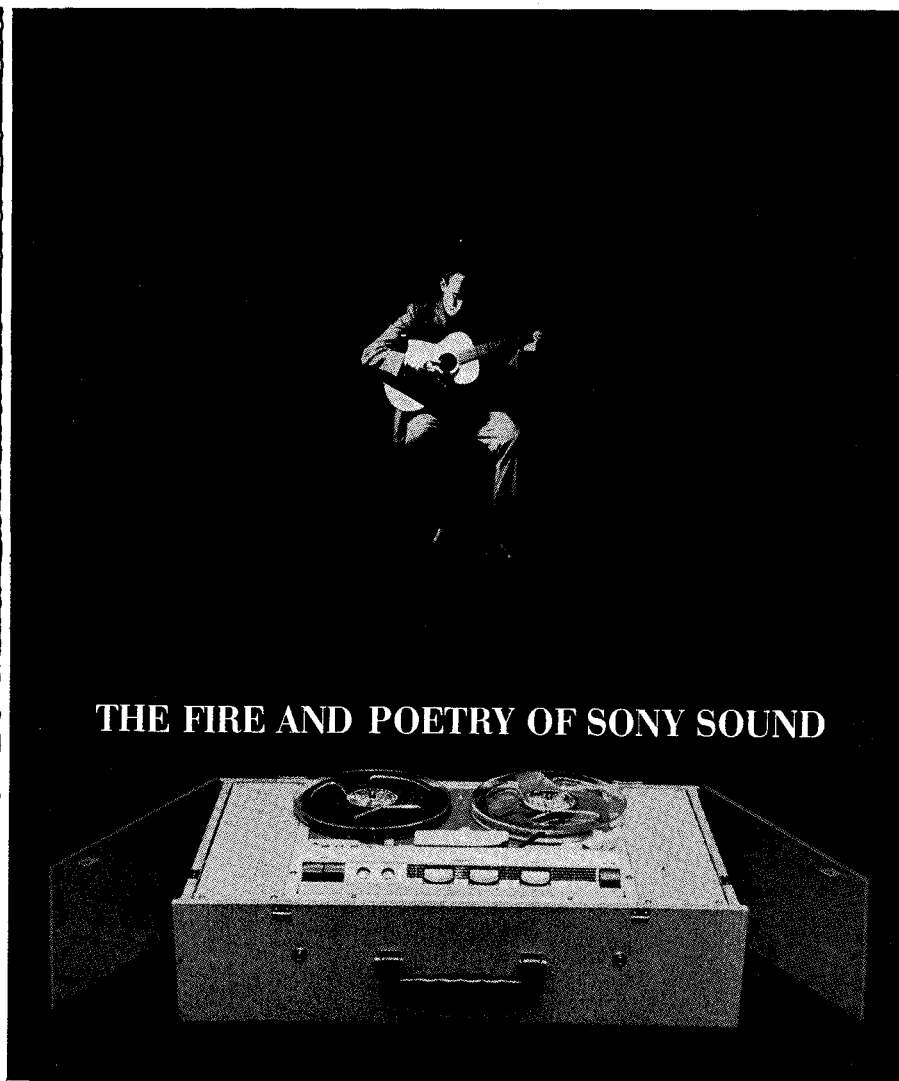
IN the bus, on the way to the boathouse, I sat alone in the back seat, my hands clenched; as I listened to the other men in the bus chattering and laughing, it suddenly came to me that they must actually be the Yale varsity crew. Desperately, I went over and over what the assistant coach had told me about tiller ropes and feathering oars and "Way enough," which was the command to stop. I said to myself, looking down at my hands, "Port, left hand. Starboard, right hand . . ."

One of the fellows sitting in front of me turned. "Did you say something?" he asked.

I shook my head. The bus was crossing a bridge, and at the far end, off to the left, stood a large red brick building with a wide dock in front of it. Some oarsmen were lowering a shell into the river. I felt my heart pound, and the pounding continued when I shook hands with the coach on the dock and listened to the assistant coach explain me: "Freshman . . . eighty-nine pounds, five-five . . ."

The coach looked at me with narrowed eyes. "Take off your jacket," he said, nodding toward the boathouse. When I returned, he led me firmly to a motorboat. He told me to get in, and he climbed in after me. The man at the wheel raced the motor. The boat sped away from the dock and headed in the direction of two shells skimming along the river. "Just watch," the coach said to me. Then he raised his megaphone and shouted instructions to the crews. All at once, I was aware of the smell of wet mud and marsh grass in the air.

The spray from the motorboat wet my glasses, so that most of the time I



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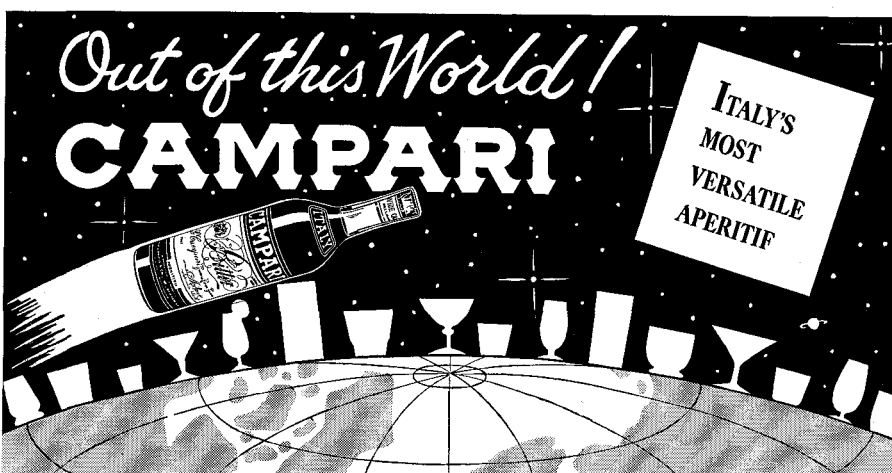
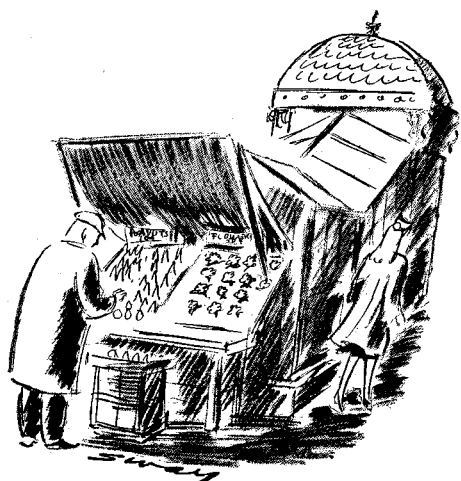
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could see very little. But as we followed the shells up and down river, I tried to keep my eyes on the coxswains. They sat perched on the edge of their seats, confident, beating out the stroke with wooden blocks, urging the shells on with the movement of their bodies, and shouting "Hip! Hip!" through megaphones that hung close to their lips. The oars moved in unison.

"Catching on?" the coach shouted at me. He added something I couldn't hear.

"What?" I said, drying my glasses.

The man at the wheel called out, "Varsity's ready." He pointed to a shell and a crew waiting at the edge of the dock.

"Let's go in," the coach said.

The motorboat swerved, and a few moments later we pulled up to the dock and stopped. The coach turned to me. "O.K.," he said. "Take them out on the river."

I felt myself turn pale. "What?" I said. "Me?"

The coach picked up a coxswain's megaphone from under the back seat of the motorboat. "Here, put this on." He half lifted me out of the boat and onto the dock. "Snap it up. Let's go," he said. "You'll do all right."

I approached the shell, terrified. The coxswain's seat seemed incredibly inadequate. Suddenly the oarsman sitting nearest me said, "It's O.K. I'm the stroke."

"You're what? I thought the stroke was the time—the beat."

"I know," he said, with a grin. "Confusing. But don't let that worry you. You take the count from me." He reached up and helped me climb into the shell. I clung to the sides, not breathing. The stroke had taken the megaphone from me. Still grinning, he adjusted the headband so that the megaphone fit me. "All set now?" he said.

One of the crew in the back of the shell called out, "Pray, everybody."

"O.K. Shove off!" the stroke called.

The crewmen dipped their oars into the water and started to pull the shell away from the dock. The stroke yelled at me, "The rudder!" I jerked the tiller ropes, each of which ended in a wooden block. The shell swayed. I shouted frantically, "I've never been—"

"Straighten 'er!" the stroke yelled.

I drew the tiller ropes straight. The shell steadied, but my hands were shaking. The stroke grinned again. He said to me quietly, "Easy does it. Head her toward the other shells."

The crew began to row rhythmically.

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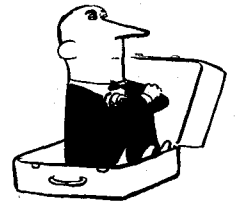
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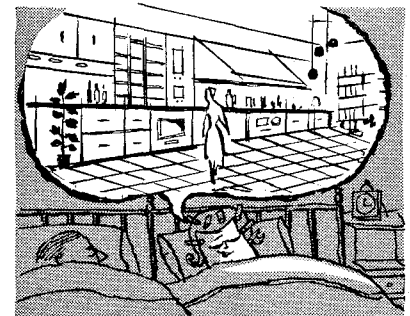
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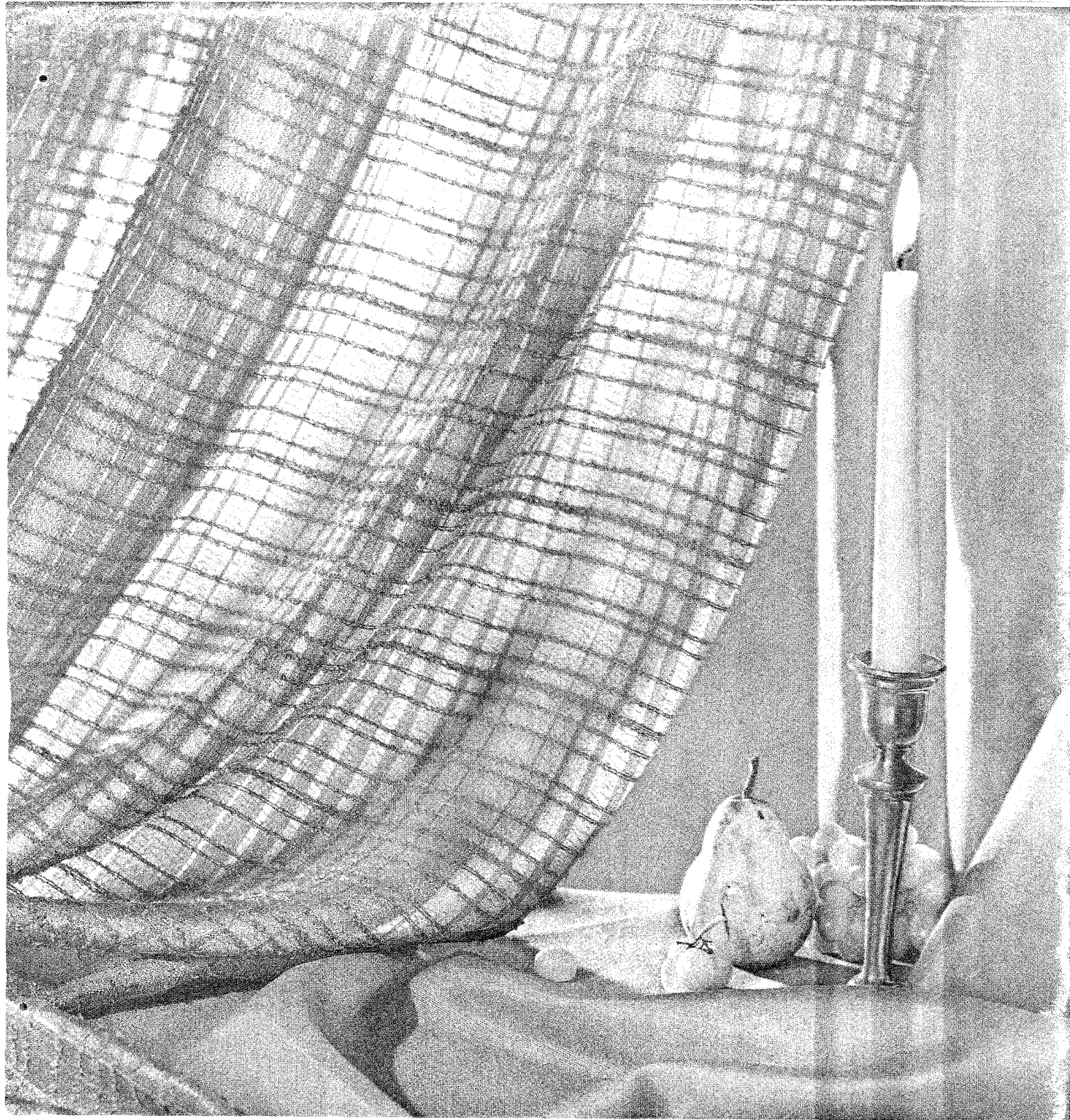
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cally. I clutched the tiller ropes and kept my eyes glued on the two shells waiting for us in the middle of the river. The shell skimmed over the water. The long oars dipped, pulled, emerged, glistening in the morning sunlight, and dipped again. I found myself watching them, fascinated.

Too late I noticed that we were passing the other shells. The stroke yelled at me, "Give us the order to stop!"

"Stop!" I yelled through the megaphone.

The crew burst into laughter. The stroke murmured to me, "Way enough."

I remembered. "Way enough!" I shouted.

The crew stopped rowing. They trailed their oars to slow us down, and I sat tense as they turned the shell around. We drifted into position between the two other shells. The motorboat drew alongside us. The coach called out, "We'll race to the bridge. You!" he said, pointing to me. "Head for the center arch." He waved his megaphone in the direction of the bridge, far down the river.

The coxswains in the other shells leaned forward, alert. "Ready all!" they shouted to their crews.

I felt my throat tighten. I swallowed, then I shouted to the varsity crew, "Ready all!"

The coach raised his hand. A pistol shot cracked. "Gosh!" I cried.

The shell leaped forward. "Remember, now, take the count from me," the stroke said.

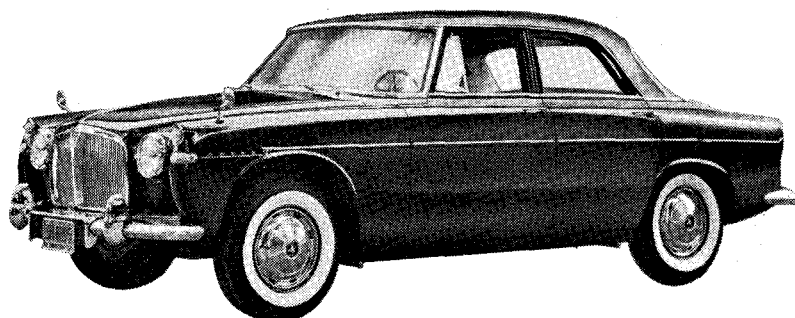
"Hip! ... Hip! ... Hip!" I began to shout, following the movement of his oar.

My hands clutched the tiller ropes. The varsity shell cut through the water gloriously, and a moment later I found myself bending forward and backward with the motion of the oars, urging the shell on with the action of my body. I was too preoccupied with steering by means of the tiller ropes to beat time with the wooden blocks. "Hip! ... Hip! ... Hip!" I yelled. One of the oars caught in the water. "Feather your oars!" I yelled. The stroke raised his eyebrows, but he smiled, nodding his approval. "Pick up the beat," he ordered.

"Hip! ... Hip! ... Hip!" I yelled faster, watching the stroke's oar. From the motorboat, the coach shouted, "Pick it up a little more, varsity!"

"Hip! Hip! Hip!" I yelled. I leaned forward almost double, to keep the wind from slowing us. The crew moved back and forth in their seats with superb precision. The oars glistened in the

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sun. The bridge loomed closer. "Hip! Hip! Hip!" I cried.

Out of the corner of my eye I glanced at the other shells. They seemed to be about half a length behind me. My heart pounded. The shell flew over the water. My megaphone had slipped to one side. "Hip! Hip! Hip!" I yelled hoarsely, afraid the crew could not hear me. Perspiration trickled down my glasses. I felt a wide, cold shadow pass over me as the shell swept under the bridge. "Hip! Hip! Hip!" I continued yelling.

The stroke grinned at me. "O.K. We've won."

"We've won!" I yelled exultantly. "Stop!" Then quickly I corrected myself. "Way enough!" And, sitting upright in the coxswain's seat, I shouted, "Wonderful, wonderful!"

I REPEATED the words to myself as I clambered off the bus at the corner of College and Elm and started to run toward Berkeley Oval. The sky was clear blue.

When I stepped into the entry of Fayerweather, I knew Mike was back, because the "Do Not Disturb" sign had been transferred from Art Keyes' door to our door. I turned the knob carefully and walked on tiptoe into the living room. Mike had written a note and propped it against the fishbowl: "What a night. Please wake me at four-thirty. Ye gods, guppies! I've fed them."

I tiptoed to the open door of Mike's bedroom. He was fast asleep, one arm flung over his head. He frowned at something in his dream, and his young face seemed suddenly vulnerable. I backed away, careful to make no sound. From the mantel over the fireplace I picked up my pipe and tobacco and put them in my pocket. Then I went out, closing the living-room door quietly after me.

Outside in the bright sunlight, humming "The Whiffenpoof Song," I ran across Berkeley Oval toward the Commons. Trees threw sharp shadows over the sidewalk. The bells in Harkness Tower tolled the half hour. Suddenly I slowed down, because the sidewalk had become a blur. I couldn't tell exactly what was making me cry, if I was crying, except that it was everything.

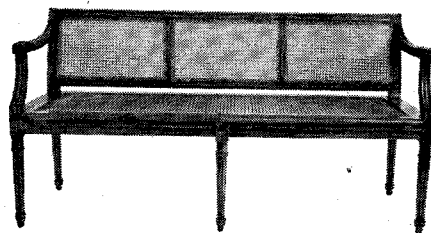
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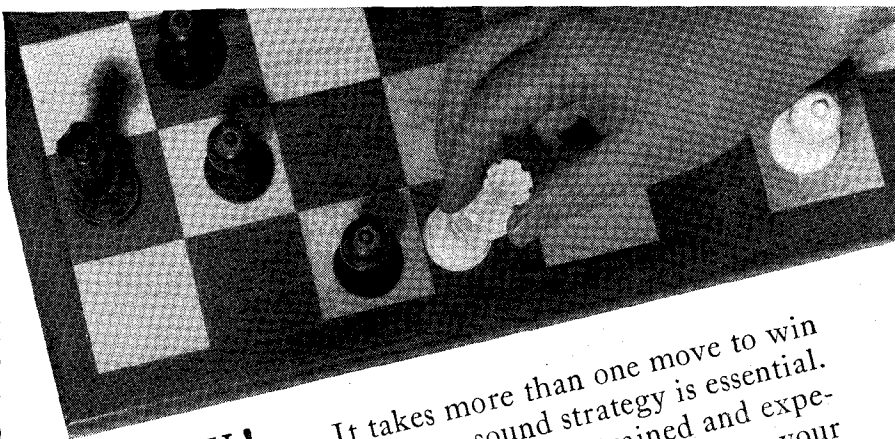
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 6



IF Cuba provided a warning red light for the Russians, as is hoped, it certainly illuminated a set of new ideas for the British, which were important though harsh in places. Now Parliament is back at work and has aired a few of them. In retrospect, the vacuum of the recess at Westminster when the crisis started may have added to the curious silence of ordinary citizens, which ended in a muddled rush of relief and bewilderment on that Sunday evening. During the seemingly interminable six days—which included a break of cruelly superb weather, when London sparkled in unusually crystalline air, and golden sunshine poured down on people walking with their children, their dogs, and their thoughts—the principal emotion, if it could be called one, appeared to be continuing disbelief that the unbelievable was coming off. Apart from the predictable antics of the nuclear-disarmers, the public was as quiet as though too loud a voice or too sudden a gesture might startle someone into dropping something too fragile to think about.

It was perhaps just as well that Parliament was still absent when President Kennedy made his first broadcast, for some of the more inflammable Opposition members might have rushed into words that they would later have preferred to take off the record. In Wednesday's debate, which dealt chiefly with the continuing question marks about Cuba and the grave anxiety over India, admiring tributes to the President's courage, cool timing, and, in particular, wise restraint came from all sides of the House, but at the height of the crisis many worried people and a surprisingly large section of the press were inclined to credit him with only the first of these virtues. Since then, the editorial writers have naturally been making handsome amends. For one, the *Guardian's* back-page commentator, Lord Altrincham, who has in the past expressed some pungent thoughts on modern royalty, and who sharply (and unfairly, many bristling readers felt) criticized President Kennedy's action over Cuba as being the result of election pressures, appeared in his column last week in a white sheet and offered full,



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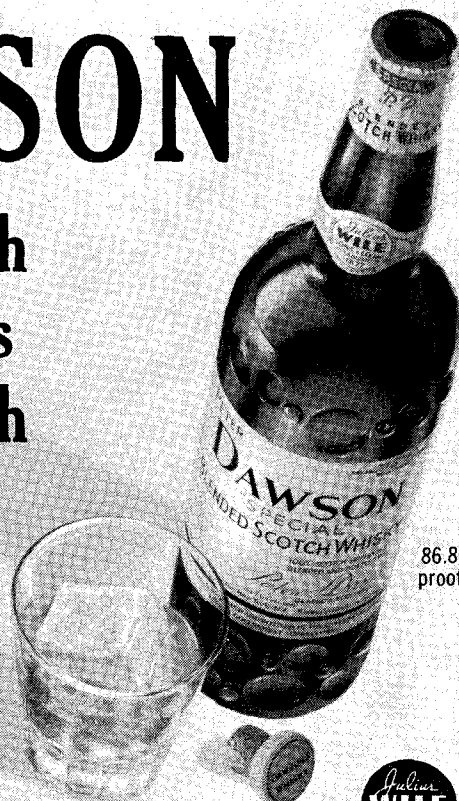
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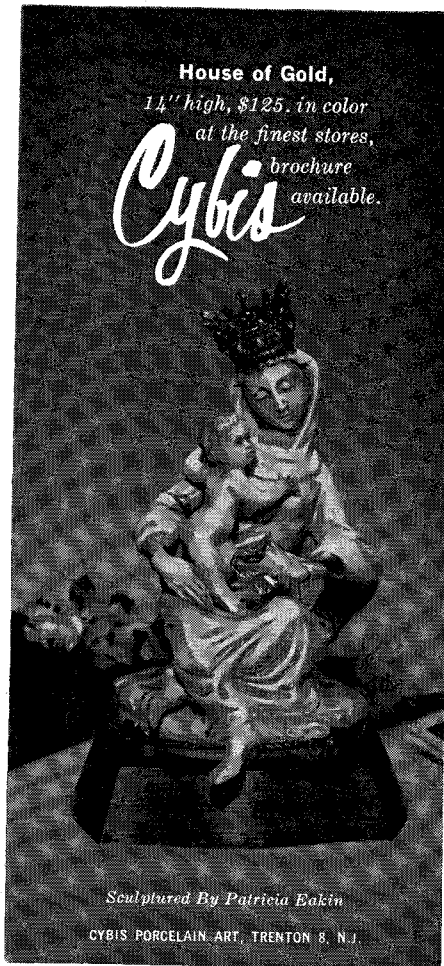


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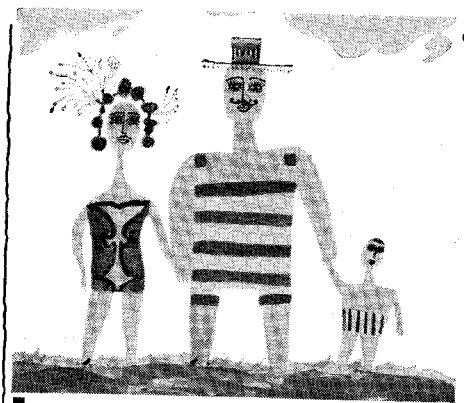
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generous apologies. Many of the speakers in the Commons on Wednesday spoke approvingly of Mr. Kennedy's not having acted as though he had scored a famous victory. There is no doubt, however, that American leadership has had a heartening prestige victory here in the minds of many British who have perhaps not been displeased in the past to talk of its being young and raw in statesmanship, in contrast to the wise experience of old Europe (which ripe wisdom did not prevent Europe from getting itself into two world wars, such crabbers usually omit to add).

In spite of this, public opinion here was certainly split and disturbed over Cuba. Among the unilateral-nuclear-disarmament groups, criticism of the American action was to be expected. Though they include large numbers of sincere and thoughtful people who believe that such demonstrations are all that private individuals can usefully do to get their thoughts over while there is still time, there is also, of course, a rabid anti-American element, whose neurosis is so complete that if a rocket fell on the White House tomorrow, they would doubtless picket Grosvenor Square to protest against the United States' having given provocation. All the same, many citizens who neither march nor sit on pavements to express their intelligent anxiety were worried by the bypassing of the United Nations Charter (the United Nations has come in for warmer words in Parliament and elsewhere than it had for some time) and by the imposing of a peacetime blockade. Such comment as one heard when it began to seem, unbelievable or not, that the button was about to be pressed often professed to see no difference between Soviet bases threatening America and American bases threatening the Soviet Union. The notion of discovering a death-dealing installation at such horrifyingly close range over the water possibly came home rather less to people who have grown wearily accustomed, if not precisely resigned, to living in the shadow of a four-minute warning system as though in a belt of cold weather, which one day, they trust, will break up and move away. Furthermore, it should be remembered that there is no strong emotional feeling here over Cuba—or, indeed, much feeling at all. What appeared really to chill the House of Commons last week, as it undoubtedly chilled the public to the soles of its boots, was the realization that in this crisis things were right out of their control, and that the Government, whatever it might say to the contrary, and



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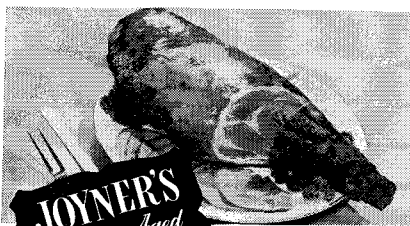
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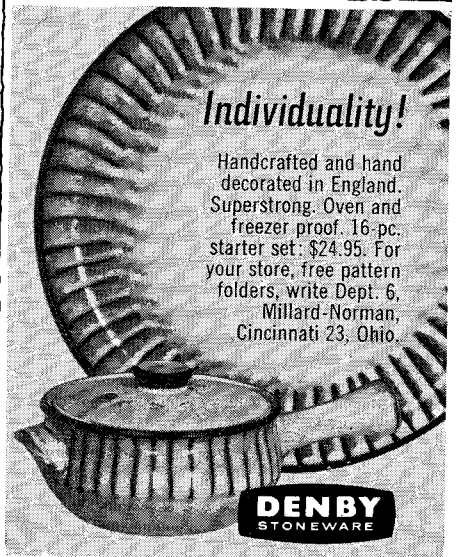
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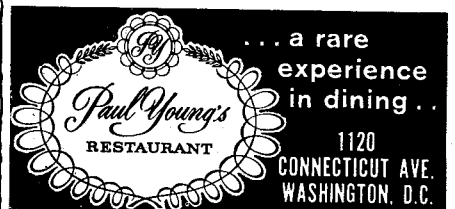


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Parliament, whether in recess or mustered in full strength on its green benches in Westminster, were this time reduced to watching and helplessly waiting on events, like everybody else in these sections of the Western Alliance. The principal new idea that recent events spotlighted for the country with a real shock was that it could be so utterly disregarded—informed, as the Prime Minister made carefully clear, but not consulted, because there was no time. The most barbed remark in Wednesday's debate came from Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal Party leader, to the devastating effect that, although one of the reasons often put forward by the Government for Britain's having her own nuclear deterrent was that it was her membership card—expensive but necessary—to the big powers' club, it now seemed that even with it she did not get inside the door of the council chamber where such matters were being decided.

MUCH of the opposition to joining the Common Market has been tied up with the question of the degree of national sovereignty that Britain would have to abandon, and with the fear of losing independent control of her destiny. Many people now think that as a result of the recent painful eyeopener the idea of looking for a new alignment with Europe will get increased support. The British attitude toward the Common Market has changed in extraordinary fashion anyway since September, when the public-opinion polls were still recording a persistent majority of doubters, who seemed to feel, like Lewis Carroll's snail, that no matter how eager a section of the community was waiting on the Dover shingle, or how close and reassuring the shore looked upon the other side, the invitation to try and walk a little faster toward joining the European dance should be declined. Suddenly, all this has changed. In six weeks or so, it seems, popular opinion has swung around, as a result of Mr. Macmillan's resounding victory at the Conservative Party conference at Llandudno last month, which, taking a leaf out of General de Gaulle's book, gave him and the Government's Common Market intentions an enthusiastic "Yes." The swing was probably helped by Mr. Gaitskill's strong anti-Market speech at the Labour Party conference at Brighton, also last month, which, oddly, made his party swap sides and appear as the old-fashioned guardian of the classic Conservative anxieties about the terms of Brit-

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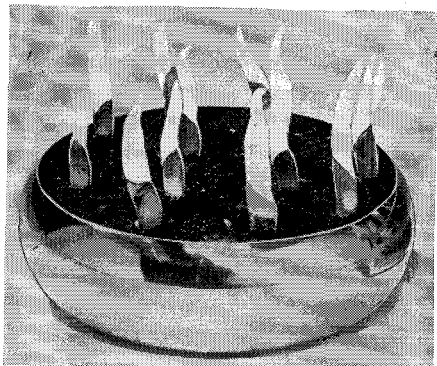
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ain's entry and the possible loss of some of the old national landmarks in the corridors of power—just blindingly illuminated for many people here, as noted above, by the flash from Cuba.

It now appears that the tide of popular opinion has turned favorably just as the European Six have agreed to increase the height of the breakwater. On the same day, ironically enough, that the Queen drove to open Parliament and read from the Throne, in her small, light voice, the few formal words promising that her Ministers would spare no effort in laying an acceptable conclusion of the long Common Market negotiations before her Lords and Commons, the Common Market Commission in Brussels slapped down a new memorandum that sounded ungallantly like a loud French "Non" to Her Majesty's Government. According to its proposals, the European Economic Community plans to set up a customs union and abolish all tariffs among its members by 1967 (that is, three years ahead of the original date, proposed in the Rome treaty, by which time Britain, if she joined, would have to end her special family arrangement of protected trade tariffs for the Commonwealth countries), and in other monetary ways to bustle them faster toward the common political destiny visualized by General de Gaulle. After this serious new rebuff from Brussels, it is being critically said here that Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Heath, the tireless Minister in charge of E.E.C. negotiations, did such an excellent job of converting the Conservative Party at Llandudno that listeners across the Channel, and the French in particular, received the misleading impression that the British Government would stick at nothing in its eagerness to get in. When the House of Commons debates the Common Market on two days this week, Mr. Gaitskell's more cautious views as to what the exact sticking point ought to be will obviously come in for a more respectful hearing than they would have a month or so ago.

NOT only the outlook across the Channel but the political landscape here seems to have changed quite remarkably during the Parliamentary summer recess. The Conservatives, who not only suffered several nasty setbacks in public esteem, to judge by by-election results, but had a major Cabinet shakeup in July, have returned full of bounding confidence, generated by the highly successful gathering of the faithful at Llandudno. Mr. Macmillan's stock, which had been sagging throughout the nervous summer, has never been

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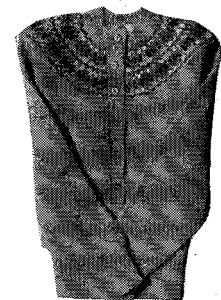


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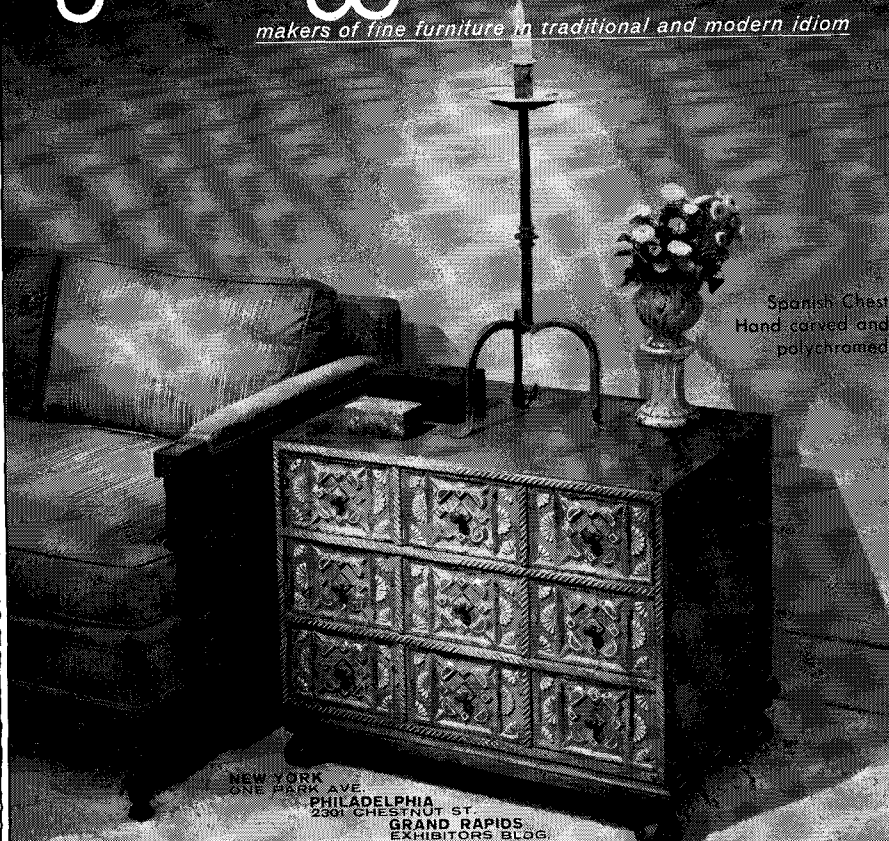
higher. On the other hand, the Labour Party, which had been getting along with the job of presenting a well-balanced and united picture of the next British Government to the electorate, is about to resound with the all too familiar sounds of sharp internal collision, in a contest for the deputy leadership of the Party between the present holder, George Brown, and Harold Wilson, an astute, witty Parliamentary performer and a former Bevanite, who is Labour's spokesman on foreign affairs, and who tried unsuccessfully to topple Hugh Gaitskell from the leadership in 1960. Whoever wins, the effect on the British voter's mind of such acrimonious maneuverings for party power is never favorable. According to many political calculators, the threat to the Government from the Liberal Party has receded somewhat since the Conservatives managed to sound so modern, European, and downright liberal at Llandudno. Nevertheless, the Liberals still continue to show quiet gains in local elections. Later this month, several by-elections are to take place that will tell just how accurate all these readings of the political scene are.

LONDONERS returning from late holidays abroad find that getting around the town without loss of life or limb needs caution and offers several surprises, if not exactly treats, to the eye in new traffic arrangements that began during their absence, and in new tall buildings that are suddenly seen to alter vistas as familiar as old friends. For instance, to relieve one narrow bottleneck, Bond Street has become a rattling one-way route, with the result that diverted buses going in the opposite direction must now thunder through leafy and still elegant Berkeley Square, where no nightingale in its senses would henceforth dream of singing. The enormous Hyde Park traffic-improvement scheme, for months a desert of mud starred with concrete mixers, has now been unveiled to the public, most of whom apparently still find it pretty cheerless. At Hyde Park Corner, the Duke of Wellington rides again on his charger over level ground, which may conceivably be less bleak when the promised grass appears on it. The underpass dug out to speed the flow of traffic was recently opened, and for its first few days was a super jam (but below ground, for a nice change), blocked solid with sightseers from all over who had been inspired to come along in their cars and try it out. Even now that it is functioning normally, pessimists, such as taxi-drivers, doubt its usefulness. Nor are pedestrians, ac-

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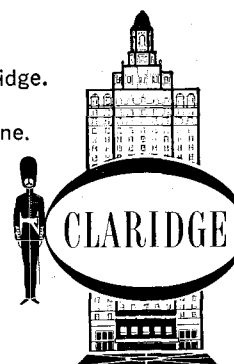
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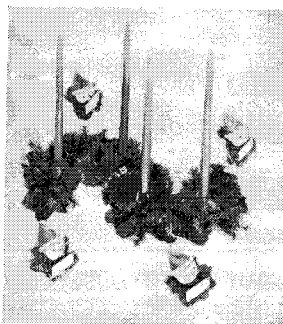
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customed to nipping across the streets, greatly enthusiastic about diving down for long, depressing hikes through tunnels evidently designed by someone who belatedly remembered that people had to be fixed up as well as cars. Now that the new layouts are open for all to see, a chorus of critical voices has been deploring the pillaging of chunks of the beloved parks, which the public seems suddenly to realize are lost to it forever. The view at Hyde Park Corner, furthermore, is dominated by the Hilton Hotel tower, on Park Lane, in contrast to which the graceful Decimus Burton screen of columns at the entrance to the park seems to have been assembled from nursery blocks. The authorities who gave permission for these new towers to sprout from London's low smoke-gray-and-white skyline, it seems mournfully clear to many Londoners, did not calculate in every case how easily and fatally they could ruin cherished bits of townscape far from the actual site of construction. As one looks down the slope of St. James's Street, the delightful dark-gingerbread towers of the Palace are dwarfed to toy size by the shadowy bulk of the three-hundred-and-eighty-foot Vickers Building, which is on Millbank, by the Thames, but appears to loom slap behind the Palace. As one drives up the Mall at night, the dignified proportions of Buckingham Palace, at the end of the vista, appear sadly thrown out of whack by the lighted slab of offices towering to its left from the Victoria area. Before long, another slab, we have been told, will impede the view of St. Paul's from Waterloo Bridge. Some of the worst of these intrusions strike one afresh with the dismay that future generations of Londoners may well feel as they inspect the damage, alas.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

One of those present was Charles Guiteau. He was a man of thirty-eight who for fifteen years had led the shiftless, aimless and friendless life typical of many schizophrenics. A childish egocentric, devoid of judgment, taste and moral sense, he had written a number of bad poems and committed other petty crimes.—"The Health of the Presidents," by Rudolph Marx, M.D.

But none so foul.

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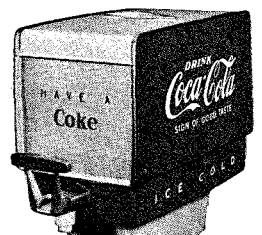


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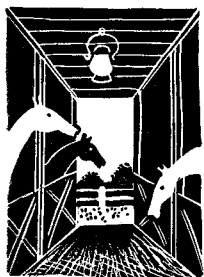


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Turnabout

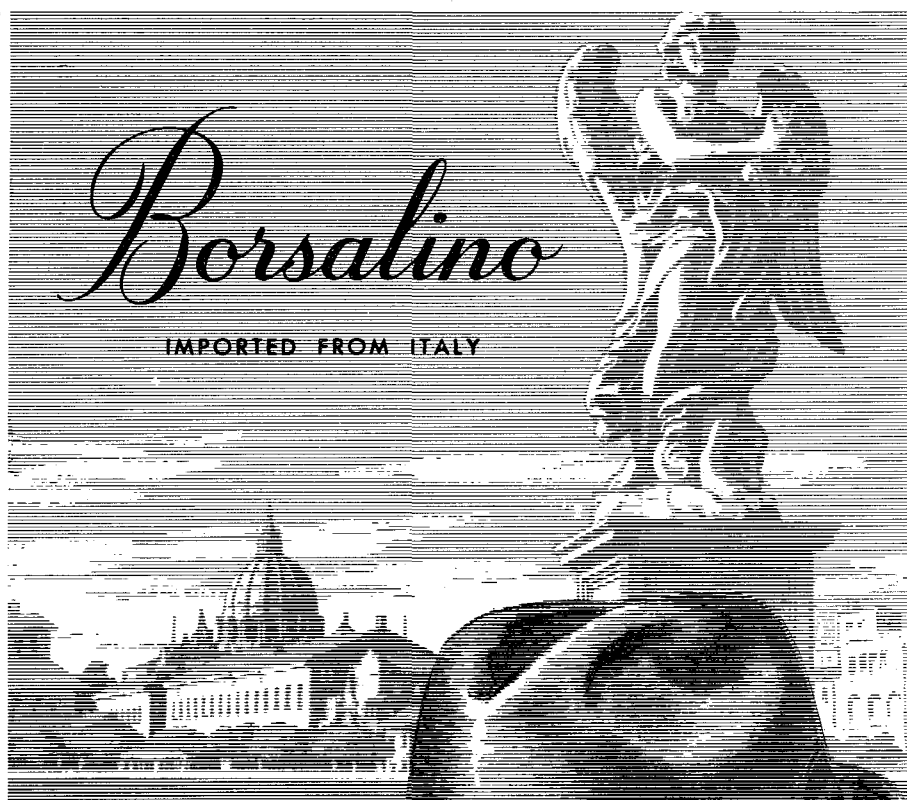


AS I was saying only the other day, rain and mud turn form upside down. It happened again last Saturday. Harry Guggenheim's Never Bend, cock of the walk among the two-

year-olds, was beaten in the Garden State Stakes at Garden State Park in Jersey, finishing third, half a dozen lengths or so behind George D. Widener's Crewman, who led from beginning to end of the mile and a sixteenth. And at Aqueduct, about half an hour earlier, Mr. Widener's Jaipur, the heavily backed favorite, finished second to Mr. Guggenheim's Dead Ahead, one of the less fancied runners, in the Roamer Handicap for three-year-olds. How's that for a coincidence?

I suppose there's been nothing more flabbergasting to the talent this season than the defeat of Never Bend. The Garden State management had asked racing correspondents all over the country to name the first four to finish, and of the hundred and six who replied, seventy-five picked Never Bend to win. Fifteen picked Crewman. The Garden State Stakes has never been notably lucky in the matter of weather—five of its ten runnings have been over a sloppy track—but this year's was quite the worst of the lot. Heavy rain flooded the roads to the track, keeping the attendance down to less than twenty-seven thousand, the smallest crowd ever for the race. There were only seven starters—another new low. I dare say Never Bend scared away all the others.

Crewman was first out of the gate, and Never Bend, who had never raced on anything except a fast track, was close behind him around the first turn and down the backstretch. Half a mile from home, however, Never Bend appeared to lose his smooth action and dropped back to fourth place, and I had a notion then that it was all up with him. (After the race, Ycaza, who rode him, said his mount didn't mind the mud, so there you are.) It was the second time Never Bend had lost a purse in six figures—the other was the Arlington-Washington Futurity, in September—but he is still the leading



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money-winning two-year-old. It was his last appearance this season; presently he'll go South and get ready for his engagements in Florida. In the Pocket, who finished second, three lengths ahead of Never Bend, ran well, although he was wearing a bar plate, an orthopedic shoe, which is said to slow down a runner on a sloppy track. Crewman deserves full marks. By Sailor out of Twelve O'Clock, a daughter of the celebrated stallion Hyperion, he's a powerful, well-made chestnut colt. There is a distinct touch of quality about him, and he's an effective galloper, for he stood off challenges from Never Bend, In the Pocket, and Master Dennis and won by the widest margin in any Garden State Stakes since Summer Tan's, in 1954. It was Crewman's fourth victory in a row, and his share of the purse was \$164,118. He'll stand on that till next season.

I DON'T think Jaipur's temperament cost him the Roamer Handicap. He simply wasn't good enough to give Dead Ahead nine pounds and a beating. I watched the race on television, and it seemed to me that he ran willingly all the way. Dead Ahead, as I may have said before, has considerable ability, but he can throw in a clinker now and then (as when Count Risque beat him at Belmont last month—a day many favorite-players will remember). Needless to say, Dead Ahead's victory in the Roamer won't make up to his stable for Never Bend's defeat, but then you can't win them all.

THE hex still clings to Smart Deb. The best she could do in the Selima Stakes at Laurel last weekend was to finish third, behind Fool's Play and Gay Serenade. . . . Speaking of the high dollar, as we were a bit ago, Swapson, the colt that John M. Olin paid \$130,000 for at the 1961 yearling sales, won his first race the other afternoon at Garden State, after several disappointing tries. At that, he has done better than a number of other high-priced yearlings I could name. A man I know will lay 2-1 that any expensive youngster you care to pick won't win once as a two-year-old—and he collects on most of his bets.

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BOOKS

Dawn Powell: Greenwich Village in the Fifties



WHY is it that the novels of Miss Dawn Powell are so much less well known than they deserve to be? This is, I believe, partly due to her complete indifference to publicity. She rarely goes to publishers' lunches or has publishers' parties given her; she declines to play the great lady of letters, and she does not encourage interviews or the appearance of her photograph on book jackets. No effort has been made to glamorize her, and it would be hopeless to try to glamorize her novels. For in these novels—another reason that they have not been more popular—she does nothing to stimulate feminine daydreams. The woman reader can find no comfort in identifying herself with Miss Powell's heroines. The women who appear in her stories are likely to be as sordid and absurd as the men. There are no love scenes that will rouse you or melt you. It is true that in her more recent books she has been relenting a little. In "The Locusts Have No King," she did close on a note of enduring affection, though an affection sorely tried and battered—"In a world of destruction," the author concludes, "one must hold fast to whatever fragments of love are left, for sometimes a mosaic can be more beautiful than an unbroken pattern"—and in her last book but one, "A Cage for Lovers," there are actually a young man and a young woman who, though kept apart by an ogress, are benevolently united at the end.

But love is not Miss Powell's theme. Her real theme is the provincial in New York who has come on from the Middle West and acclimated himself (or herself) to the city and made himself a permanent place there, without ever, however, losing his fascinated sense of an alien and anarchic society. Like Miss Powell, who was born in Ohio, these immigrants find themselves vividly aware of elements of Manhattan life that the native of New York takes for granted, since he has usually no very intimate experience of anything else to contrast with them. To such fresh arrivals, the New Yorkers seem giddy and unreliable, their

activities confused and often pointless, yet once the transplantation has taken root, they may enjoy in the very amorality of this life a certain relaxation and freedom, a certain convivial comfort in the assurance that, whatever you do, no one—though lovers and spouses may of course from time to time make themselves disagreeable—is really going to call you to account. Such a world has great comic possibilities if one has enjoyed it on its own terms and yet observed it from a point of view that does not quite accept these terms as normal, and Miss Powell has exploited its possibilities with a wit, a gift of comic invention, and an individual accent that make her books unlike any others. The mind, the personality behind them, with all its sophistication, is very stout and self-sustaining, strong in Middle Western common sense, capable of toughness and brusqueness; yet a fairyland strain of Welsh fantasy instills into everything she writes a kind of kaleidoscopic liveliness that renders even her hardheadedness elusive.

MISS POWELL has explored several New York milieux. In "A Time to Be Born," she was dealing with a

successful uptown world of big journalistic publishing and insatiable careerist women; in "Angels on Toast," with a somewhat lesser world of delirious advertising men and their equally unstable mates; in "A Cage for Lovers," with the weight of inherited money in an isolated mansion on the Hudson. But in her new book, "The Golden Spur" (Viking), she returns to a favorite field, which has figured in others of her novels: the bohemian downtown world of writers, painters, and professional drinkers, with their feminine consorts and hangers-on, which has its center in Greenwich Village. She has rendered, in these various books, the Village in several of its phases. Of the earlier romantic and radical phase, which was certainly the most creative, she has had little first-hand knowledge, and she has not attempted this, but she has condensed the atmosphere of its later ones in images that do not always keep their contours yet that live as they are blown down the wind; and it is a proof of her quality as a literary artist that she does not depend directly on gossip and never writes a *roman à clef*. The reviewer has been pretty well acquainted with many of the same kind of people who have pro-



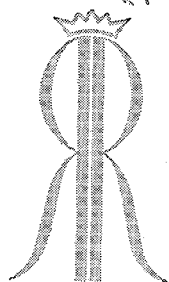
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vided Miss Powell's material, yet he has never found Miss Powell exploiting a personality among them whom he recognized. She has imagined and established for her readers her own Greenwich Village world, which is never journalistic copy and which possesses a memorable reality of which journalistic fiction is incapable. Her chronicle extends from the days of such old-fashioned resorts as the Brevoort and the Lafayette, with their elegant and well-served French restaurants and domino-playing cafés, which encouraged the dignity of love and art and provided a comfortable setting for leisurely conversations; the small cheap and decent hotels in which thrifty, conscientious craftsmen and cultivated ladies of slender means could go on living for years and decades without having their habits disturbed—her chronicle, perhaps rather her poem, extends from the era of this tranquil quarter, now almost entirely destroyed to make way for huge apartment buildings, to the era of those noisy, abysmal bars, which, though graded from better to worse, have all a certain messy turbidity, in which the hack writer, the talentless artist, the habitual cadger of loans can drift on in a timeless existence of lamplit emboothed drinking, with a backdrop of rich-looking bottles standing by like a smartly costumed guard against the mirror that expands the room beyond its crowded narrow limits in space, and in the casual but dependable companionship of the bartender and the other habitués, while the girls who inspire speculation by their constant exchange of partners and their possible availability laugh and brighten after leaving the office or perfunctorily keeping house in the studio, and thus provide a fitful play of romance.

IN "The Golden Spur" we see the Village at a point of its decline that is rather squalid: bearded beatniks and abstract painters have seeped in among the Guggenheim fellows, the raffish N.Y.U. professors, and the adult-education students. It is a phase with which Miss Powell is evidently not so intimate and not so sympathetic as she was with the Village of an earlier time but which she nevertheless accepts as still more or less cozy and more or less fun in the good old Village tradition. If one does not have the benefit at one's favorite bar, as one sometimes did with the cafés of the past, of a lobby with a telephone girl who always knew whom everybody was looking for, and who would never be indiscreet, one can still give it as a mailing address or a place where one can be



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reached by telephone and be granted a certain latitude in the matter of hanging up tabs.

The Golden Spur is such a bar, which dates, however, from an earlier period. Jonathan Jaimison, of Silver City, Ohio, has learned from an aunt at home that he is an illegitimate child, the son of his now deceased mother by someone she had known in New York during a legendary time in her youth when she had had a brief fling in the East. She had supported herself by typing and thus had met distinguished people of whom she was to talk ever after. But she had never told anyone who her lover was, and the boy has come on to find out, with no clues save a few names and the knowledge that the Golden Spur had been a place that his mother had frequented. Gradually he makes connections with her former employers and friends: a clever alcoholic professor who leads rather a miserable life between a wife who has tricked him into marrying her and a mistress who wants to marry him; a successful, somewhat stuffed-shirt lawyer with a wife who has taken him over and set him up in suburban Connecticut; and a demoralized best-selling novelist whose pride receives a serious blow when the wife whom he has ridiculed and neglected runs away on a yacht with a title. None of them has a son, and when the first and the last of the three come to understand that Jonathan is looking for a father, they try to imagine that they may have begotten him in some now forgotten moment: it would give them a new bond and interest, help to bolster up their disappointing lives. The boy is good-looking and bright, a fine, upstanding product of Ohio, as different as possible from themselves. The rich lawyer has always known what he was doing and cannot cherish any such delusion, but, having only one daughter, in whom he is quite uninterested and who is quite uninterested in him, he would be glad to attach to himself such an evidently able young fellow, whom he would train in his own law office and who would thus become dependent on him and succeed him in his profession. Jonathan, admiring and gratified, hopes greatly that he has now found his father. I ought not to reveal whose son the boy unexpectedly turns out to be, but Miss Powell, who has sometimes been criticized for the formlessness of her novels and their inconclusive endings, has constructed here a very neat plot, and for once in her career played Santa Claus and made her hero a generous present. She then has him reject, however, the privileges of the social position to which he is now



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entitled and flee from the opening of an uptown gallery that he has undertaken to subsidize, in company with an erratic and much esteemed painter—you never know in Miss Powell's novels whether the painters are really any good—who has become its principal star but who prefers to the patronage of the affluent a lodging in a rickety warehouse near Houston Street, on the lower West Side. Jonathan escapes to the Golden Spur, to which by this hour, as he knows, "the old crowd must be heading . . . for post-mortems and wakes." In the cab with him and the painter is the lawyer's unappreciated daughter, who has succeeded in persuading her parents to let her live in New York on her own, and who has even managed to go on the stage without their knowing about it; who has, in fact, been leading a double life between suburban correctitude on the one hand and abandoned bohemianism on the other. Jonathan, who has met her in both of her roles, has fallen deeply in love with her, and he doesn't really care at that point that she has also been sleeping with the painter and lying to him about it: "The truth had no part in love anyway, except for the truth of finding each other at the right moment."

I have said that Dawn Powell must be less at home in the "beat" than in the old Village, yet it is interesting to find that in "The Golden Spur" she has succeeded in modulating without too much strain from the charming Lafayette café to its so much less distinguished successor, and that the beatnik's dread of the "square" comes to seem here the natural extension of the old Greenwich Villager's attitude toward the traditional artists' enemy—"uptown."

I HOPE that the tone of this article—sociological and somewhat nostalgic—will not obscure the fact that Dawn Powell's novels are among the most amusing being written, and in this respect quite on a level with those of Anthony Powell, Evelyn Waugh, and Muriel Spark. Miss Powell's success in England shows, I think, that she is closer to this high social comedy than to any accepted brand of American humor—and the English do not insist on having the women in their fiction made attractive. Miss Powell's books are more than merely funny; they are full of psychological insights that are at once sympathetic and cynical, and they have episodes that are rather macabre, which seem to represent an all-but-embitterment. The recurring types in these books—with whom the innocent provincial is confronted—are the discouraged alcoholic, the creepy homosexual,

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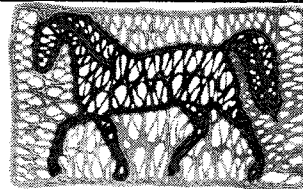
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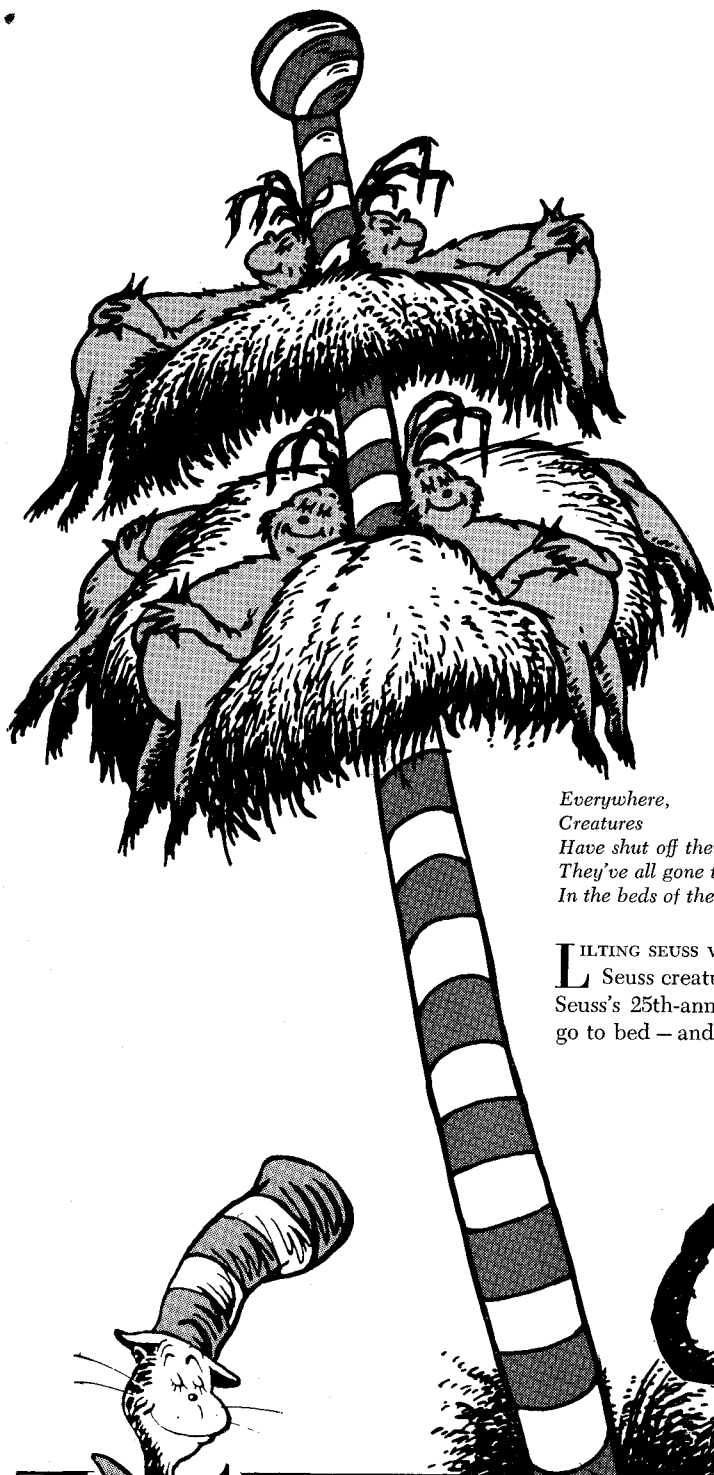
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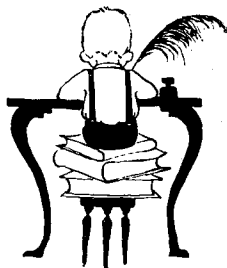
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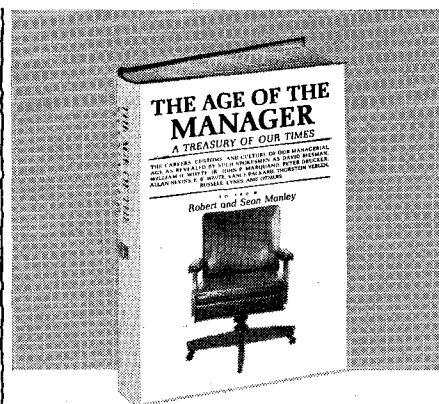
the unscrupulous feminine operator, and the tyrannous woman patron, and Miss Powell can make them all look very gruesome. All are present in "The Golden Spur," but not in their most repellent forms, and here, as elsewhere, one can always be sure that some sudden new comic idea will give a twist to the situation, which has seemed to be irretrievably uncomfortable, and introduce an arbitrary element that will give to the proceedings a touch of ballet. There are few real happy endings in Dawn Powell's novels, but there are no real tragedies, either. These beings shift and cling and twitch in their antic liaisons and ambitions, on their way to some undetermined limbo out of reach of any moral law. But don't those wide-eyed young men and girls from Ohio survive and redeem the rest? Don't be too sure of this.

—EDMUND WILSON

VERSE

RECENT months saw the publication, in solid selected volumes, of the work of two poets whose allegiances have for a considerable length of time caused cold chills to attack the more formal kind of critical sensibility over a wide geographic area. These poets share few characteristics; they are, in fact, temperamentally almost exact opposites. But both have applied themselves, in a perfectly open and often rather compulsive-seeming manner, to subjects that at present are neglected and even shunned by the majority of English and American poets and audiences. Pablo Neruda (b. 1904), a Chilean, and Hugh MacDiarmid (b. 1892), a native of Dumfriesshire, in Scotland, bring patriotic and political poetry again into view; they occasionally resemble not only Whitman at his most optimistic and orotund but Victor Hugo at his most grandiose and bardic. Both are capable, too, of mingling the emotions of nationalism with the philosophy of the international class struggle; Neruda has made no secret of his allegiance to Communism, and MacDiarmid's early intense admiration for Lenin has never lapsed. And neither poet has ever considered restraint a virtue. Both have written endless variations on their favorite themes; their allegiances have been forthright and their staying power has been enormous. And both, oddly, discarding their family and given names, have produced their work under pseudonyms.

The "Collected Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid" (Macmillan) contains, the author states in an introductory note, by no means all the poems he has written but only those he thinks worth



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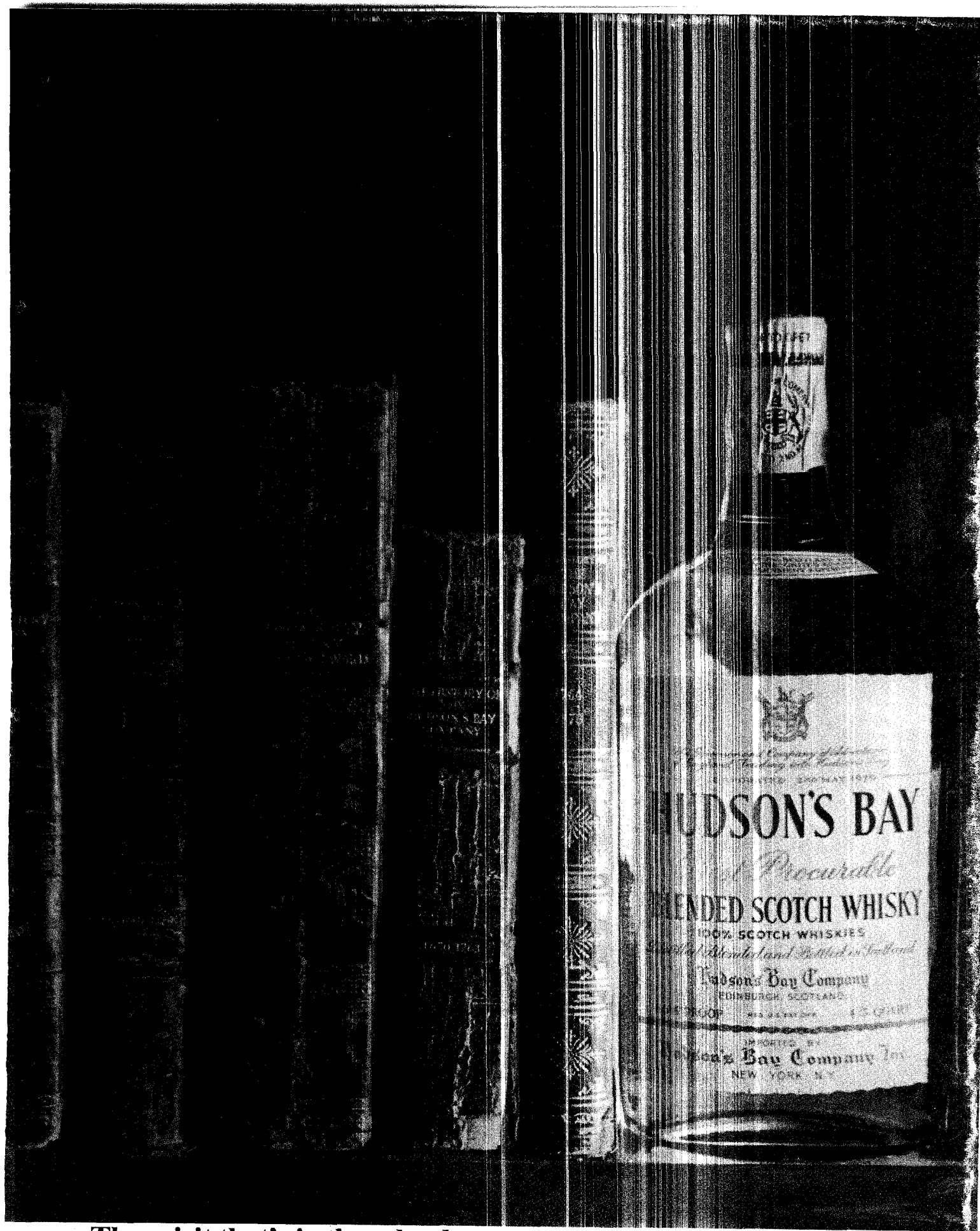
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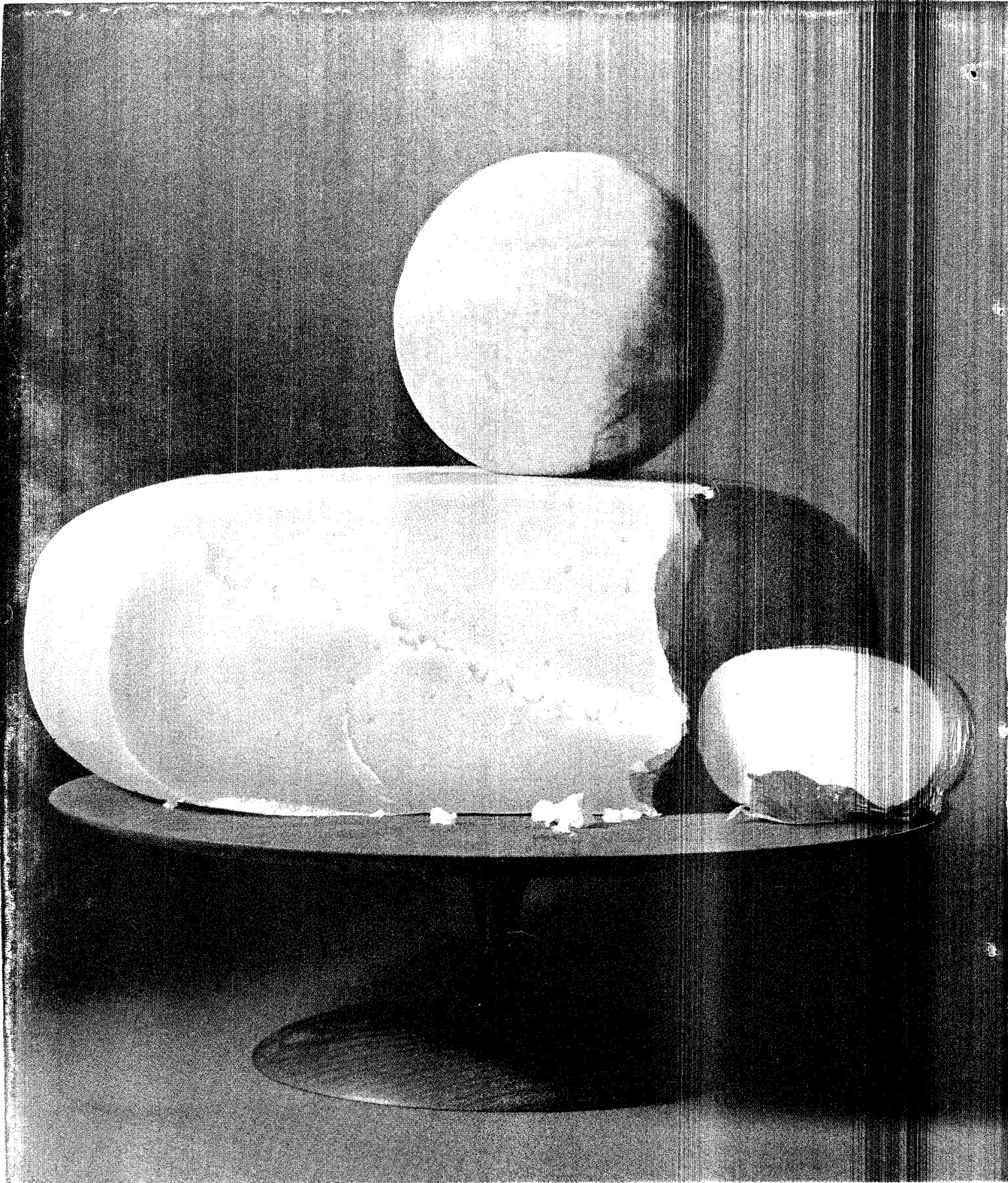
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including in a definitive edition. The volume, with glossary and index, runs to four hundred and ninety-eight pages and is in general chronologically arranged—1923 onward; twelve books have been drawn upon and a number of uncollected poems have been added. The early poems, chiefly lyrical, have great charm, in spite of the fact that they are written for the most part in a mixture of Scottish dialects—in a vernacular that at some point or other took to itself the name Lallans. MacDiarmid, one of the founders of the Scottish Nationalist Party, began his campaign for the restoration of Scottish political rights and Scottish literary dignity when he was quite young, and a revival of Scottish speech was part of his earnest plan. The ghost of Robert Burns having been invoked, bitter satire against all things English and warm praise of all things Scotch poured forth, in Lallans and to a great extent in strict metre and rhyme. Soon a small group of young admirers and imitators, talented and untalented, followed where MacDiarmid led, but no true revival of language came to pass. The heart of spoken Scottish dialects, as one observer has remarked, had long since ceased to beat, and the written language (a difficult mixture, which demanded the constant use of a glossary) irritated readers in Scotland no less than readers elsewhere. A newspaper controversy throughout Scotland brought on, in 1946, an almost total rejection of Lallans by the general public. Meanwhile, MacDiarmid himself had gradually turned away from what he must have sensed was a moribund tongue toward English, and from lyrics toward long, discursive poems, in which a latent tendency toward teaching and preaching, an obsessive bookishness, and a harsh boastfulness came to light. MacDiarmid's egotism is only one side of his bold, inquisitive nature, and his obsessions are largely bound up with a gusto and an expansiveness that scorn the decorous side of man and society. By means of scandalous diatribes, literary and political, MacDiarmid has shaken friends and enemies alike from a national complacency. A group of friends have honored his seventieth birthday by presenting him with a portrait of himself, which is to go to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery. His "Collected Poems" constitutes a frank if frequently shocking portrait done by his own hand.

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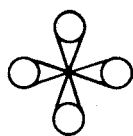
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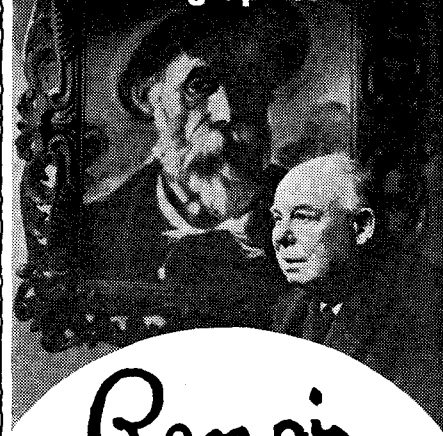
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and enigmatic poet Pablo Neruda than the one we come upon in the recent bilingual edition of the "Selected Poems" (Grove), edited and translated by Ben Belitt, with an introduction by Luis Monguió. In a deeply perceptive analysis of Neruda's career and achievement, Monguió, a professor of Spanish at Berkeley, looks beneath the influences the poet absorbed from the Europe of his time—"modernism, surrealism, communism"—to uncover Neruda's Indian heritage, absorbed in childhood and youth from the frontiersman's world of the Chilean backwoods. And Belitt, a professor of English literature at Bennington, a translator of Lorca, and a poet in his own right, has done a remarkably able job of editing (cutting down an enormous *œuvre* to "a profile of sixty poems"), interpretation, and putting into English.

The selection covers the period from 1925 through 1959, thus omitting the romantic and formal poems on which Neruda's first reputation was based. After he had begun "Residence on Earth" (in 1925), the Surrealist influence took hold. But it is apparent that the young South American inheritor of this style was more violent and daring than his masters. Neruda eliminates the Surrealists' boring lists and repetitions, neurotic verbal games, and infuriatingly irrational nonsequiturs. He seizes directly upon reality in sharpest detail, and forces his apprehensions through by means of conflict and of rhythmic compulsion—"panting and strenuous rhythms." Rational impulse is almost wholly lacking. Neruda does not order or contrast events, in the manner of Brecht, and his disinterest in art and artifacts is very nearly total. At his worst he is coldly threatening, but even his most machine-made pieces of propaganda (which Belitt does not include but does not fail to mention) have the virtues of close and accurate reporting and a tone of sincere *engagement*. The finest of these poems deserve the care Belitt has expended upon them; they circle round from the pole of man's politics to the pole of man's fate.

"IN THE CLEARING," a new collection by Robert Frost (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), published on its author's eighty-eighth birthday, with celebration and applause, is written in American, a language that still has a good deal of life and heart in it. Frost has always equated patriotism with responsibility. This resolute belief, with others, he now frames in admonitions rather than as straight demands for this

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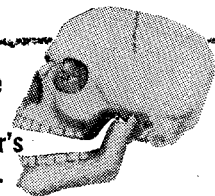
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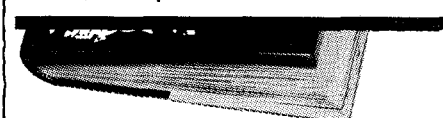
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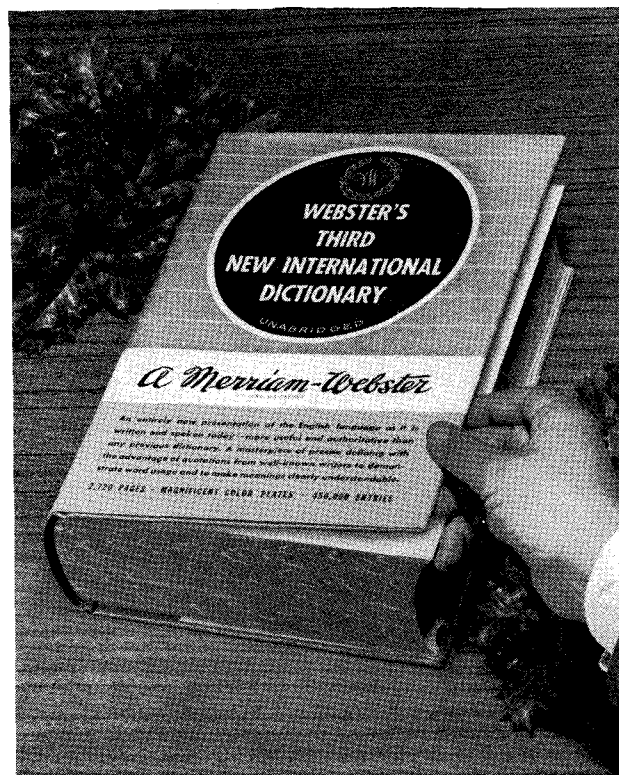


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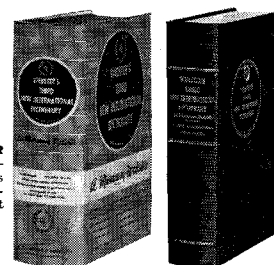
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or that kind of action. Rhetoric is conspicuously absent; the old lyric voice takes over from time to time. The atmosphere is clear and tonic, with the admonitory remarks often coming through in aphorisms that might belong to Poor Richard or, more likely, to his poetic successors, R. W. Emerson and Henry Thoreau. Very formal, very direct; very dry, very nice.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HOUSE AT SUNSET, by Norah Lofts (Doubleday). That talented storyteller Norah Lofts contents herself here with stringing together a series of episodes that bring us from 1732 to the present day and complete the history of the Old Vine, an ancient and beautiful family house in the market town of Baildon, in England. In the first episode, we are introduced to Felicity Hatton, the young daughter of a professional London gambler, and we become so interested in Felicity, who is plain but charming, that it is really annoying to have her dismissed from the story after eighty-five pages while Miss Lofts hurries along to the second episode, which concerns the two young people who succeed Felicity as owners of the Old Vine in 1764. This is the third and last of Miss Lofts' Old Vine books, and her writing, as always, is delightful.

THE TOWERS OF 14TH STREET, by Guy Ponce de Leon (St. Martin's). Mr. de Leon's account of a young man's bizarre and not very happy life in a rooming house on West Fourteenth Street starts out well, with plenty of life and the promise of something worthwhile to come, but it soon begins to slide downhill on a path of narrow emotional confusion that conducts the hero to his breaking point without ever giving him a chance to avoid that point through an act of will. The novel consists of a succession of garish incidents, with a grisly abortion as its high point, and its ending is little more than a blackout, obliterating all that has passed. The time is the present, and the writing, which has a mournful originality at the beginning, soon becomes simply mournful.

THE PANAMA PORTRAIT, by Stanley Ellin (Random House). Mr. Ellin mixes the sensational and the commonplace in this account of a handsome milksop whose firm sends him to

HERE THEY ARE—
the dazzling years and
the legendary stars
who lit up

THE GREAT WHITE WAY

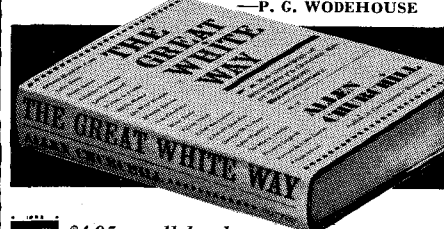
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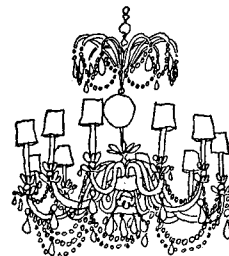
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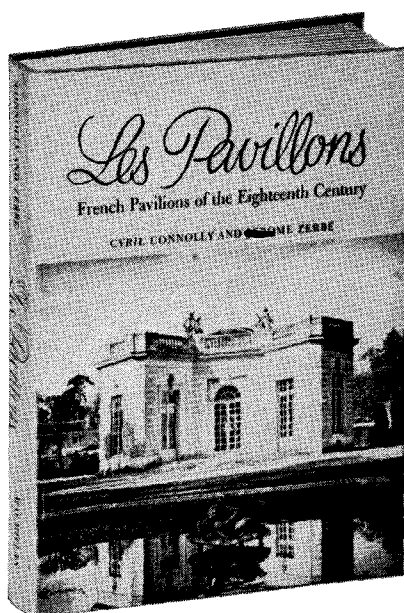
an obscure South American island, where he undergoes experiences that shake him up and give him new light on the kind of man he really is. The man, Ben Smith, is a nice, cautious fellow with a good job, who wouldn't mind having a wife to settle down with but who loves his cozy sense of security better than anything else in the world. The island, Santo Stefano, is a primitive spot, dominated by a few rich families, and when Ben arrives, the whole place is seething with excitement in anticipation of an annual native ceremony involving a savage ordeal in which men play a kind of Russian roulette with a hangman's rope on a public gallows. The description of the ordeal is horrid enough to turn any novel into a shocker, but Mr. Ellin does not stop there. Ben has not yet recovered from witnessing the ceremony when he is subjected to melodramatic revelations concerning the character of a girl he is extremely attracted to, and must decide whether to accept her as she is or wait until something safer comes his way. And, finally, he gets involved in the recovery of a long-lost Gauguin of immense value. Small wonder he returns to New York a changed man. The writing is slick and a tiny bit self-satisfied.

UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, by Kimon Lolos (Harper & Row). One of those good-hearted novels of observation about the joys and sorrows of a small town. In this case, the town is in Greece, and is called High Kula. In High Kula, sex is treated with heartiness, and love is wistful. Pellos is in love with Domna, but Domna is too highly placed in local society for Pellos, and anyway she is seduced by another. The schemers win what they set out to win, while the shy and more contemplative ones, like Pellos, enjoy their own indirect and perhaps longer-lasting victories. Mr. Lolos writes well and makes a lively human story out of his scattered material.

A PRIDE OF PLACE, by William P. McGivern (Dodd, Mead). Mr. McGivern works a good deal of social commentary into this account of a rich Pennsylvania squire who decides that he prefers his position in local society to the hand and heart of the Puerto Rican immigrant girl with whom he has enjoyed a singularly sordid love affair. The hero's name is Ford Jackson, and his agonizing over community prejudices and problems and over his own carefully

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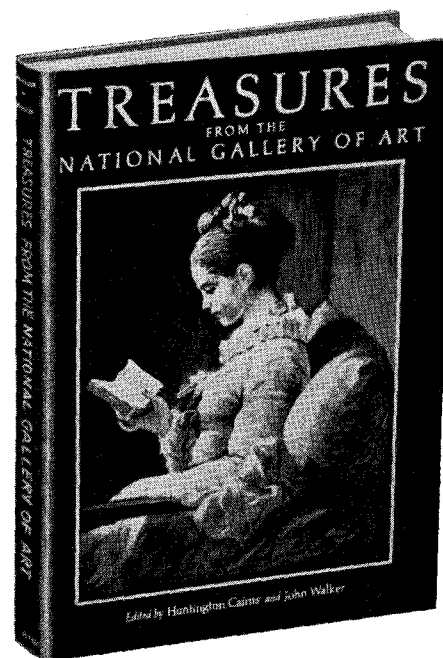
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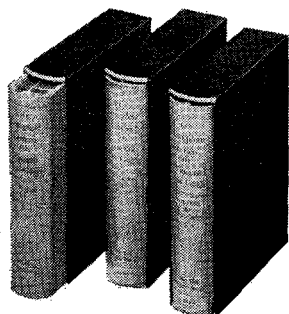


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torn emotions is not likely to endure in anyone's memory for very long. Mr. McGovern's direct and manly style carries the story in a neat line from beginning to end.

LIFE AT THE TOP, by John Braine (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Braine implied every detail of this novel in the closing pages of his singular "Room at the Top." Thus, we already know what will—and does—happen to poor, scrambling, funny Joe Lamp-ton ten years after he marries the boss's daughter in the Yorkshire town of Warley.

GENERAL

IN BRIEF AUTHORITY, by Francis Biddle (Doubleday). This, the second volume of the author's memoirs, starts in 1934, when Biddle accepted an appointment as chairman of the National Labor Relations Board, under the N.R.A., and began a long career of public service—federal judge, Solicitor General, Attorney General, and the American judge at the Nuremberg trials. Biddle writes well. He tells just what he did in each of his jobs, and makes them all interesting. (Who could imagine the professional pleasures of a Solicitor General?) His accounts of the powerful men and women with whom he worked are plausible, often tart, and sometimes funny. His gallery of famous New Dealers is brilliant, and the section on the Nuremberg trials is even better. Here, as always, Biddle's portrayals of personalities—prosecutors, judges, defendants—are first-class, and so is his easy, lucid exposition of international law.

NOMADS AND COMMISSARS: MONGOLIA REVISITED, by Owen Lattimore (Oxford). A short course in the history—social, political, and economic—of Outer Mongolia, with emphasis on the convulsive years between 1911 (when it broke away from Manchu China) and 1921 (when it became the Mongolian People's Republic) and 1961 (when it was admitted to the United Nations). Mr. Lattimore is a fully qualified instructor: he grew up in China, he has spent much time in Mongolia, and he can both speak and read Mongolian, Chinese, and Russian. He is also an admitted partisan ("A wonderful country, Mongolia, and the Mongols are wonderful people"), but that is no reason to disbelieve him when he tells us, "Mongolia today is... an outstanding example of the success-



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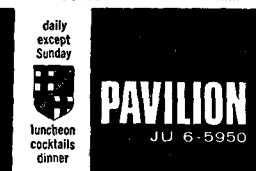


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ful economic development of one country by a planned program of aid from another country. Forty years ago the nation was poor, the economy primitive, the political system antiquated and inefficient, the society sluggish. Today the Mongols are, I believe, better fed and better clothed than any other people in Asia... [and] intellectual life in Mongolia is exciting, diverse, and vigorous." Photographs and an end-paper map.

TEXAS, by Stanley Walker (Viking). An animated look at the home of Machine Gun Kelly, Van Cliburn, Admiral Nimitz, O. Henry, pink grapefruit, the "Brimmer" bull, and the thin-cut, hard-fried steak. Mr. Walker is a friendly critic—he is, after all, a Texan who escaped and then chose to return—but a critic just the same. He grumbles about the awful food, the bad schools, the Baptist bigotry, and the decline of character ("The Texan, if he really must brag about something, can boast that he is right at the head of the line in trying to get at the public trough") and of characters (such as the man who, when asked by his wife why he hadn't given their son a needed licking, replied, "He's a friend of mine"), and although he does so most entertainingly, he is so obviously in earnest that one wonders why he doesn't make another getaway. Illustrated with many fine photographs by Cartier-Bresson, Eliot Elisofon, Fritz Henle, and others.

HOLLYWOOD IN TRANSITION, by Richard Dyer MacCann (Houghton Mifflin). "What I tried to do in my nine years of Hollywood reporting was to piece together a picture of Hollywood at work," the author, the former Hollywood correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, states evenly in this calm and comprehensive little book on Hollywood after the Television Revolution. "Perhaps this was a 'high-level' approach for so commercial a place as Hollywood. But it was the nonfiction way, the social scientist's way, if you will, and above all the way of a *Christian Science Monitor* man." His dispassionate and fair-minded view of the film industry is evident in the couple of dozen of his dispatches he has included as an addendum to his book, and he writes in the same impressive vein as he takes up the causes, the meaning, and the bodings for the future of the new and sad Hollywood, now freed, as he sees it, from censorship, centralized studio pro-

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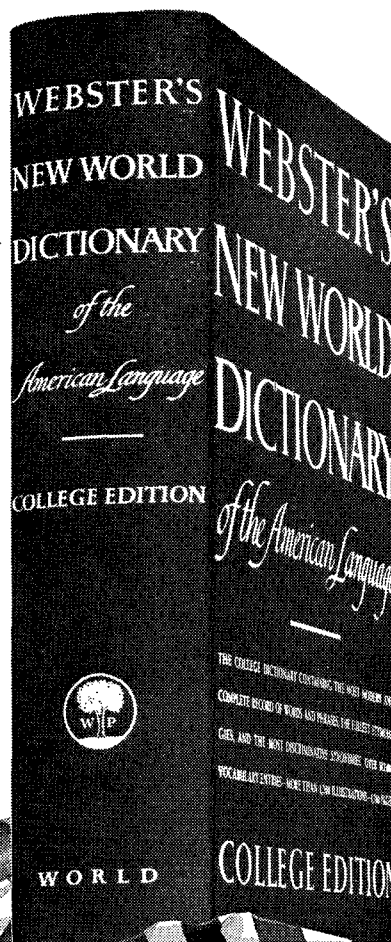
By JOCELYN ARUNDEL, author of *Mighty Mo*, *Simba of the White Mane*, and others. Illus. by WESLEY DENNIS. "The pungent flavor of the Bahamas permeated this vivid tale of a boy blessed with a gift for music and a love for horses....Delightful."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Ages 8-12. \$2.95

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duction, domination by the domestic box office, and assembly-line methods. Along the way, Mr. MacCann poses a number of highly sensible questions, such as "Why are they making money? For what? Why not contribute to the art of the film?" It would be so nice, and so sensible, if everybody making movies bought this book.

SUNK WITHOUT TRACE, by Robert Birley (Harcourt, Brace & World). Six lectures in which the headmaster of Eton reconsiders forgotten English books that were once enormously popular—Warner's "Albions England," Lee's "The Rival Queens," Young's "Night Thoughts," Robertson's "The History of the Reign of Charles V," Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Bailey's "Festus." Mr. Birley shows by apt quotation and comment why they sank, but he reveals a shy fondness for them, too, and his genial book may refloat some of the vessels that it assures us are wrecked forever.

NOTE: The articles that A. J. Liebling wrote for this magazine under the title "Memoirs of a Feeder in France," plus some new interstitial material, have been collected by Simon & Schuster into a book called "Between Meals."... "Everyone but Thee and Me," a collection of seventy-seven of Ogden Nash's poems, has been published by Little, Brown. Many of them first appeared in *The New Yorker*.... "The Player," by Lillian Ross and Helen Ross, a collection of interviews with fifty-five actors and actresses, has been published by Simon & Schuster. A portion of the book first ran in this magazine.... Under the title "Cellist in Exile," McGraw-Hill has published Bernard Taper's Profile of Pablo Casals, most of which originally appeared in this magazine.... Little, Brown has published "Dining at the Pavillon," by Joseph Wechsberg. A portion of this book, too, was first printed here.

The Millingtons are delighted with their new home which Deedee describes as "typical Connecticut—a gray shingle house" on a large piece of property.

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"We love it though it will take John three days to get to his office," she notes of the long commuter trip to Rockefeller Center where John will be working.
—*Chicago Daily News*.

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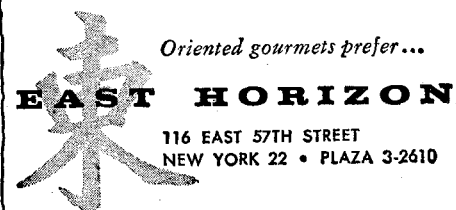


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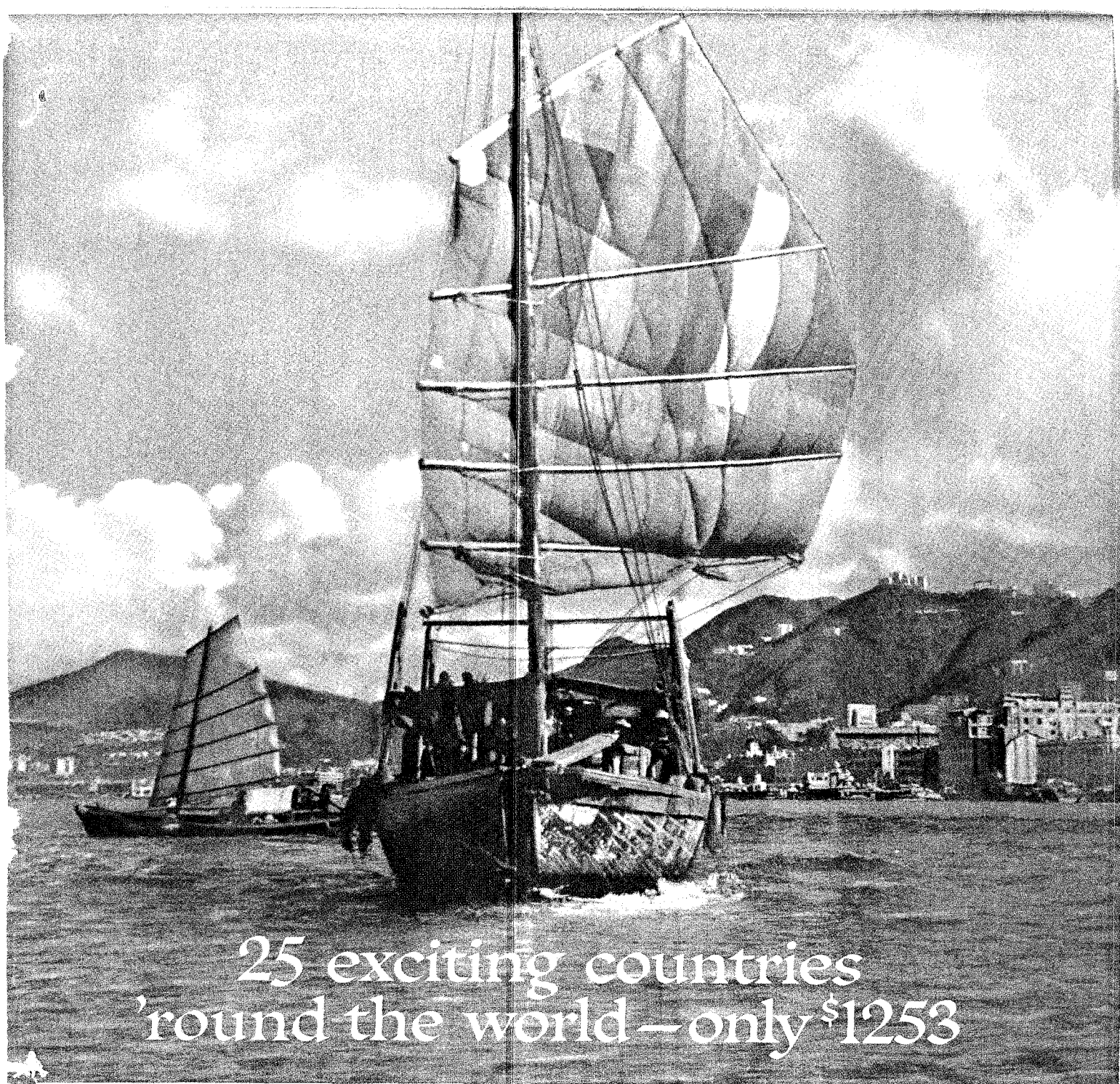


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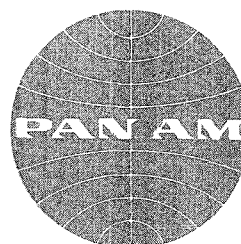
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